Collier's

March 15, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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"MR. X" GOES TO MOSCOW

Romance and Mystery

MY BROTHER'S WIDOW

A New Serial

BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA

OUR TEEN-AGERS

How Good Are Their Morals?

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
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8/25

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AIRLINES

Girard Perregaux, Official Watch

Those famous Chair-Height Seats look even more inviting in Plymouth's new Tone-Tailored Interiors with their rich, harmonizing colors. Mighty comfortable, too, because all passengers ride forward of the rear axle.

Believe it or not, the spectacular Safety-Flow Ride is still s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r in the 1952 Plymouth. Advanced Oriflow Shock Absorbers, plus balanced-weight distribution and synchronized springing, really take the bounce out of bumps.

You'll have to listen carefully to hear the powerful 97-horsepower engine of the 1952 Plymouth with its high (7.0 to 1) compression ratio. The newly-designed combustion chamber makes it run smoother, quieter, than ever before.

The trusty Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes are even safer with the 1952 Plymouth's new Cyclebond brake linings. They give you more braking surface than the rivet type and longer lining wear.

And Plymouth's ignition-key starting with new "follow-through" keeps the starter engaged until the engine is surely started. It saves fuel and saves the battery. And the Plymouth choke is automatic.

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

good talking points for back-seat drivers

You haven't heard the half of it about the 1952 Plymouth! Get the full story when you make arrangements with your Plymouth Dealer for a demonstration. Then see if you can honestly say that any other car—at any price—gives you as much for your money. And always remember: When it comes to service, Plymouth has more dealers, more trained servicemen, than any car made! More than 10,500 dealerships ready to serve you across the nation.

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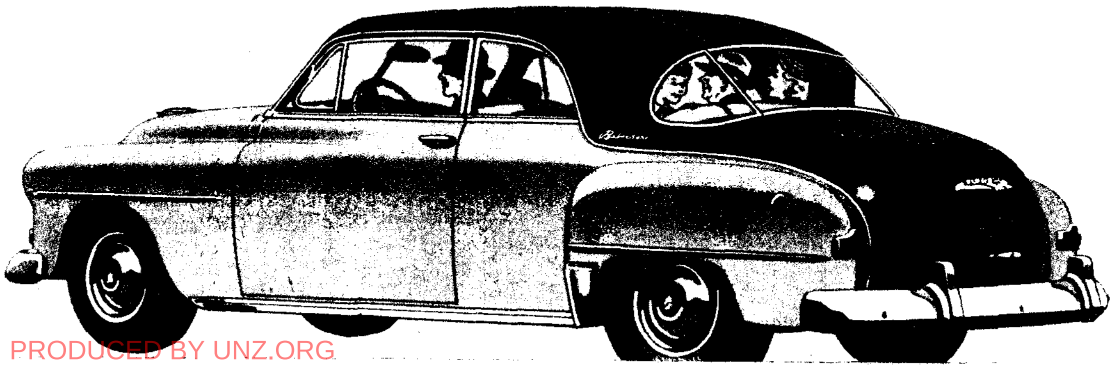
PLYMOUTH



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single edge shavers!

Does your skin smart, burn, when you apply lotion after shaving? Try it on your forehead. Same skin yet no burn! That's because your facial skin is irritated from shaving—probably because you're using a razor blade ground like a penknife and you have to "bear down" to shave clean. **PAL's** patented Hollow Ground process makes "bearing down" unnecessary. You shave with a light, light stroke; your face is cool, relaxed—your skin isn't irritated, is left smooth as a teen-ager's! You owe it to your face to try

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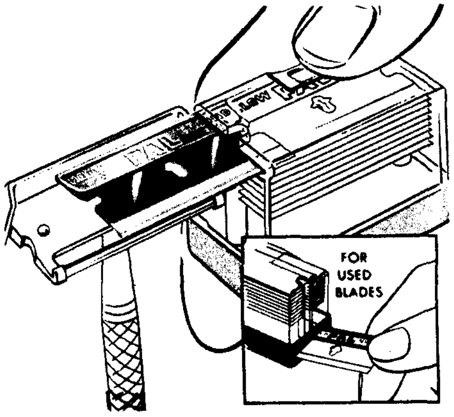

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March 15, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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keep hair groomed new non-greasy way

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How you can help conquer CANCER

Year after year, the outlook for controlling cancer grows brighter. Scientists are learning more about how and why cancer occurs, and are developing new methods of diagnosis and treatment. In addition, centers for the early detection of cancer are being increased, additional hospitals devoted exclusively to its treatment are opening, and greater numbers of doctors are being trained to combat cancer more effectively than ever before.

As a result, hope for greater gains runs high. Even now there is progress to justify this hope. For example, *if diagnosed early and treated promptly and correctly,* authorities say that 98 percent of cancers of the skin, 80 to 90 percent of cancers of the breast, and 85 percent of cancers of the rectum are curable. Cancer of other parts of the body also is being treated with greater success. In fact, it is estimated that some 70,000 lives are now saved each year from cancer—lives that, not so long ago, might not have been spared.

According to the American Cancer Society, present cure rates could be *doubled* if those who develop cancer would seek medical help in time. This calls for greater public knowledge of cancer—particularly its possible "warning signs." While the symptoms of this disease are variable, no one should delay seeing the doctor if any of the following signs occur:

1. **Any sore that does not heal promptly.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

(Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

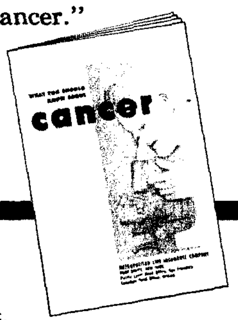
These "warnings" are NOT sure signs of cancer. In fact, relatively few people who have such symptoms are found to have the disease. Yet they indicate that something is wrong, and that the doctor should be consulted. Should his examination reveal cancer, prompt treatment with X-ray, radium, or surgery—used separately or together—will greatly increase the chances for cure.

Moreover, since cancer may start without any "warning signs" at all, periodic medical check-ups may help to safeguard against it. Such examinations are especially important for people aged 50 and over.

Doctors say that this important precautionary measure should never be neglected, even though a person may feel perfectly well. In this connection, the experience of cancer detection centers—which examine *only* seemingly healthy people—is reassuring. These centers report that only one out of every 100 people examined has cancer and, since the disease is usually detected early, the chances for cure are greatly increased.

Today, by facing the facts about cancer, overcoming fear of it, and acting promptly when the disease is suspected, cancer may be controlled or cured in many cases.

If you wish more complete information, Metropolitan will send you upon request a free booklet, 452-C, entitled, "What You Should Know About Cancer."



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Please send me a copy of your booklet,
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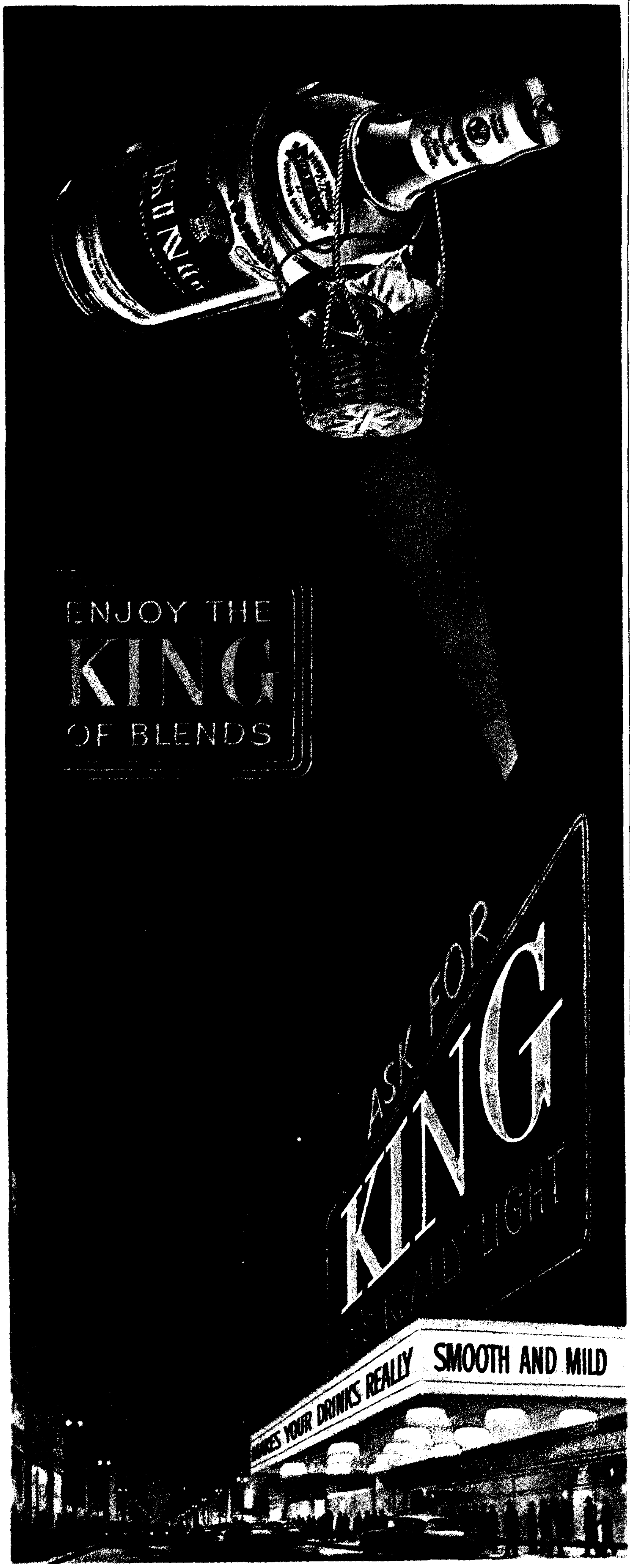

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The Cover

This smiling trio was selected as typical of the wholesome, active youngsters who, as Dr. Judson T. and Mary G. Landis point out in their article on page 15, make up the great majority of America's teen-age population. Blonde Patricia Doll, sixteen, is a freshman at Los Angeles High School and hopes to combine a career of religious education with marriage. Jean Durham, seventeen, a Hollywood High School senior, majors in music, plans to be a singer. Richard Haggard, nineteen, is an engineering student at Los Angeles City College, may enter the service shortly. He is now a member of the naval reserve. All three of them are active in their churches.

Week's Mail

What's New?

EDITOR: I turn on the radio and hear old songs, see old movies on the TV, and now Collier's is printing old sayings of Will Rogers (The Best of Will Rogers' Political Wisecracks, Jan. 26th). Isn't there anything new? FRANCES KRIEGER, Seattle, Wash.

Lingering Radiation?

EDITOR: I have read with interest the article I'm Not Afraid of the A-Bomb, by Captain Richard P. Taffe (Jan. 26th).

Captain Taffe tells how the troops he was with advanced quickly into the region where the blast had occurred (at Desert Rock, Nevada) without any danger of radioactive damage.

My mind goes back to the tests held several years ago at Bikini Atoll, where the atom bombs were exploded both below and above the surface of the lagoon. The account of those tests described the damage done by radioactive water, which was of such an extent that many of those ships which had been sprayed by the water could not be entered for many days, and then only after being decontaminated. In fact, some of the test vessels near the center of the blast had to be destroyed, because of the soaking they had received from the highly charged water.

Anyone familiar with Nevada knows that the climate for much of the year is very dry. It is assumed that during the recent tests the usual climatic conditions prevailed and that there was little or no moisture to retain the radioactivity. One wonders what would have happened if the recent tests had been held in one of the Eastern states during or after a rainstorm or over snow-covered ground.

CHARLES ELCOCK, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I'm Not Afraid of the A-Bomb should end long-fostered fears about the A-bomb that could prove disastrous to civil defense and the war effort should an enemy attack on the United States become imminent.

H. M. MARLOWE, JR., Baxter, Tenn.

. . . Attention, Hiroshima and Nagasaki: The big brave captain isn't afraid of the A-bomb. Why should he be? He was seven miles from ground zero, he had his back to the blast, he knew the exact second of the explosion, and he knew also the exact spot. Unfortunately millions in New York, Chicago, Montreal and Winnipeg will not be so fortunately situated if the A-bomb strikes.

Another misleading statement: "One second after an air burst of an atom bomb, 50 per cent of the radiation is gone. All danger of lingering radiation has disappeared after 90 seconds." Captain Taffe fails to mention induced radioactivity by neutrons and fission products released by the explosion.

Be not deceived—the A-bomb is probably the most destructive instrument of warfare devised by man, and as a person fully trained in civil defense I urge full preparedness by every able-bodied citizen in your country and mine.

E. TENNANT, Winnipeg, Canada

. . . I too was privileged to witness the test Captain Taffe described. However, I fail to recall either the terrific heat, as if from a blast furnace, or the earthquakelike shock that followed the blast.

I am wondering if the captain was with the rest of the observers or much closer to ground zero than the rest of us.

CPL. HARRISON N. MATTI, Fort Eustis, Va.

Out of Uniform

EDITOR: I am wondering if the Russian government approves of its army commander in chief having a missing button. Zhukov's button is missing in the picture of him in Collier's issue of January 12th. The United States Army certainly wouldn't tolerate it! JOAN GUSTAFSON, Arlington, S. D.

Artistic Raconteur

EDITOR: Glad to see you discovered "Ould Jarge" McManus (Jiggs and I, Jan. 19th-Feb. 2d), but let me tell you, you are missing a bet if you don't have him host at a dinner and take a wire recording of his conversation. He is one of the funniest raconteurs in existence. I laughed so continuously once at his table that a brace of police dogs had to be whistled up to eat my dinner. I wish I had a record of that meal.

An oversight in your article was the failure to observe the fine artistic instinct shown in his minor decorations within his pictures, showing a delicate sense of color harmony as well as of fine-lined design.

BATTELL LOOMIS, Manhattan Beach, Cal.

The oversight must be credited to the modest Mr. McManus, who was telling his own story and thus did not enlarge upon his own artistic excellence, which we all have noted and appreciated.

Political Morality

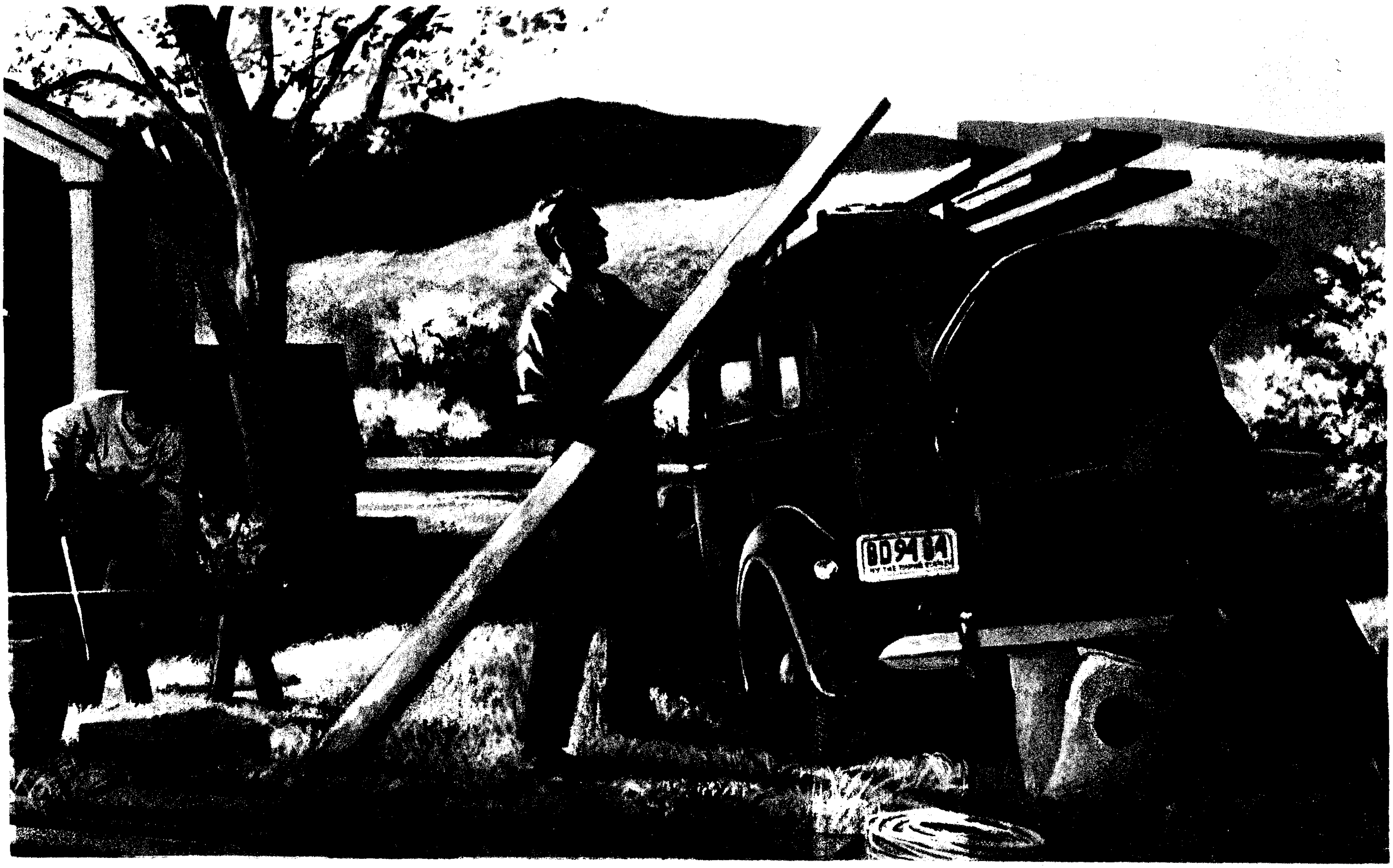
EDITOR: I simply must thank you heartily for your January 26th editorial with its accompanying cartoon, More Power Needed Here. Never have I seen anything of like nature that made so deep an impression upon me.

What would men like George Washington or Alexander Hamilton or Thomas

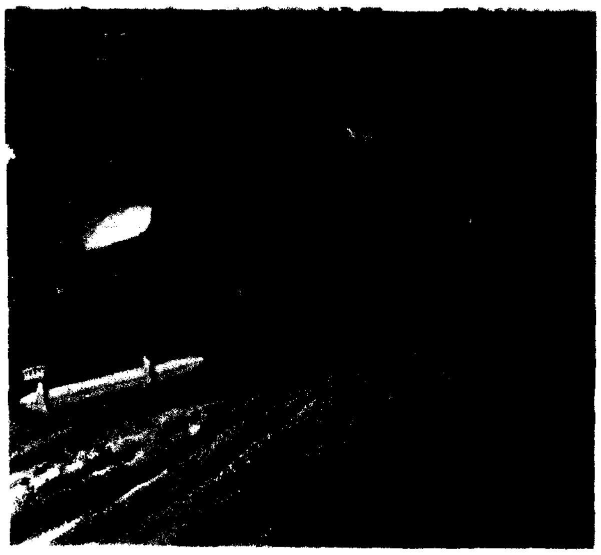
(Continued on page 45)

"I treat 'em rough but Atlas Tires can take it!"

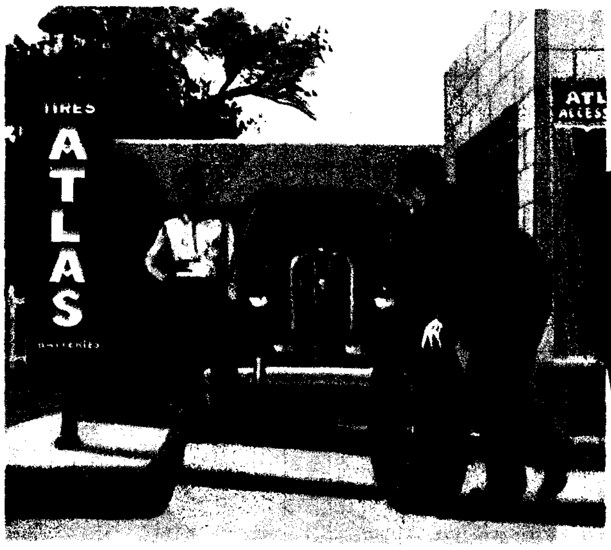
says William D. Decker
of Pine Bush, N. Y.



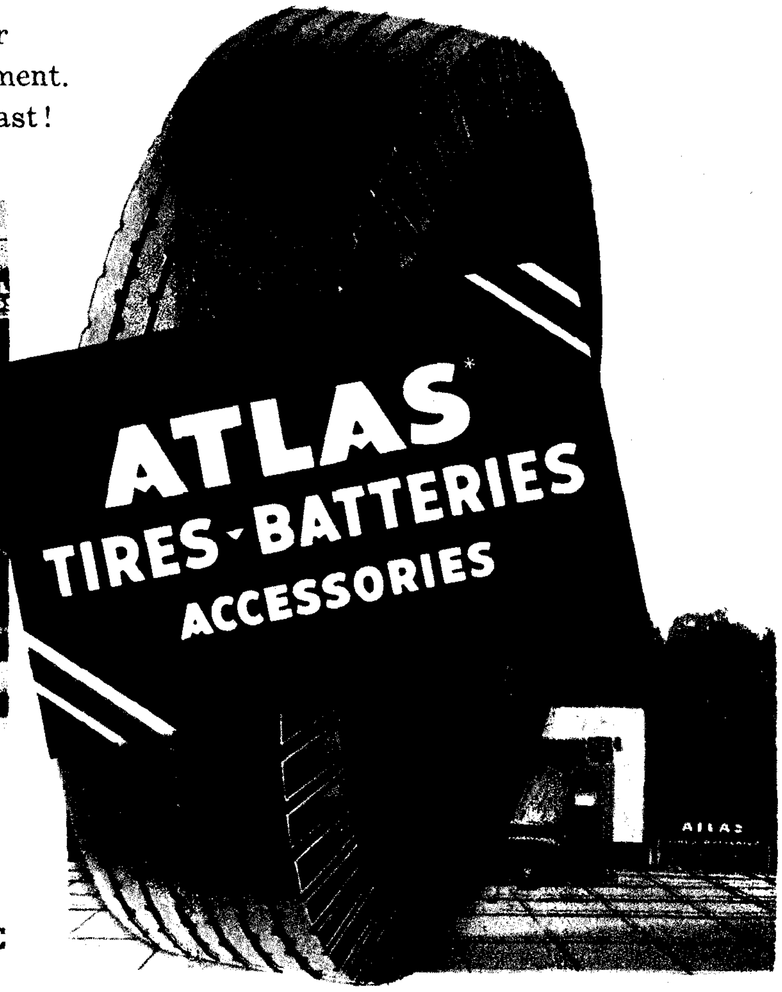
I drive a '37 sedan in the Catskill Mountains on construction jobs and general repair vork. Usually the car is 'way overloaded with heavy tools, lumber and bags of cement. Believe me, it's tough going. That's why I use Atlas Tires—they last and last and last!



What's more, that wide, flat tread rips tight—takes me safely over hose steep, winding mountain roads."



Your neighborhood Atlas dealer has Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires. See him today!



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FOOD
FREEZERS

Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

"Saved $132 each year for the past 4 years!" Mr. H. O. Taylor, Lakewood, O.

"We saved over $120 last year!" Mrs. M. S. Broder, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Our 2 G-E Freezers save us $288 yearly." Mr. L. C. Huch, Chicago, Ill.

MANY FAMILIES SAY THAT THEY

Save $120 each year

Just think how wonderful it will be to have this new 1952 General Electric Food Freezer in *your* home.

No more rainy-day marketing. Less washing, peeling or paring of foods just before mealtime. Furthermore, you can stock up on meats, fruits and vegetables when prices are *low*, and enjoy them months later! A G-E Food Freezer *pays* for itself!

Takes little space

The new 1952 G-E Freezer takes no more space than a desk. It is only 48" long and 32" wide. Yet, it holds 389 pounds of frozen foods!

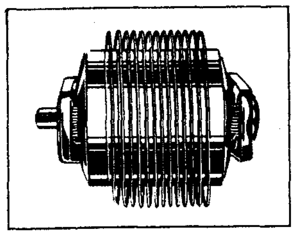
Built into this new, spacious freezer, too, are *new* engineering advancements and *new* convenience features.

See this new G-E Freezer at your G-E dealer's *soon*. General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.

Isn't it time you looked into buying a 1952 G-E FOOD FREEZER?

20 per cent quieter than previous, quiet G-E models. G. E. uses a *natural* draft instead of fans.

Even a small woman can reach into every corner. It is only 25 inches deep, yet holds so much.



Cost 13 per cent less to operate than former economical models. G-E Freezers are *fundamentally* thrifty.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Sorry we couldn't make it, Mr. Giles. Maybe just as well, too. Mr. Bascom Giles, commissioner of the General Land Office in Texas, invited us to a land survey party at the University of Texas. We were of two minds about going, until we read the invitation again—carefully. It said: "Bring your wife, daughter and sweetheart." Decided we'd better not. Last time we took all three of them, there was trouble.

★ ★ ★

Another fight on a Chicago streetcar. Passenger punched the motorman. A great injustice, too, because the motorman wasn't to blame for the joke printed on the back of the passenger's transfer. (The transit company feels such light reading helps while away commuting time.) Joke: "Is she aristocratic?" "My dear, she won't even let her children have a common cold."

★ ★ ★

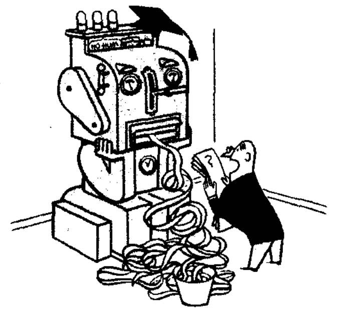
It says here in Mr. Gene Buddercombe's letter from Helena, Montana, that the lady next door was having a lot of trouble backing her car out of the driveway. Ice. Likewise snow. After 10 minutes in which the lady made no progress, Mr. Buddercombe trudged over, offering help. She said she couldn't understand her plight because she had personally put on chains before moving out of the garage. Mr. Buddercombe told her, as gently as possible under the circumstances, that it really didn't do much good to put them only on the front wheels.

★ ★ ★

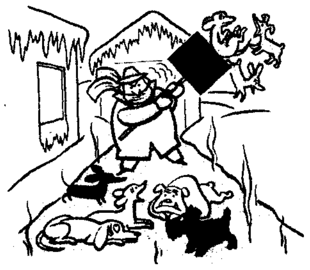
And our Florida eye, Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, paused on his way to Tampa to be helpful if he could in a spirited argument between a highway cop and a motorist. The latter had been picked up for speeding. Moreover, he had no driver's license and that was what the argument was about. He was trying to convince the cop that, after all, he didn't need a license because he didn't drive much. Only on Saturdays and Sundays. The Colonel decided not to interfere.

★ ★ ★

Truth is that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a little smug about its latest split-lightning calculator, the thinking machine they call the Whirlwind I. But a student tells us that the latest scientific worry involves finding someone who can ask it enough questions to give it a decent workout. Whirlwind I can shoot the answers back at you at the rate of 20,000 a second. May have to build another machine to think up problems fast enough to keep Whirlwind I from getting rusty. Tried several radio quizmasters. Two of them were carried out in convulsions.



Mr. Norvell Gillespie, of Los Angeles, went to Denver, Colorado, to address a garden club on how to grow flowers that look reasonably like the seed catalogue illustrations. And there he met a fellow who laid steam pipes under his front walk and driveway. Idea was to prevent ice from forming and snow from collecting. Sound idea. However, he's had almost as much trouble as usual getting in and out because every dog within miles made his walk and driveway its winter resort. Thirty-eight of them one nippy morning, all of them ready to fight against eviction.



LOWELL HESS

★ ★ ★

By the most painstaking digging, our North Carolina man has found out the real reason the highway police in that state did not dare recently to punish the Honorable John Rankin, Mississippi congressman, for reckless driving. Mr. Rankin threatened that if he weren't released at once, he'd move to North Carolina and run for Congress from there. Always look to old Forty-eight for the facts.

★ ★ ★

And it was in Tennessee (Miss Libbie Budd doesn't say exactly where) that a much-decorated hero of Korea pulled out of a line of speeding cars and stopped for gas. "Tough going against those Reds over there—right dangerous," said the filling-station guy. The veteran nodded. "Yeah," he drawled. "I thought so too, until I got on this here highway."

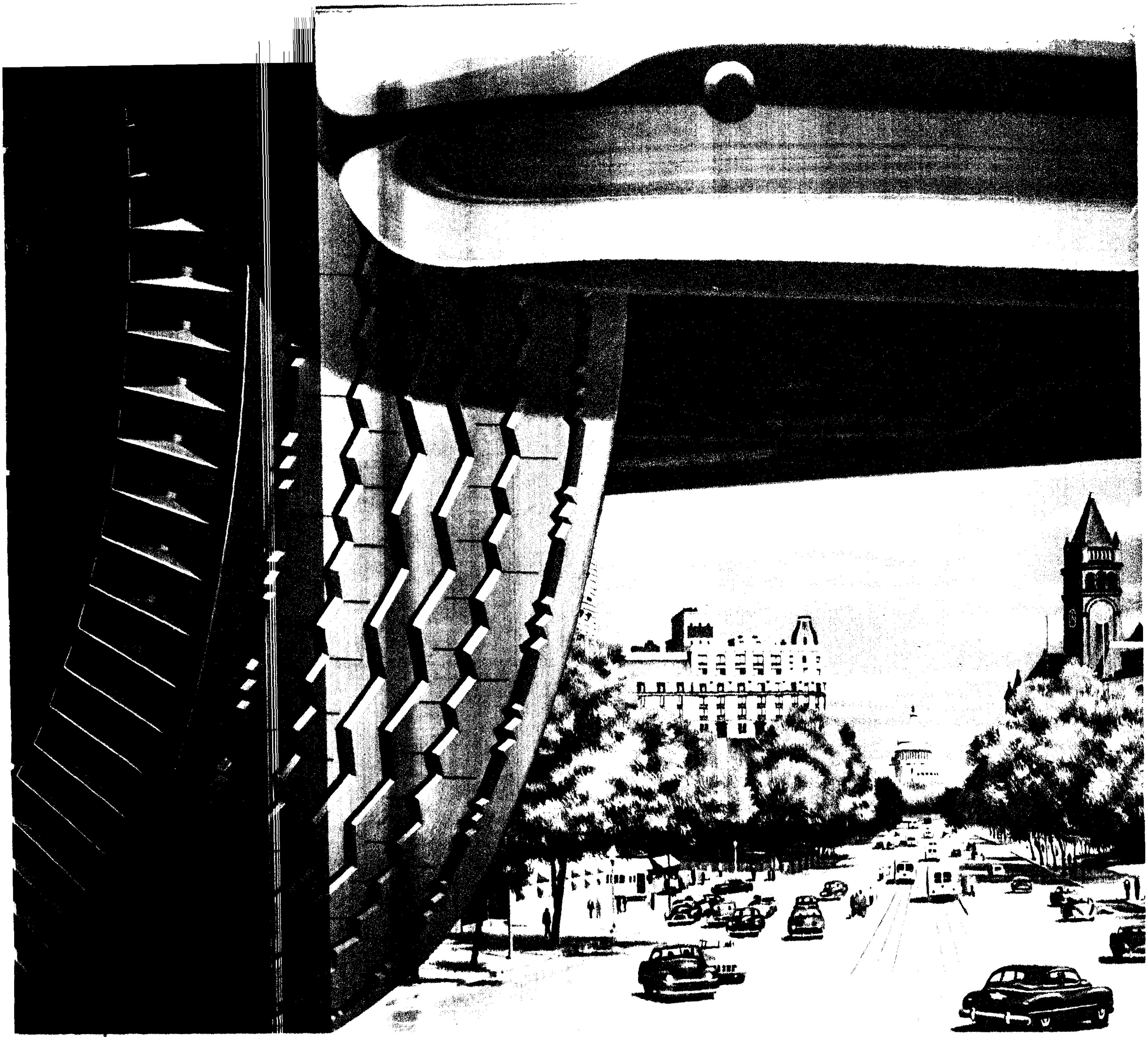
★ ★ ★

And that reminds us to tell you that this is the fiftieth anniversary of that indispensable organization, the American Automobile Association. To be precise—and that's a habit of ours—the AAA was born in Chicago on March 4, 1902. At the time, there were about 23,000 rattlers looking for roads to break down on, as against 52,000,000 motor vehicles today traveling 386,000,000,000 miles a year. The AAA and its 700 clubs with 3,500,000 members have helped not a little to make America a happier, more relaxed nation on wheels.

★ ★ ★

Of course, the 1952 Presidential campaign is still pretty young. Nobody nominated yet, so far as we can learn. But don't be surprised if, before November, you hear quite a lot about twelve or fifteen million unnecessary buttons. They're suspender buttons, sewed at so much a stitch, on soldier pants, regardless of the fact that no suspenders go with them, not being regulation. The Honorable Walter Norblad (R.), member of the House of Representatives from Oregon, discovered this additional burden upon the already spavined taxpayer and he's

(*Continued on page 83*)



FAMILIAR SIGHTS IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL: HISTORIC PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—DEPENDABLE KELLY TIRES

Wherever you go... GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS!

The nation's "carriage trade" first learned to depend on Kellys for quality 58 years ago . . . and the reputation for dependable, worry-free service that Kelly Tires established then continues to grow greater every year. That is because Kellys are proved and improved every year—built to keep pace with every new advance in motor transportation. You'll find that Kelly's tire-building "know-how" and rigid quality standards really pay big dividends—in extra thousands of safe miles. And you'll find your Kelly Dealer ready with the friendly service that keeps your driving worry-free. See him today!

KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

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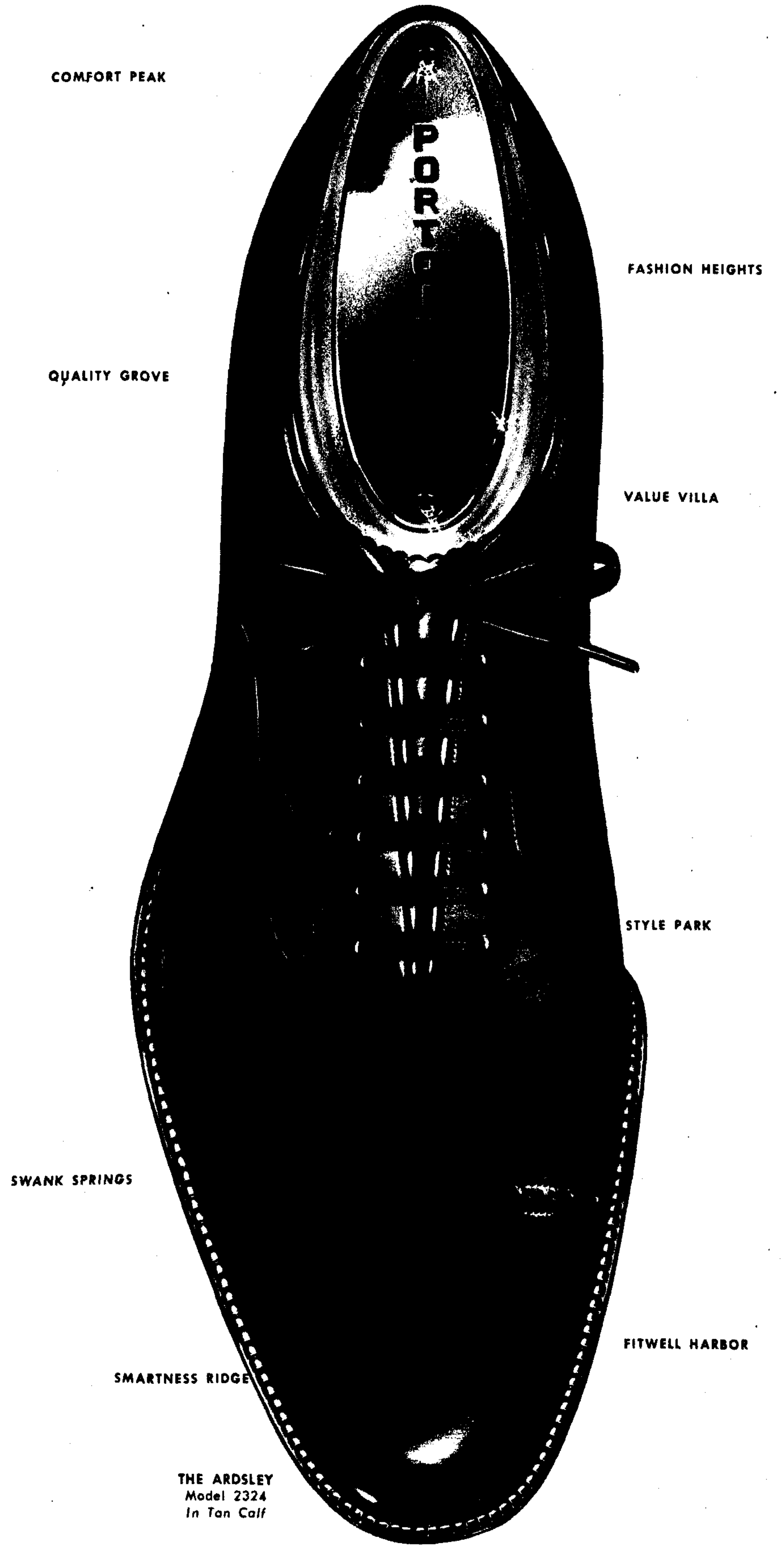

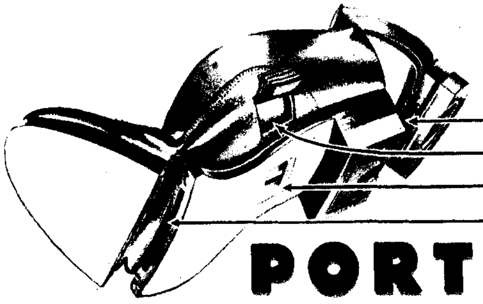

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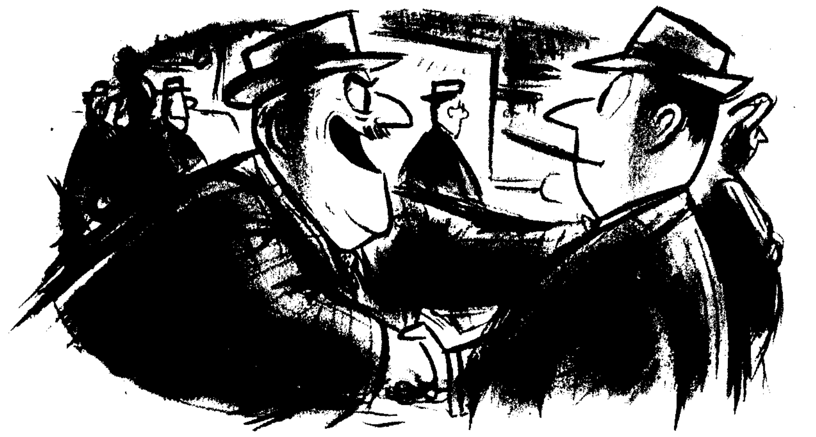


We bat banalities back and forth until we realize we're strangers

You'll Be Seeing Me!

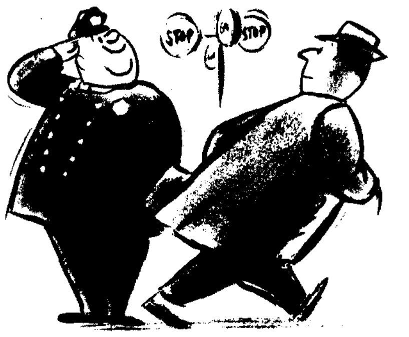
By HOWARD R. CLARK

THE next time you see a medium-size, slightly bald man with a familiar face, it probably won't be the fellow you met at the Annual Picnic and Barbecue of the Brushcreek Melon Growers Association. It'll be me.

I have a face which seems to be a composite of the features of everybody's fleeting acquaintances. Just let my eye rest on a stranger with more than a casual glance and he's sure to smile and advance with outstretched hand. A few of them realize their mistake and back off at once, mumbling something like, "Sorry, thought for a minute you . . . Joe Ptqnsm."

More often, however, they pump my hand vigorously with a "Well, well!" and we bat banalities back and forth until we both realize we're total strangers. We "guess we'd better be getting along" and grope uneasily for a more fitting exit line. After another exhausting round of trivia we agree we must get together sometime soon, look nervously at our watches, stumble through a "Nice to see you" and finally barge off. I usually look back to discover that my recent companion has also turned to give me a last bewildered scrutiny.

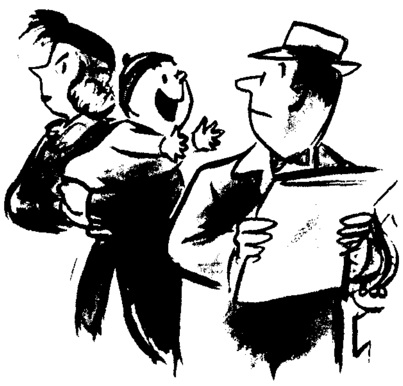
I have long since decided that it is simpler to enter into the spirit of the thing than to try to straighten it out. Besides, there's always the possibility that if I attempt to convince someone they don't know me, they'll start humoring me along to a police station in the belief that good old Joe Ptqnsm is hiding under an alias, having absconded with funds or another man's wife. Sooner or later, no doubt, a face like mine will appear on a WANTED poster.



Traffic cops treat me politely

Once, while I was attending a dinner in a neighboring city, a fellow across the table addressed me as "Doctor" and asked my opinion on a proposed law regulating the sale of barbiturates. I gave it to him in no uncertain terms. But people appeared to be so confused that before the evening was over I was prescribing freely for chilblains and housemaid's knee.

On another occasion the orchestra leader in a restaurant where I was dining suddenly announced: "We are greatly privileged to have with us this evening that champion of the common people, the Honorable Roy Potwhistle!" A brisk round of applause followed, in which I politely joined. The man beaming at me from an adjoining table must, I decided, be the distinguished gentleman; but as all eyes followed his glance straight to me I realized my error. I was Potwhistle. Rising to my feet I bowed right and left in what I hoped was an Honorable manner.



Strange small fry call me Daddy

Panhandlers pass me by because they're sure I'm the guy who turned them down on the other side of the street. Traffic cops treat me with perplexed politeness, thinking, no doubt, that I'm a power in the Fourth Ward. I take my fun where I find it, because hardly a month goes by that I'm not accosted by a small character in rumpled rompers with the happy cry of "Daddy!" This results in the small fry being hurriedly yanked away by the embarrassed mother while dark and ugly glances are shot at me from all directions.

I'm nobody's Cousin Herbert. I did not go to Fishback High School in 1932. I never in my life have attended a barbers' convention. However, it's always nice to know I haven't changed a bit.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

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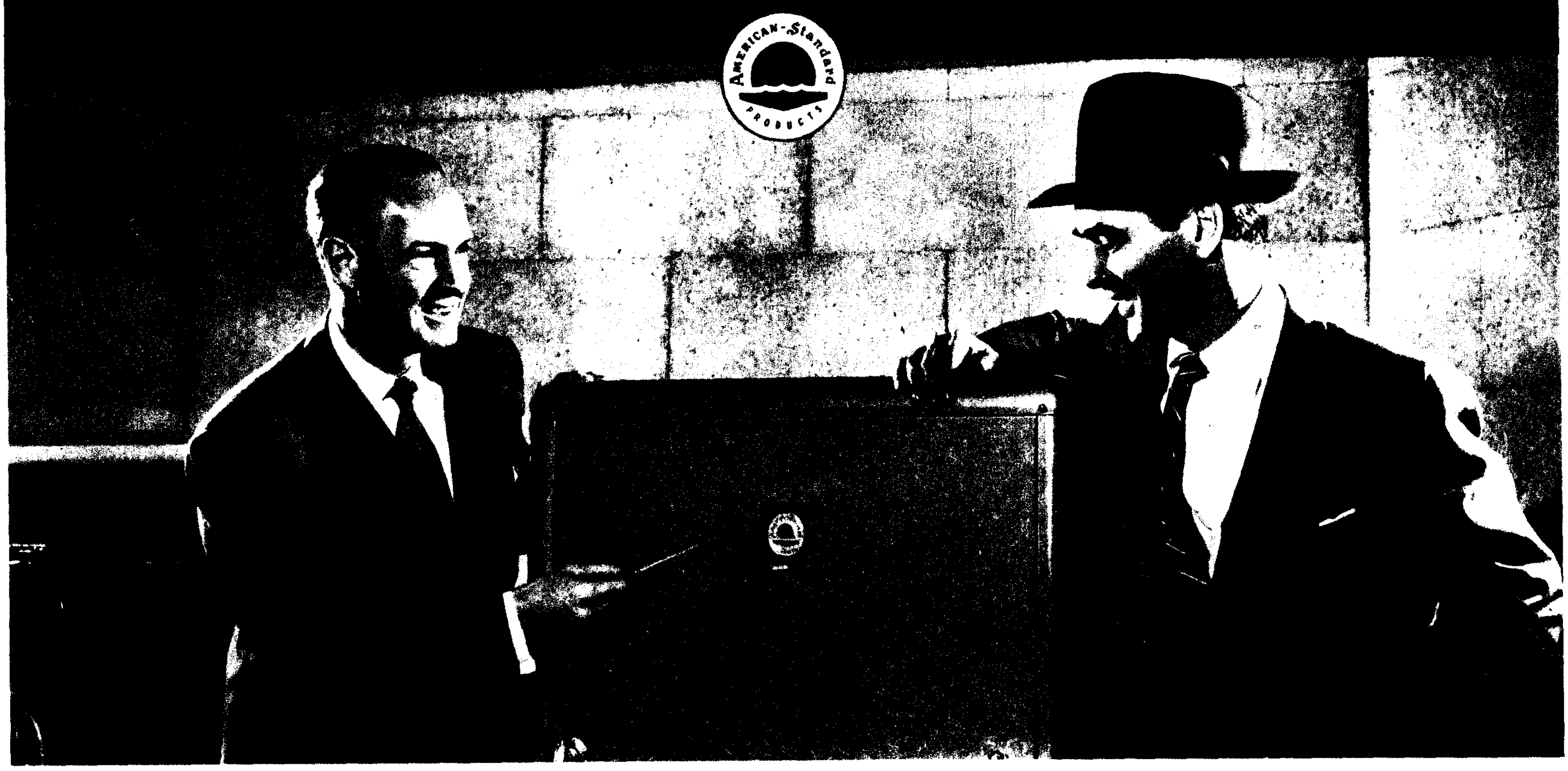
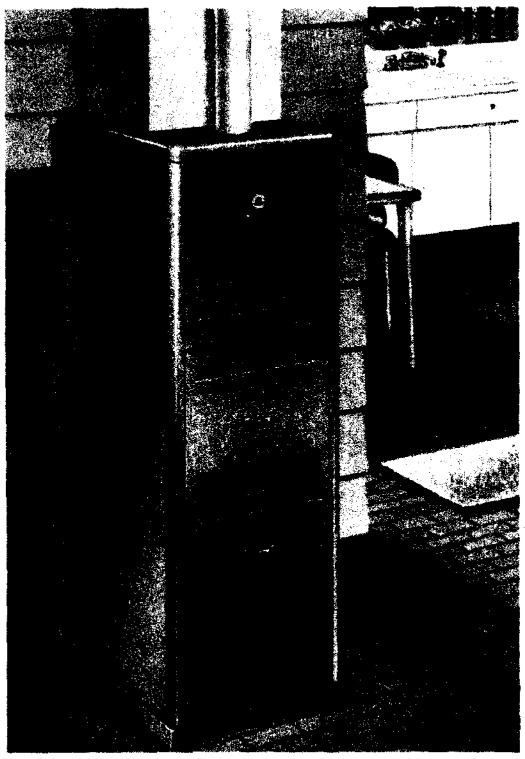
HEATING



Before you buy warm air heating
CHECK THESE 5 POINTS AND BE SURE



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☑ Who makes it?
The manufacturer's name is your best guarantee that your warm air heating equipment will live up to the promises made for it. And the best known name in heating is American-Standard.

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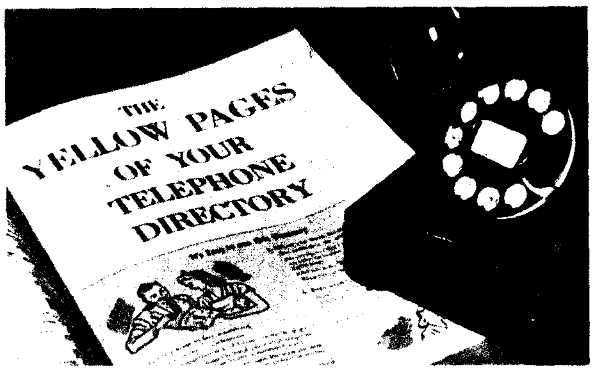
You want a man who is expert and efficient to install your warm air heating, and service it if needed. There's an American-Standard retailer near you who meets these specifications.

☑ Will it heat your home properly?
You can be sure of complete home comfort with American-Standard warm air heating. There's a wide choice for size of home and type of fuel . . . heating units exactly designed and tested to meet *your* particular heating needs.

☑ Will it save money on fuel?
A modern American-Standard heating unit burns far less coal, oil or gas than an old-fashioned or converted unit. Thus your fuel savings help the new unit to pay for itself.

☑ What will it cost?
American-Standard equipment costs no more yet it performs efficiently year after year, with minimum maintenance and service. And you can buy it on a liberal time payment plan.



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We watch how weather gets so it won't

Inside this "weather machine" is a "simulated skin" which can change its temperature—even perspire. By seeing how well various fabrics keep skin temperatures from changing in the weather churned up by this machine, Du Pont research seeks to find out just what a fabric needs to make you more comfortable—and how a fiber can contribute to those needs.

Du Pont fibers are planned for better living

under the skin get under yours!

Finding out more about how a fabric acts to make you "comfortable" is one of the jobs of Du Pont fiber research

You may say a fabric has a cool or warm "feel"—but that isn't all it needs to make it comfortable when you wear it.

Actually, clothing comfort depends on how well a fabric keeps your body temperature at an *even* level. But nobody knows just how a fabric does it to conform with changing weather conditions.

This "weather machine" developed by Du Pont is helping to find the answer. Fabric is placed inside it over "simulated skin." Then the machine creates hot, muggy climates, stirs up chilling breezes, to see how well the fabric keeps the "skin" comfortable.

You will someday wear even cooler, more comfortable clothes in summer, warmer yet lighter winter clothing, as a result of such experiments. Du Pont scientists find out what a *fabric* needs and then build qualities into a *fiber* to supply those needs.

Each of Du Pont's man-made fibers is *man-planned* to have properties useful to you—in a combination nature doesn't supply. *Nylon*, *Rayon*, *Acetate*, *Orlon* acrylic fiber*, *Dacron* polyester fiber*—each of these Du Pont fibers has its own place in your life to bring you "better things for better living . . . through chemistry."

Textile Fibers Department, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington, Delaware. Du Pont makes only the fibers—not the fabrics or finished products shown.

*DU PONT TRADE MARKS

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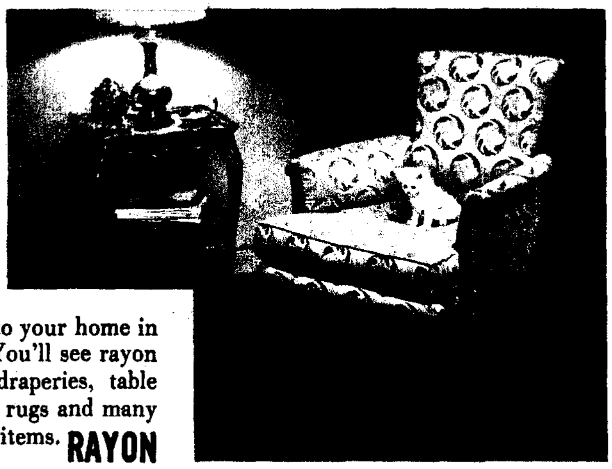
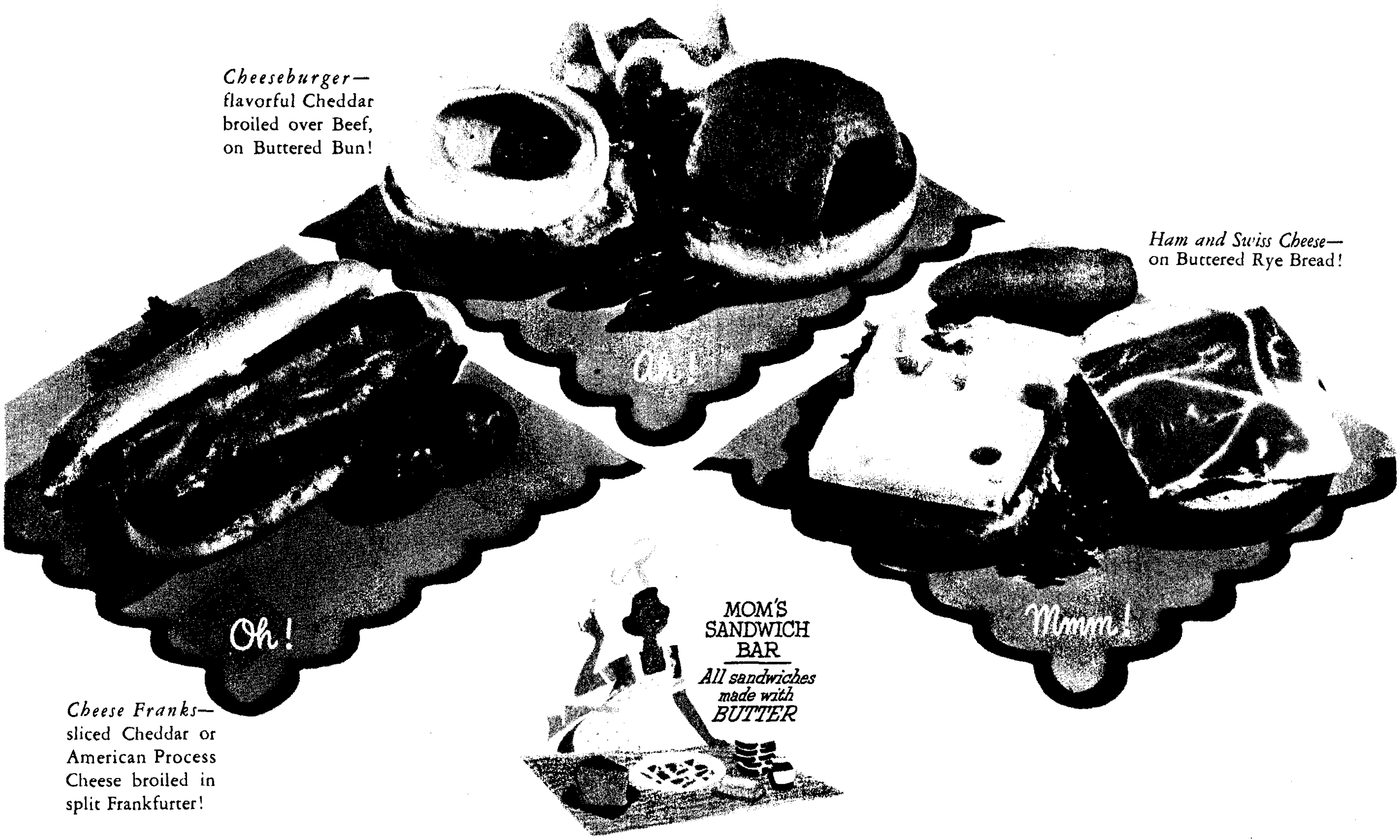


Adds beauty to your home in so many ways! You'll see rayon in upholstery, draperies, table cloths, curtains, rugs and many other household items. **RAYON**

Newest Du Pont fiber is "Dacron." Chemists build properties into this fiber that help suits keep their press, even in rainy weather. **"DACRON"**

Longer life for curtain and other fabrics exposed to sun, soot, weather is provided by "Orlon"—another man-made, man-planned fiber. **"ORLON"**

Serving you in many ways, nylon combines strength, elasticity, easy-care properties. Its uses range from lingerie to industrial fabrics. **NYLON**



Cheeseburger—flavorful Cheddar broiled over Beef, on Buttered Bun!

Ham and Swiss Cheese—on Buttered Rye Bread!

Cheese Franks—sliced Cheddar or American Process Cheese broiled in split Frankfurter!

All good sandwiches begin with butter

. . . and the best sandwiches also contain CHEESE! You can't *miss* with a start like *this*—BUTTER and CHEESE for Sandwiches! BUTTER comes first for *matchless flavor*. Next comes CHEESE—mild or sharp, smooth or tangy—to lend its food goodness and exciting taste. Then, whatever other tempting ingredients you add, you have a sandwich that's *good-eating* any *time*, any *place*—for *anyone!* Look at the five butter and cheese sandwiches shown here. Then try them!

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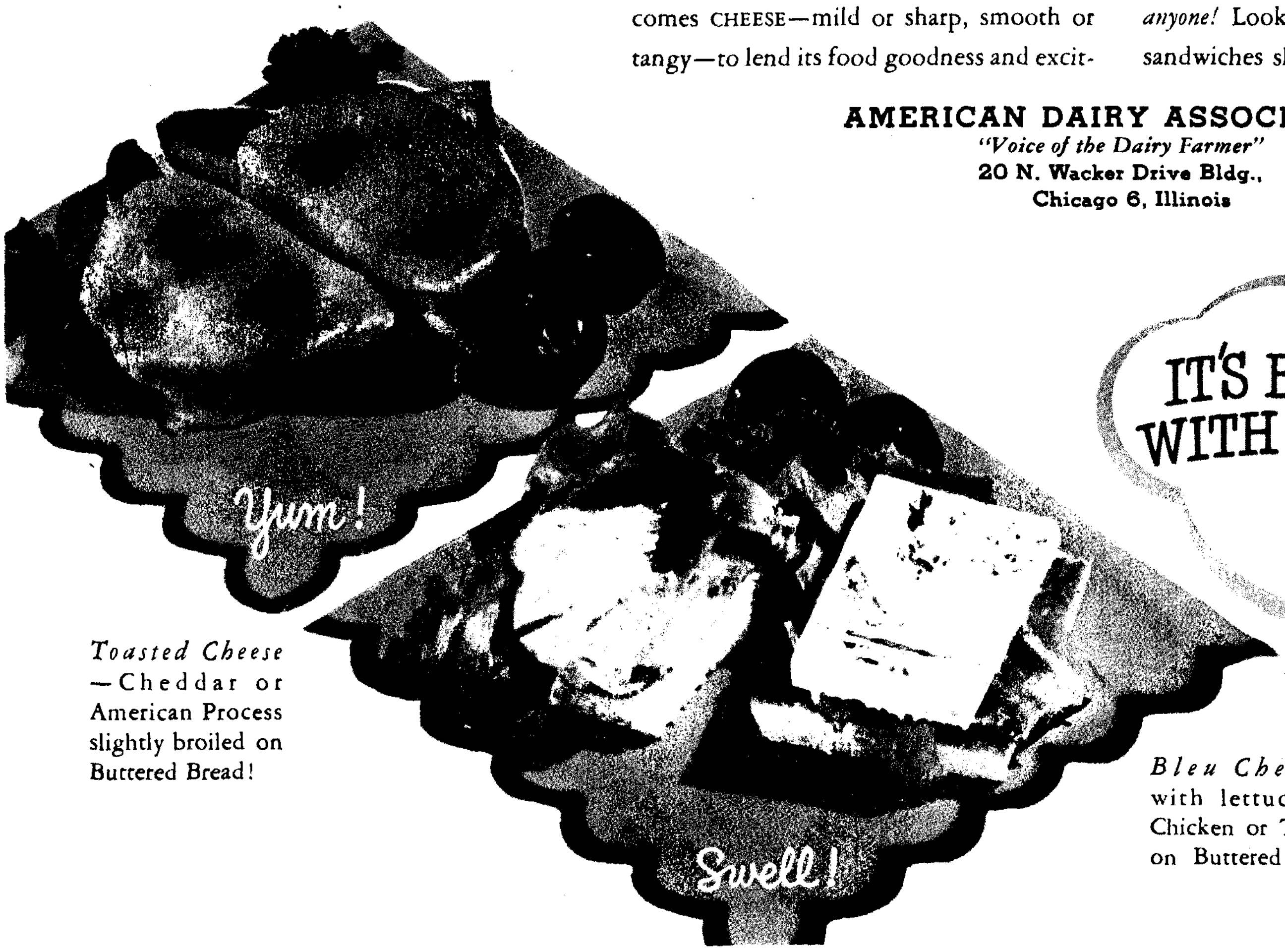


Toasted Cheese—Cheddar or American Process slightly broiled on Buttered Bread!

Bleu Cheese—with lettuce and Chicken or Turkey, on Buttered Toast.

IT'S BETTER WITH BUTTER

OUR TEEN-AGERS

How Good Are Their Morals?

Delinquency is actually declining among today's young people, despite the outcries of alarmists. The facts show we have every right to be proud of our youngsters

By Dr. JUDSON T. and MARY G. LANDIS

THE attention of many energetic viewers-with-alarm is currently focused on the teen-aged in our population. Bill Jones comes home from work and sits down to relax with the evening paper, but what may meet his eye? Headlines that scream of youthful "crime schools" or "sex rings" among teen-age kids, perhaps a statement from some governor "deeply distressed" over the morals of the young.

Bill sneaks a look at his daughter curled up on the floor in front of the radio, eating a candy bar, listening to the Lone Ranger and scratching the dog's back. She has too much lipstick on for her age, but otherwise she looks just like the same Julie who has kept things buzzing in the house for the 14 years since she was born.

What Bill reads in the paper, though, makes him wonder about Julie. He begins to feel uneasy. Is she pulling the wool over her parents' eyes? How much goes on in her life that they don't know about? And what about those boys who are always hanging around her? He has seen some startling statistics about immorality, drug addiction and youthful crime, and he reminds himself worriedly that every one of these kids is a statistic if you want to look at it that way.

Is his worry justified? Are various kinds of immorality and delinquency rampant among teen-agers? Occasionally, in defense of youth, someone says: "What can you expect? They see lax morals and ethics all around them among their elders. Why should they be any different? They certainly aren't going to be any better than their parents." Thus even their defenders assume that they are an immoral group.

But a careful look at the facts about today's teen-agers shows a wide discrepancy between the reassuring truth about them and the shocking picture that stares from almost every newsstand. The truth is that the average young American—the boy who delivers your paper or careens around your corner in his jalopy or the girl who baby-sits for you or stands on the corner talking to your neighbor's son—is probably more conservative and idealistic than you or your neighbor. Teen-agers are not showing any "alarming trends toward immorality." Exactly the opposite is true. The current publicity ignores their basic characteristics and advertises isolated cases of sensational misbehavior.

We recently overheard two high-school basketball players at Piedmont High School, Piedmont, California, discussing the collegiate basketball bribery scandal of last spring. One of them said, "What I can't understand is how they could be so stupid—throwing away their whole honor as players just for money. They could have earned money after college and would have been remembered all their lives as great players." The other agreed, "I don't see how they figured it was worth it."

That is likely to be the reaction of the average young athlete where bribes are concerned. That isn't news. We take it for granted. But the few boys who sell their honor for bribes are the ones who make the headlines.

Similarly a large majority of youngsters spend almost all their time outside of school in constructive activities. They are either participating in or watching athletic events; they are Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts (a total of about 3,500,000 of them); they are carrying on Four-H club projects that keep them busy (about 2,000,000 more of them); they have lessons or special classes in art, music or dancing; they have jobs by which they earn their spending money. They don't have time to get into mischief.

Those Who Make the Headlines

All these youngsters are taken for granted. They never make the headlines. But let two delinquent girls from hopelessly delinquent homes in an Illinois town get caught associating immorally with a group of older men and the world hears about it. "Teen-age Sex Ring Revealed," cry the headlines. And adults who like the sensational begin to deplore and bewail the morals of the young. In order to deplore wholeheartedly, however, they have to shut their eyes to the busy, ambitious, intelligent and moral teen-agers all around them.

One source from which to get a perspective on the behavior of youth is the Uniform Crime Reports for the United States, which have been published annually by the Federal Bureau of Investigation since 1930. From the first year of their publication, these reports show that there has been a gradual decrease in the percentage of arrests of teen-agers.

The trend was halted and temporarily reversed for four years during World War II, but beginning in 1944, and continuing through the first six months of 1951, the age of the most arrested group has again risen steadily. These reports show clearly that the major increase in crime has been among older people, not among teen-agers. From 1949 through the first half of 1951 only about 15 per cent of the total number of arrests were among people under twenty-one years old. That is the lowest percentage of youthful arrests since the Federal Bureau of Investigation started publishing national crime reports.

Several factors confuse the statistical picture. Because of the low birth rate of the early 1930s there are now fewer teen-agers than there were five years ago, so it is logical that there would be fewer delinquents numerically. Also there is a growing tendency for police to refuse to give the youthful offender an arrest record unless the offense is definitely serious.

However, we cite the statistics because figures from the crime reports are used so often and so impressively as shocking evidence of what is happening to youth, while actually the figures on arrests show an overall decrease in teen-age delinquency. Startling figures may be cited that, when taken out of the whole picture of all the figures for all years, look bad for youth. But viewed in perspective the records show a consistent trend that is reassuring rather than alarming.

Even on the subject of dope addiction, a social problem that needs to be much more effectively attacked, we need to keep our perspective. Admittedly, the forces interested in expanding the illegal narcotics trade are looking toward teen-aged youngsters as a source of business, but in the first nine months of 1951 the Uniform Crime Reports show that only 1,856 out of over 15,000,000 persons under twenty-one were arrested in connection with the use of drugs. Few youngsters know anything about drugs except what they read and hear.

A hopeful note was sounded recently by

[illegible]

Rangerettes of Kilgore (Tex.) Junior College have achieved national fame at sports events

JOHN FLOREA

Typical of clean, wholesome kids in nation's high schools are these students at Ojai, Cal.

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Teen-agers in Winchester, Mass., formed ski club, travel 30-odd miles to find good slopes

Critics, concentrating on rare—but spectacular—evidences of impropriety,

George W. Cunningham, Deputy Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Narcotics. "With reference to teen-age addiction," he said, "most evidence we have indicates the figures are no longer rising." He called attention to a sharp drop in the number of under-twenty-one addicts admitted to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, during October, 1951. Only 20 in this age group were admitted that month, compared to 39 during October, 1950.

How Figures May Be Misinterpreted

Last December, headlines announced that two New York City hospitals had admitted 340 teen-age addicts during the first nine months of 1951, as against 54 during the same period of 1950. But a committee which the mayor had appointed to study the narcotics problem commented: "This data on treatment of addicts, or users, does not establish an increase in addiction, but more likely reflects the greater intensity of the disintoxication program."

The increase since the war in drug addiction among youth has been played up everywhere. That page of the teen-agers' record looks bad. But how many people know that during the same period arrests for teen-age prostitution decreased from 1,297 in 1945 to only 448 in 1950 and that there were slightly more arrests for teen-age drunkenness in 1945 than in 1950?

These statistics, of course, reveal only a part of the picture. They deal with arrests, and many forms of misbehavior may take place that are not shown by records of arrests.

A fairly good picture of the attitudes that many teen-agers hold is available through the work of a group of researchers headed by Dr. H. H. Remmers of Purdue University in Indiana. For several years they have been polling young people from all parts of the United States. Their method is to submit questions on many subjects to a very large representative cross section of high-school students who reply anonymously. From the data of the Purdue Opinion Panel, the American teen-ager emerges as conservative enough to surprise, or shock, some people and to reassure others.

For example, responses to questions asked in the 1948 and 1949 polls indicate that the majority of high-school students believe cheating on school examinations is wrong and almost never justifiable. Only one in four approved of smoking for young people and about one in 10 expressed approval of drinking. Even on the question of steady dating for high-school students, only a third definitely thought it a good idea. Another third definitely opposed it, and the rest were not settled in their opinions.

It is interesting that as they advance in high school the teen-agers tend to get more conservative about what is wise for youngsters to do. The polls show they keep raising the age at which, for example, girls should be permitted to date. Twenty-eight per cent of the freshmen thought that fourteen or younger was not too young but only 16 per cent of the seniors agreed. Thirty-eight per cent of the seniors thought it better for girls not to be allowed to date until they were at least sixteen years old.

On matters such as drinking, smoking and cheating on examinations, they admitted candidly that their performance was not quite up to their beliefs. More of them do these things than believe in them. For example, on cheating, 75 per cent said it was wrong but only 52 per cent said they would not cheat or help anyone else on examinations.

Even so, when it comes to living up to their standards and beliefs, teen-agers often show up the older generation. A rather typical example is the way young people in many communities try to put into action their beliefs that discrimination based on race or religion is unfair and un-American. The teen-age representatives invited to the White House Conference on Youth in 1950, like the adults at that conference, were on record as being opposed to racial discrimination. But the 500 teen-age representatives felt that they must make their words good. They refused to live in comfort in places that would not take all their members of whatever race or color, so they lived in a barracks furnished by the Army throughout the conference.

That is characteristic of today's youngsters. They are less likely to rationalize and choose the course of expediency than are adults; they are inclined to view right and wrong with clearer eyes and to put their beliefs into action.

In the minds of many critics of youth, a distinction is made between morality in sex behavior and in other areas of life, and the young are accused of increasingly great laxness or license in sex behavior. No one knows for sure exactly the amount of sex activity that takes place among average healthy, busy, dating American youngsters. People who would declare that practically no sex experimentation goes on are on just as sound and just as unsound ground as those who say, "They all do it," for that is an area where there is still little reliable information about teen-age people in general. Some research studies that give part of the picture are available, however.

The researches of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey of the University of Indiana and of Dr. Winston Ehrmann of the University of Florida give some light here. Dr. Kinsey states, "While the incidence of premarital intercourse has remained stable within each social level in the last 20 or 30 years, it should be pointed out that the number of persons who go to college has materially increased in that period. Since this is the group that has the fewest premarital relationships, this means that there is now a distinctly larger proportion of the population which is going without premarital sex relations."

Dr. Ehrmann has just completed a five-year study of the students at the University of Florida. Through conferences and through anonymous questionnaires, he gathered information from 841 young people of college age about the extent of their sexual activity in dating. His findings show that the majority of those in his sample, 61 per cent of the boys and 91 per cent of the girls, draw the line within moral limits in their current dating behavior.

In an anonymous survey of our own among 2,000 Michigan students, 59 per cent of the men and 76 per cent of the women said they believed in no sex relations for either men or women before marriage. Our study showed the students in 1947 to be slightly more conservative than students in a similar study made by Dr. Lemo Rockwood at Cornell University before the war. One third of the men and one half of the women in our survey expressed the belief that, other things being equal, they would not marry a person who had had premarital sex relations.

A Prediction That Didn't Come True

The point that stands out in all the evidence is that the average or "typical" American youngster is not involved in excessive or promiscuous sexual activity. There is, as there has always been among young and older people, a certain amount of unacceptable sexual activity. But the present generation of teen-agers compares favorably with former generations. Some authorities, on the basis of known sexual activity among the youth of 1900 to 1935, predicted that by 1950 virginity at marriage would be near a vanishing point. But Dr. Kinsey's findings show that the prediction was not fulfilled. If the earlier research was correct, then it appears that the present generation must have slowed the pace of increasing immorality that had been set by their elders.

Why then, if these are American kids, all the sound and fury over their morals?

Several things help to explain it. Aside from the always present facet of human nature that gets a vicarious thrill out of denouncing the details of sin in others, there is the inescapable fact that times

PAT COFFEY

In Denver, boys and girls from all neighborhoods gather at Robert W. Steele Community Center to learn fine points of square dancing

ROCCO PADULO

Painting class, Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Constructive hobbies such as these are the rule, sensational misbehavior the exception

ignore the vast range of healthful activities the nation's youngsters pursue

have changed. The older generation is like the earthbound hen who mothers ducklings. She can't understand their water-life; she can only run wildly about on the bank, clucking and viewing with alarm.

The older generation today can see among the young all sorts of customs and apparent attitudes that are new and different. It is hard to understand and interpret the thinking and behavior of those whose world is so different from that in which one grew up. We recognize and accept a great many changes but balk at accepting others.

To illustrate: not so very far back in the past, a girl who appeared on the street with "painted lips" typed herself at once as definitely a doubtful character. A *good* woman might secretly use a trifle of well-disguised color on her face, although she would never admit it. But somewhere along the line changes came. Now a woman's make-up is accepted along with her hat or gloves as part of her costume when she appears suitably dressed in public. The modern miss would be highly amused at the idea of any association existing between lipstick and sin. She considers it purely a matter of taste or personality type. And when her grandfather says, "I don't like that paint on your face," she smiles tolerantly over his quaint use of words.

There are many examples of such changes in customs in our society, and most of the changes came about so gradually that no one can say when they occurred, and no one raises questions about any moral issues involved. But since many phases of youthful behavior today represent processes of social change not yet understood, we tend to judge in the light of interpretations no longer valid.

For example: many of today's youngsters who date begin to do so at a somewhat earlier age than was formerly the case. Chaperonage has disappeared and young people are generally freer from supervision than formerly. They are seen in public, often in noisy and conspicuous groups. They dash about in cars, giving to the observer an impression of wild abandon. But all that has little to do with their morals.

It is true that life is more dangerous for them. Speeding about in overcrowded cars is more dangerous than taking a quiet walk on a country road, but some of the quiet country strollings of a generation ago may have involved more immorality than is to be found in the running about of the youngsters of this mobile generation.

Teen-age couples may be seen walking down the street holding hands, or with linked arms—or even with his arm draped across her shoulders. Respectable people were more careful about appearances in public a generation ago. A college girl recently said, "My mother is awfully shocked at the way couples show their affection in public around the campus. She says that when she was a girl they hid in the bushes for that sort of thing."

There is less "hiding in the bushes" in general among today's youth. Thus the teen-ager may appear to be very sophisticated. He can talk so freely about so many subjects. He knows and admits that he knows quite a bit about the facts of life. He views with an easy tolerance those, usually among his elders, who, as we heard one sixteen-year-old boy put it, "believe that sex and all that is very hush-hush."

A sorority girl at the University of California, talking with us about customs among her sorority group, explained, "I don't believe in heavy petting. I'd like to end up with a good marriage after all the dating I'm doing. And I think too much petting is likely to get one's mind off the important personality traits one wants in a husband. Most of us feel that a girl is a fool or at least terribly shortsighted if she goes in for that sort of thing."

Dr. Judson T. Landis and his wife, Mary, have been practicing sociologists for almost a quarter century; their book, Building a Successful Marriage, is used by more than 200 colleges. On the subject of U.S. youngsters, the Landises come by much of their information at firsthand: their children, Judson and Janet, are in their teens

Today, girls differ from their mothers' generation in that they put no special value on what they call "innocence"—ignorance of the facts about sex. Yet their lack of such innocence is often cited as if it were proof of immorality. It seems more logical that with their greater knowledge and thoughtfulness on the subject, the young moderns may be more positively and intelligently moral. They are on their own and they know it.

They haven't broken loose from the control of their parents; rather, much control has been withdrawn from the young in our society, and with control a great measure of moral support has also been withdrawn. Many young people would *like* for someone to help make some of their hard decisions and choices for them, in spite of their appearance of vast independence.

The fifteen-year-old daughter of a friend of ours recently was trying to persuade her mother to let her go to a very special party in a home about which the mother had doubts. The mother, outtalked all down the line, finally said, "There is a lot I don't know about parties of this sort. If you were in my place and had a daughter wanting to go to this party, would you think it a good idea for her to go?" The girl replied at once, "Why, no, I certainly wouldn't. I'm going to really watch out for *my* kids."

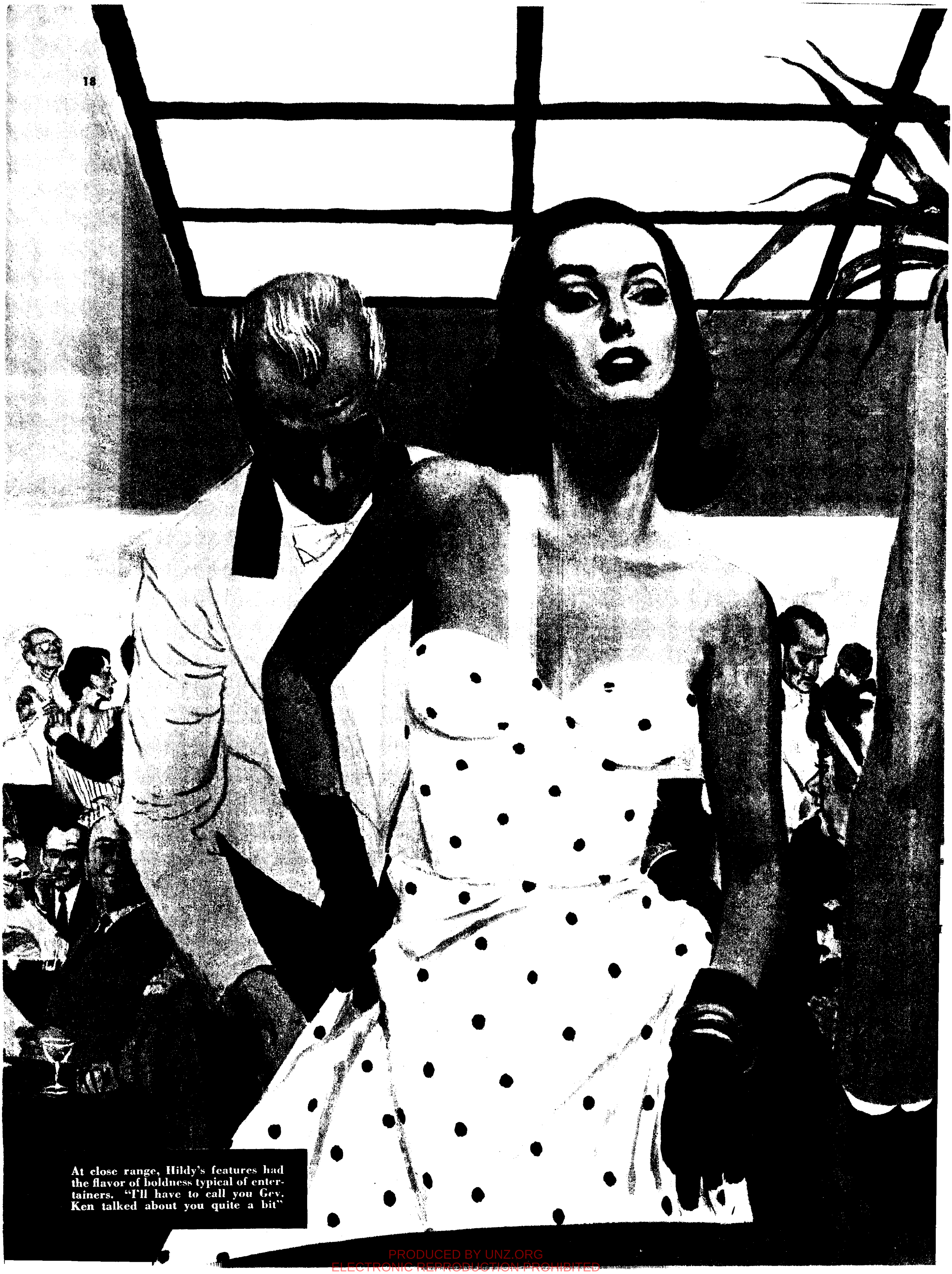
In school classes today, a common teaching device is the sociodrama, in which the students act parts in attempts to understand various facets of life and society. Over and over again we have heard high-school teachers report that when the sociodramas are used in the study of Family Living and teen-agers play the parts of the parents, they are much stricter than their own parents.

Marjorie Cosgrove, Co-ordinator of Family Life Education, Highland Park, Michigan, reports that especially when it comes to laying down the law on hours to get in, use of the family car, and permissible ages for dating and going steady, high-school students have definitely conservative ideas. Most parents would be surprised if they could hear their children in class discussions on such subjects.

Teen-agers are also certain that they are going to be more understanding of their children than they feel parents are of them. In the Purdue Opinion Panel over half of the youngsters said they did not think their parents understood their problems and they could not discuss their problems with parents.

Quite universally, teen-agers in high school and in college classes in Family Living declare that they are going to give their children a different type of sex education than they received from their parents. One GI married student who was in the marriage class at Michigan State College said, "If I ever think less of my parents for anything, it will be because of the inadequate sex education they gave me." Another, an Arsenal Technical High School graduate of Indianapolis, Indiana, who with other graduates was asked to evaluate the Family Life course, said he felt children ought to learn something in school about marriage and family living. He added, "My home was shattered twice by my mother's divorces. It might not have happened if my mother had had a better understanding of sex and marriage."

H. H. Remmers and C. G. Hackett of Purdue University report in their booklet, Let's Listen to Youth, that a poll of parents and teen-agers in one community brought out *(Continued on page 82)*



At close range, Hildy's features had the flavor of boldness typical of entertainers. "I'll have to call you Gev. Ken talked about you quite a bit"

My Brother's Widow

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

For four years, Gevan Dean had refused to face Niki, the woman who'd hurt him. But now he *had* to—because her husband, Gevan's brother, had been murdered . . . Beginning a new five-part serial

I

I WOKE up with that queer feeling of disorientation an unfamiliar bed gives you; woke up in a room too small, and too still. It took long seconds to remember that this was George Tarleson's cruiser, the Vunderbar, that I had borrowed it at noon of the day before, Saturday noon, telling George that I had fishing on my mind, whereas my prime motive had been to get away from the Tarlesons' usual noisy weekend house party.

My small beach house is within a few hundred yards of their big house at Indian Rocks Beach. During the first year of my stay there, I had good reason to want the gay life. My house became the scene of a sort of endless party. For the next two years I merely endured the parties, and during the past year, my fourth year in Florida, I had tried to escape as often as possible.

I had trolled on up north and found a secluded mangrove-bordered bay near Dunedin Isles and dropped the hook, far enough from shore to avoid the bugs.

I pulled on swimming trunks and padded out on deck. It was a silver-gray Sunday morning. Mullet jumped nearby, rippling the surface. The water was clear enough and deep enough, so I balanced on the stern rail and dived in, letting the April water, still cool from winter, drive away the last mistiness of long sleep. I swam hard until I was winded, and then floated. The Vunderbar was a toy boat on display in a shop window. There was a certain satisfaction in being as brown as waxed mahogany, so brown that my sun-bleached hair and eyebrows were paler than my skin—a morsel of satisfaction to weigh against the vague stirrings of discontent.

Midge and George had the usual crowd at their party. My group, I suppose—the blue-denim set, twice as busy in idleness as they would have been if they were working. Whenever I found myself feeling vaguely superior, I told myself that all my little makework projects in the area were just window trimming. All I actually had to do was sit. My inheritance of eight thousand shares of Dean Products stock, the family enterprise, brought in an average annual dividend of eight dollars a share.

On this particular party, Midge Tarleson had been trying, as usual, to pair me off with somebody she considered suitable. This one had been pretty enough, but with that lost look in her gray eyes, that rebound look that bachelors learn to identify quickly. If they don't, they lose their bachelorhood.

Once, in an unguarded moment, I told Midge Tarleson just enough of my personal emotional history to make her want to cure me by marrying me off. But, much to her annoyance, I have singled out only those little girls who want no entanglements, and have avoided the lost-looking ones.

Without trying too hard, I had achieved that Great American Dream—money and idleness. And with it had come a sense of guilt, as though I had been accused of some unspecified crime. I suspected that my playmates felt that way too, oftener than they would admit. Our little group had begun to have a faint aroma of decay. The world was spinning toward some unthinkable destination, and we sat in the sand with our buckets and castles.

It was better to be alone—a condition that I was arranging with increasing regularity. This was the Florida I loved.

AS I swam slowly back to the Vunderbar, I heard a powerful drone, looked up toward the channel, and saw a speedboat swing gracefully around the channel marker. I hauled myself up over the stern of the Vunderbar, looked at the speedboat again, and recognized Jigger Kelsey's gutty little sixteen feet of mahogany hull and one hundred horses. Jigger was behind the wheel, with two women beside him. One of them waved, and I recognized Midge.

For a moment I felt a quick twist of apprehension, a superstitious certainty that something was wrong. It faded quickly. I had left the party, so Midge had transported a portion of it to keep me from being lonely.

Jigger made a sweeping turn and came alongside, reversing the motor, judging the distance nicely. He stood up and caught the rail of the Vunderbar. "You're a tough guy to find, Gev," he said, his grin white in the tan face. "Don't you ever use that ship-to-shore?"

I gave a good imitation, I hope, of being glad to see them. The girl in the middle was the one with the lost gray eyes. I was relieved to see that she had focused herself on Jigger. She gave me a very absent, "Hello, Mr. Dean."

(Continued on page 90)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

"Mr. X" Goes to Moscow

By LOUIS CASSELS

George F. Kennan, a lifelong student of Russia, fathered the U.S. policy of "containing" Communist aggression. Now, as our ambassador, he has a chance to help make it work

GEORGE F. KENNAN, the State Department's "Mr. X," is leaving for Moscow this spring to take over a job for which he has been preparing for 25 years—and which he doesn't want. The modest, scholarly career diplomat, who fathered the foreign policy of "containing" Communist aggression, has unique qualifications for his new assignment as United States Ambassador to Russia. Few living Americans have studied the Soviet Union longer, at closer range and with more penetrating insight. He probably knows as much about Russia's history, literature and national characteristics as many members of the Politburo. He will be the first envoy we have ever sent to the Kremlin who can talk fluently to Stalin without an interpreter.

President Truman evidently had all this in mind when he commented, shortly before appointing Kennan, that "he certainly ought to know his way around" in Moscow. Congressmen of both parties agreed. Even Pravda, the Kremlin's mouthpiece, showed its respect for the new ambassador by awarding him all three of its highest decorations for Western statesmen—"spy," "warmonger" and "tool of Wall Street."

One hat which was *not* thrown in the air when the appointment was announced was the gray Homburg which adorns the rapidly balding head of George F. Kennan himself. For the deep, dark truth about Mr. X is that he has never had any great ambition to be ambassador to Russia, or anywhere else. What he does want out of life is a chance to write a dozen or so books that have been stillborn in his wide-ranging mind during his hectic two and a half decades as a public servant.

Kennan is a diplomat instead of an author because he inherited from his Scotch Presbyterian father a stern sense of duty and a belief in predestination. Both legacies are reflected in his mystic conviction that he was fated to spend his life as a Russian expert in the United States Foreign Service.

The day after he was formally named ambassador to Moscow, Kennan sat with a friend before the fireplace of his rambling, 140-year-old farmhouse in Adams County, Pennsylvania, and talked about fate.

He frankly admitted that he was not elated about the appointment. He would have been much happier if he could have remained at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, where he has been working for the past year on a long-planned series of books exploring past American foreign policy and trying to define its future goals.

But it was equally apparent that it never occurred to Kennan that he might decline the Moscow post and go ahead with his writing. He was horrified at the very suggestion.

"This is the one job in the world I couldn't possibly refuse to take," he protested. "This is the job for which I have been trained for 25 years at public expense."

He paused a moment before he added:

"I've never had the opportunity of serving in the armed forces . . . I don't think any man has the right to refuse to serve his country in any position where he might be useful."

The friend suggested that the work Kennan had been doing at Princeton could certainly be called "useful."

"I hope so," he agreed. "In fact, I personally thought it would have been more useful in the long run than anything I might accomplish in Moscow."

Why, then, was he interrupting his Princeton project to go to Russia for the fourth time?

Kennan stared into the fire for a long time before he answered.

"There may be a reason why fate pushed me into the diplomatic service. A man has to do what fate calls him to do, as best he can."

His View of Ambassador's Position

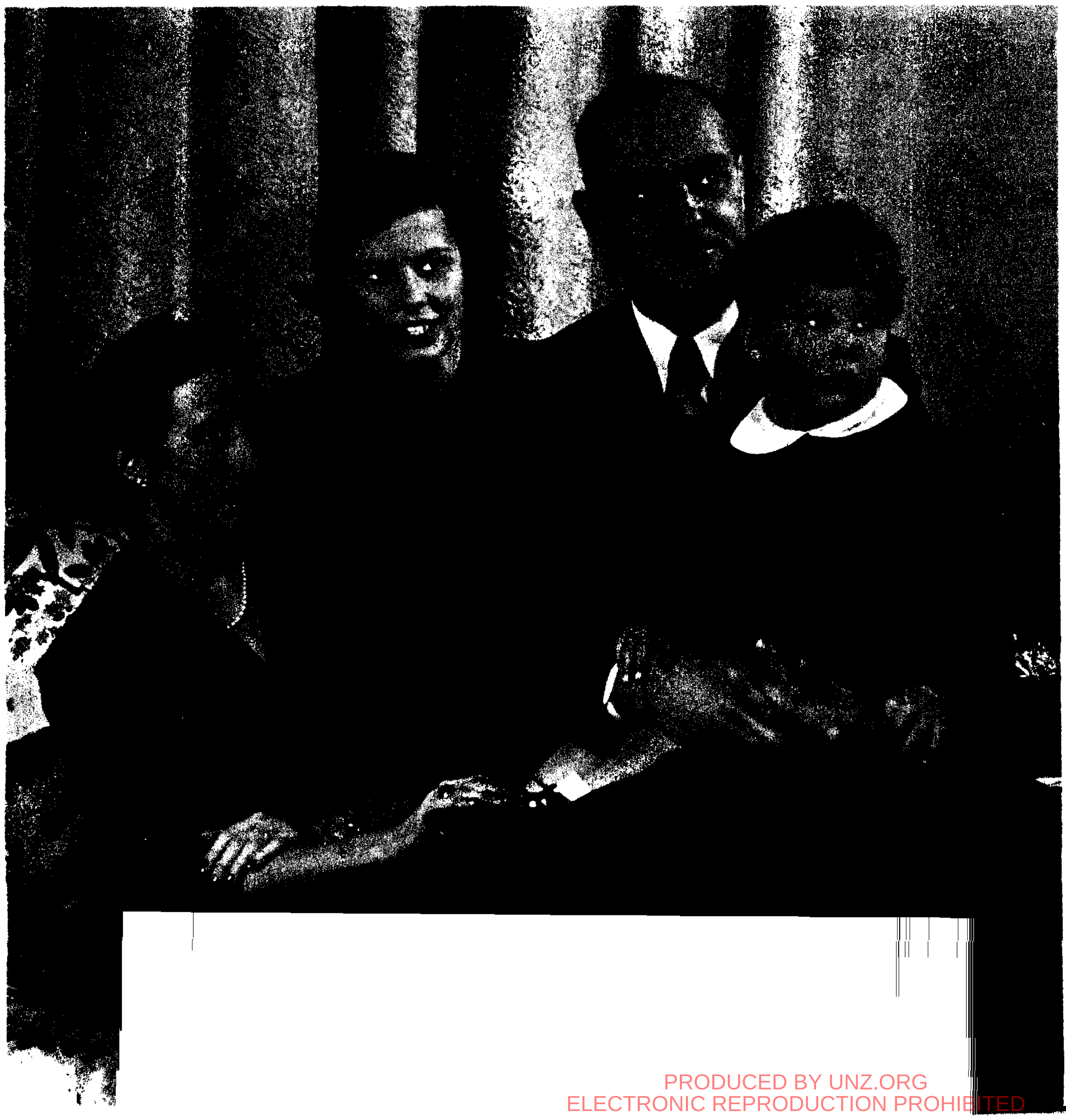
The visitor commented that Kennan didn't seem to be very optimistic about what he can accomplish in Moscow.

"I'm not optimistic, and I'm not pessimistic, either," he said. "I just hope no one will expect me to work miracles. An ambassador is an agent, not a maker, of foreign policy. There is often very little of a positive nature he can do to improve relations or ease tensions. No ambassador to Moscow can lay down the Western World's terms—he can only try to make sure they are expressed in a way that the Russians will understand."

He conceded that the latter is a job of no small importance, and one which is best not left to amateurs. Dilettante diplomacy is a subject on which Kennan feels deeply. He was serving as minister-counselor of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow at the time of the Yalta and Potsdam conferences, and was aghast when he read the "agreements" reached there.

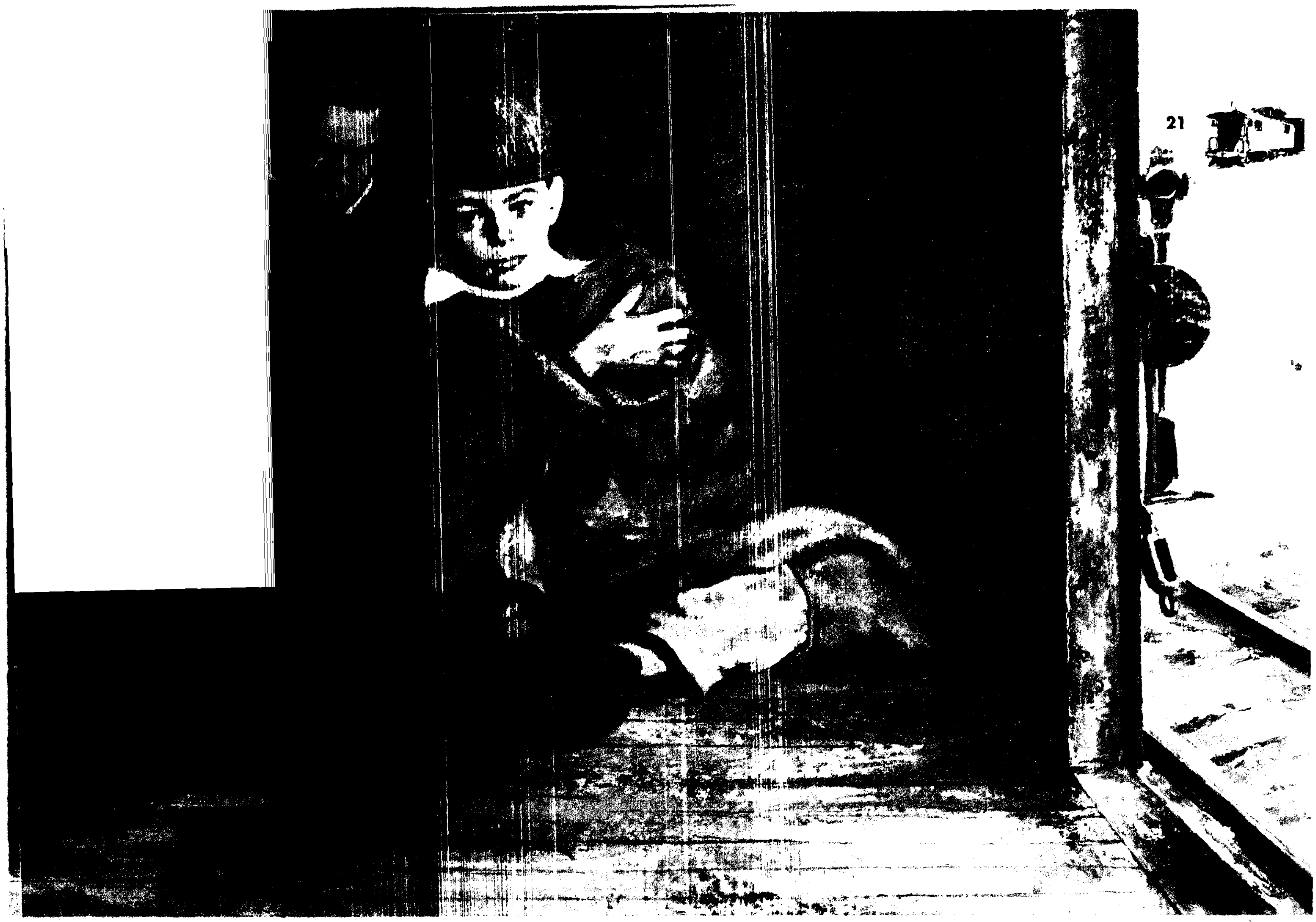
"The professional diplomat," he says, "knew that those fine words meant entirely different things to the Russians and to us."

Although Kennan will not make U.S. policy toward Russia as ambassador to Moscow, he has already had a big hand in shaping it. As head of the State Department's *(Continued on page 87)*



Mr. and Mrs. Kennan are taking their daughter Joan, 15, and son Christopher, 2, to Moscow. Another daughter, Grace, 19, not in photo, remains at Radcliffe, where she is a sophomore

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN



"Maybe it's a wreck," Burton said. Everything was quiet and motionless. We sat up. The train began to move again. Then the whistle sounded

In the Spring

By JOHN FANTE

It was plain our families didn't understand us. So what was the use of hanging around home, wasting our talents?

WE WERE eating dessert when Burton whistled. The old man gave me one of his looks. "There's your no-good friend," he said.

"No good?" I stopped eating. "Look, mister. You don't know what you're talking about. Ralph Burton happens to be the finest first baseman this town ever developed."

"Excuse me, but I still say he's no good."

"That's because you don't know what's going on in the world."

Burton whistled again. I left the table and hurried outside. The old man just sat there, staring at his apple cobbler. He was almost forty-three, getting on in years, and out of touch with important things.

It was nearly seven o'clock, but not dark. Burton was hiding behind the elm tree in the front yard.

"Want to toss a few?"

"Nah," he said. "Let's talk."

We walked two blocks to the creek that ran through Boulder. Burton pulled out a new pack of cigarettes, and we sat on the bank. Burton was very lucky: his old man bought them by the carton. Mine smoked cigars.

"I sure hate this town," Burton said.

"It's strictly for hicks," I said. "Not even big enough for Class C baseball."

Burton looked up at the sky. "Why did I have to be born here?" he asked. "Why couldn't I have been born in some major-league city? Even Kansas City, or some other American Association town? Even some town in the East Texas League? Even Terre Haute, in the Three-Eye League? Why did I have to be born in Boulder, Colorado?"

It was good to dream. I took a drag and let the smoke come sighing out. "If I had it to do over again," I said, "I'd be born in a house right across the street from the Yankee Stadium. It could be just a plain old shack with a leaky roof and no paint. What's money? I wouldn't care."

"Money don't count," Burton said. "And it don't matter what the place looks like. What counts is have you got the stuff? Can you hit that ball?"

We listened to the trickle of water through the rocks in the creek.

"Jake," Burton said, "I want to ask you a question. A very personal question. But don't pull your punches. Tell me the truth."

"Let's have it, Burt. You know me."

"What I want to know is this: Am I good enough, right now, for the big time?"

You don't just rattle off an answer to that kind of a question. I thought about it for a long time. Then I said: "Burton, in my honest opinion, you're good enough right now to hold down first base for any major-league club in the country. I seen you in action, kid. You're like a snake around that bag. As for hitting, you got the sharpest pair of eyes I ever seen."

"Aw. I wouldn't go that far."

"You're just too modest, Burt. I say you're ready for major-league ball. Right now."

"Thanks, Jake. I appreciate you being so honest."

Now it was dark and cold. To the west, the mountains began to disappear behind thick white clouds. There was a feeling of spring snow in the air. Our breaths came out in small white puffs. We built a fire between two stones and fed it pieces of driftwood from a muskrat dam. We watched the fire. It scorched our faces and left our backs cold. The heat cracked the stones and they popped open. With warm eyes we stared at the flames.

"Burt," I said, "it's my turn to ask you a question."

"Shoot."

"The truth, Burt. I can take it."

"I never lie, Jake."

"Am I good enough for major-league ball?"

"Absolutely. You're the greatest pitching prospect I ever saw."

"No, Burt. Think about it carefully. Don't just flatter me. Give it some thought."

"Okay."

He didn't speak for five minutes. Then he said: "In my opinion, you have the greatest knuckle ball in the United States of America. I never been up against Vic Raschi or Allie Reynolds, but I faced you many times, Jake. I know pitching. It's my business, because I'm a (*Continued on page 34*)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

A tempting array of salt-water delicacies. Surrounding central platter (l. to r.) are halibut steaks, lobsters, flounder, shrimp and oysters.

FISH IS YOUR DISH

By HARRY BOTSFORD

Sea food's a great appetite-pleaser during Lent—or at any other time. Modern refrigeration brings it to you fresh wherever you live, and it's also good canned, frozen, smoked or salted

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

Smoked haddock occupies center of platter, with (reading clockwise) canned tuna, canned salmon, kippered herring and canned crab meat at sides

BACK in the days when the rigid observance of Lent was governed by civil law, as well as by canonical rules, the season's approach was not hailed with unrestrained joy by the average citizen. Cream, butter and eggs, as well as meat, were forbidden, and violations were strictly punished.

Today, thanks to a happy combination of circumstances (and regardless of your religious faith), the Lenten season is a period marked by the consumption of some of the finest victuals that can grace the table. There is a plenitude of approved foods, for the flow of prime ocean fish and succulent shellfish is at its peak—readily available in the markets and stores, and at prices that fit the average budget.

Thanks to the modern magic of quick-freezing and refrigeration, plus fast transportation, the citizens of Pueblo, Colorado, can sit down to a feast of fish or sea food matching in quality that enjoyed by the people in the seacoast cities, whether Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon.

The average housewife hails the advent of Lent with joy, for fish and sea food require but little time for their proper preparation. If the food comes in a can. it's already cooked, requiring the very minimum of time to make it extremely palatable. Modern magic also enables her to make a critical choice of a wide selection of such incidental items as the incomparable finnan haddie, the delectable kippered herring, and a host of dried fishes, such as the cod. They are all, whether fresh, salted, smoked or canned, endowed with a satisfactory succulence that makes them genuine family favorites.

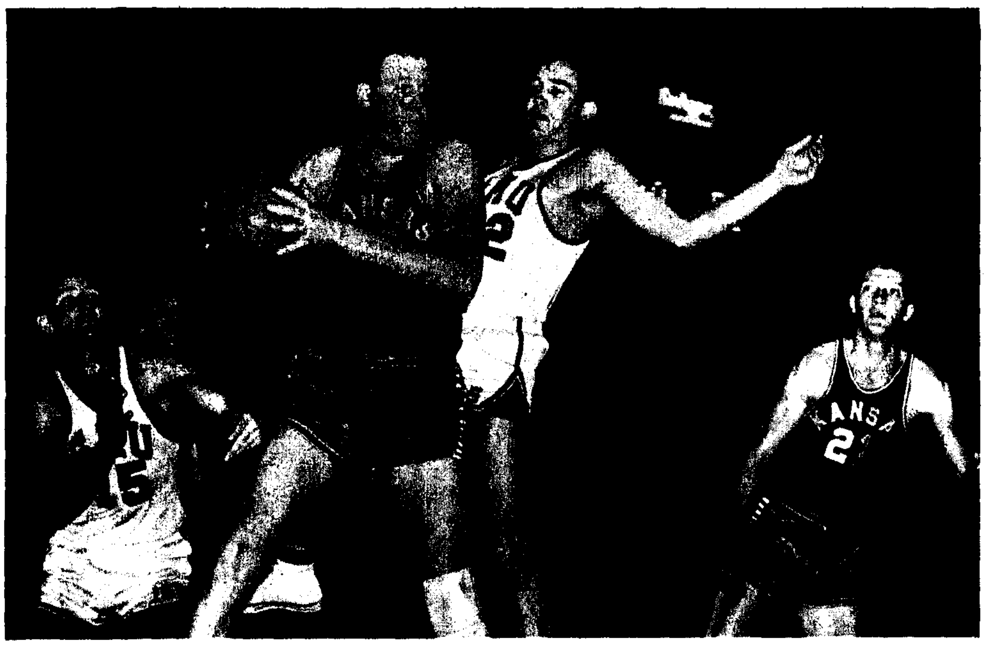
Let's take tuna, big, firm-fleshed, running from 15 to 250 pounds, full of rich flavor. Canned tuna can be more than delightful. Not long ago, in a Detroit kitchen, I watched my hostess whip up a tuna dish that took her precisely 30 minutes—from the time she grabbed a can opener until she placed the completed dish on the table.

The tuna was the kind that comes in large chunks, not flaked or shredded. She poured off the excess oil, placed the chunks in a deep bowl and added a can of condensed mushroom soup and ½ cup of milk. Gently, she stirred in 2 cups of coarsely broken potato chips. The mixture was seasoned lightly, poured into a buttered casserole, and topped with more potato chips, finely crumbled. That took 10 minutes. Set in an oven at 350 degrees, in 20 more minutes

(Continued on page 42)

The ALL-AMERICA in

FIRST TEAM



CLYDE LOVELLETTE
Kansas

DICK GROAT
Duke

CHUCK DARLING
Iowa

CLIFF HAGAN
Kentucky

GLEN SMITH
Utah

Selected by the National

THE Big Man in college basketball this season was Clyde Lovellette of Kansas University. Lovellette, six-foot nine-inch center, polled almost twice as many votes as his closest rival, Dick Groat of Duke, in the balloting for the 1952 All-America team, selected by more than 200 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches.

The coaches' selections, which include a second team of All-America reserves, emphasize the overwhelming importance of height in modern basketball. Nine of the nation's 10 outstanding players pictured on these pages are six feet four inches—or taller! The tenth, Duke's Groat, is six feet even.

In addition to Lovellette and Groat, the coaches' first team lists Chuck Darling of Iowa (six feet eight inches); Cliff Hagan of Kentucky (six four), and Glen Smith of Utah (six four). The second team includes Mark Workman of West Virginia (six nine); Rod Fletcher of Illinois (six four); Bob Zawoluk of St. John's, New York (six seven); Larry Hennessey of Villanova (six four); and Bob Houbregs of Washington (six seven).

The All-America sharpshooting of Lovellette, Groat & Company highlighted an exciting season during which college basketball rebounded from last year's bribery scandals to a new peak of popularity. A late-season survey by coach Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman of the All-America Selection Committee, revealed that national attendance figures for college basketball were up about 5 per cent over 1951 totals.

The steadily increasing popularity of intersectional competition provided the coaches who took part in Collier's poll with numerous opportunities to compare outstanding players. The coaches also double-checked their personal observations by reviewing slow-motion movies of important games. And in addition, they carefully evaluated the statistical data on each All-America candidate compiled by the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau.

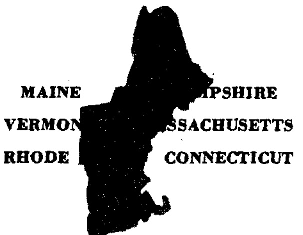
From these official statistics, the coaches assayed each top player's offensive ability by computing his *shooting efficiency* (percentage of successful field-goal and free-throw attempts) and *total assists* (passes resulting in field goals by teammates). The coaches also took into consideration a vital defensive statistic labeled *total rebounds*, which revealed how many times each All-America candidate recovered the ball after the opposing team missed a shot.

So much for the balloting machinery. Now, let's take a closer look at the great court stars of this past season, starting with Lovellette, the only first-team holdover from Collier's 1951 All-America hoop squad.

At 240 pounds, Lovellette was bigger (by eight pounds) and better than ever. Using his ponderous hips (which inspired his nickname of "Steamboat") to advantage in under-the-basket maneuvering, Clyde kept right on scoring at the 23-point-per-game clip he's maintained since 1950.

Clyde's best shot was a right-handed hook delivered while swinging out of the pivot post from anywhere within 18 feet of the basket. According to Phog Allen, the Kansas coach, opposing guards simply couldn't get close enough to Lovellette to block his hooks.

"The Steamboat," explains Allen,



EARLE MARKEY	Holy Cross
ALAN SCHUTTS	Springfield
V. YOKABASKAS	Conn.
TOM O'TOOLE	Bost. Col.
JIM DILLING	Holy Cross

Honorable Mention

Bill Dennis, Harvard; Bill Prevey, Massachusetts; Togo Palazzi, Holy Cross; John Silk, Boston College; Bill Baird, Rhode Island; Jim Kielley, Holy Cross; Ed McHugh and John Weber, Yale; Frank Piacentini, Colby; Martin Reisner, Boston U.; Fred Congleton, Rhode Island; Tony Daukas, Boston College; Jim Schlimm, Providence.

MISSOUR
SOUTH
NEBRASI
H. DAKOTA
AS
MA

C. LOVELLETTE	Kansas
BILL STAUFFER	Missouri
DON JOHNSON	Okla. A&M
JIM BUCHANAN	Nebraska
JIM IVERSON	Kans. State

Honorable Mention

Dick Knostman, Kansas State; Bob Kenney, Kansas; Ray Steiner and Bob Koch, St. Louis; Norm Swanson, Detroit; Jim Stange, Iowa State; Bob Rousey, Kansas State; Sherman Norton, Oklahoma; Dick Nunneley, Tulsa; Royce Ray, Houston; Don Penwell, Oklahoma City U.; Warren Shackelford, Tulsa; Bob Mattick, Oklahoma A&M.

College Basketball

Association of Basketball Coaches

"hooks with his right arm fully extended as he moves *away* from the basket. So, that right arm is protected by his whole body. What's more, he conceals the shot until the last second. He's got such a great eye for the rim, he doesn't have to look until a fraction of a second before he lets go."

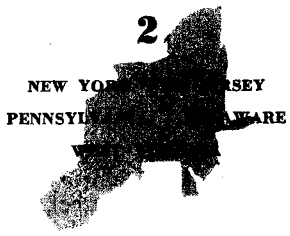
Lovellette gives the veteran Allen (who's been coaching 42 years) all the credit for his All-America development. "Phog taught me how to crouch," declares Lovellette. "Sounds elementary, but bent knees are the secret to taking quick steps and getting around the court gracefully. When I came to Kansas, I lumbered around standing straight up.

"But," Lovellette continues, "the first thing Coach Allen did was show me a movie short called Killing the Killer in which a mongoose destroyed a cobra. Coach pointed out how the mongoose crouched and used his bent legs—the only springs in his body—to move quickly. Coach'd show me that film every time he caught me standing up straight in practice.

"I think I saw that mongoose epic 12 times as a freshman, eight times as a sophomore and four times in my junior year, but this last season Coach only had to show it to me once."

(Continued on page 86)

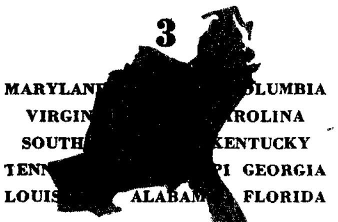
N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR TEAMS



B. ZAWOLUK	St. John's (N.Y.)
M. WORKMAN	W. Virginia
L. HENNESSEY	Villanova
W. DUKES	Seton Hall
ERNIE BECK	Pennsylvania

Honorable Mention

Tom Gola, La Salle; Fred Christ, Fordham; Bob Roche, Syracuse; Bob Sassone, St. Bonaventure; Roger Chadwick, Cornell; Ed Miller, Syracuse; John Clune, Navy; Alan Stein, Columbia; Jim Tucker, Duquesne; Bill Harrell, Siena; Jim Brasco, NYU; Ronnie MacGilvray, St. John's (N.Y.); Dick Ricketts, Duquesne; Bill Mlkvy, Temple.



CLIFF HAGAN	Kentucky
DICK GROAT	Duke
BOBBY PETTIT	Louisiana St.
F. RAMSEY	Kentucky
JOE DEAN	Louisiana St.

Honorable Mention

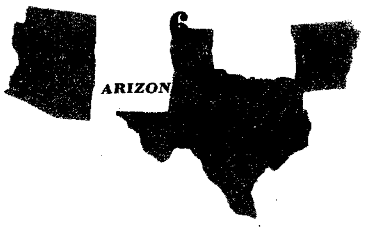
Bobby Watson, Kentucky; Bob Speight, N. C. State; Bob Lochmueller, Louisville; Don Holt, Tulane; Dwane Morrison, South Carolina; Paul Sullivan, Alabama; Jay Handlan, Wash. & Lee; Andrew Johnson, Hampden-Sydney; Dickie Hemric, Wake Forest; Bill Chambers, Wm. & Mary; Coyt Vance, Miss. State; Dave Kardokus, Vandy.

4
INDIA
MI
AN
WISCONS

C. DARLING	Iowa
AB NICHOLAS	Wisconsin
ROD FLETCHER	Illinois
DON MEINEKE	Dayton
PAUL EBERT	Ohio State

Honorable Mention

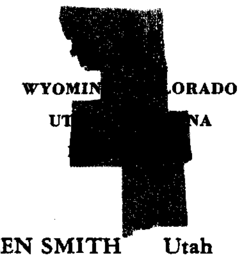
Irv Bemoras, Illinois; Carl McNulty, Purdue; Don Schlundt, Indiana; Bob Clifton, Iowa; Nick Kladis, Loyola (Ill.); Ed Kalafat, Minnesota; James Gerber, Bowling Green; Leroy Leslie, Notre Dame; John Kerr, Illinois; Bob Masters, Indiana; Bob Adams, Western Michigan; Bob Carey, Michigan State; Rick Retherford, Baldwin-Wallace.



R. JOHNSON	Arizona
G. McLEOD	Tex. Christ'n
R. JOHNSON	Baylor
JIM DOWIES	Texas
J. ETHRIDGE	Tex. Christ'n

Honorable Mention

Paul Nolen, Texas Tech; Jewell McDowell and Walt Davis, Texas A&M; Derrell Murphy, SMU; George Scaling, Texas; Harvey Fromme, TCU; Austell Burrus, W. Texas St. Teachers; Jim Tackett, N. Mex. A&M; Gerald Rogers, Texas Western; Walter Kearns, Arkansas; Maurice Teague, Rice; LeRoy Miksch, Texas A&M.



GLEN SMITH	Utah
BERT COOK	Utah State
DICK HAAG	Wyoming
JOE RICHEY	Brig. Young
M. RADOVICH	Wyoming

Honorable Mention

Kent Bates, Utah; Tuff Samuelson, Wyoming; Charles Davis, Montana State U.; Paul Shrum, Utah; Joe Hughes and Dale Toft, Denver; Harold Christenson, Brigham Young; Ed Kohl, Regis; Chuck Mitchell, Montana State; Larry Tuttle, U. of New Mexico; Joe McKethen, Montana State; Tom Williams, Colorado State.

CAL
REGON
WAS
DAHO
A

F. GUISNESS	Washington
B. HOUBREGS	Washington
JOHN O'BRIEN	Seattle
BOB PETERSON	Oregon
KEN FLOWER	U.S.C.

Honorable Mention

Hartly Kruger, Idaho; Ed Tucker, Stanford; Dave Roberts, Washington State; Ralph Polson, Whitworth; Jim Doan and John Ricksen, California; Doug McClary, Washington; Don Johnson, UCLA; Jim Doherty, Whitworth; George Clark, San Jose St.; Bob Boyd, USC; Jerry Norman, UCLA; Bob McKean, California; Ron Livingston, UCLA.

SECOND TEAM

ROD FLETCHER
Illinois

BOB ZAWOLUK
St. John's (N.Y.)

BOB HOUBREGS
Washington (Seattle)

MARK WORKMAN
West Virginia

LARRY HENNESSEY
Villanova

His Face

ALTHOUGH Hollywood is most noted as a showcase for pretty people, one of its steadiest employees is a mild, middle-aged actor whose face might have been copied from a Coney Island mirror. For over a quarter century, audiences have been goose-pimpled by his awesome countenance staring from the screen like a living fossil from man's Cro-Magnon past. Gifted with such a face, many another man might have sought refuge in a cave or psychoanalysis—but not Harry Wilson. As "Hollywood's ugliest man," he wears his distinction if not with pride, then at least without neurosis. To Wilson, his face has been his own unique ticket to modest fame, fortune and the pursuit of happiness.

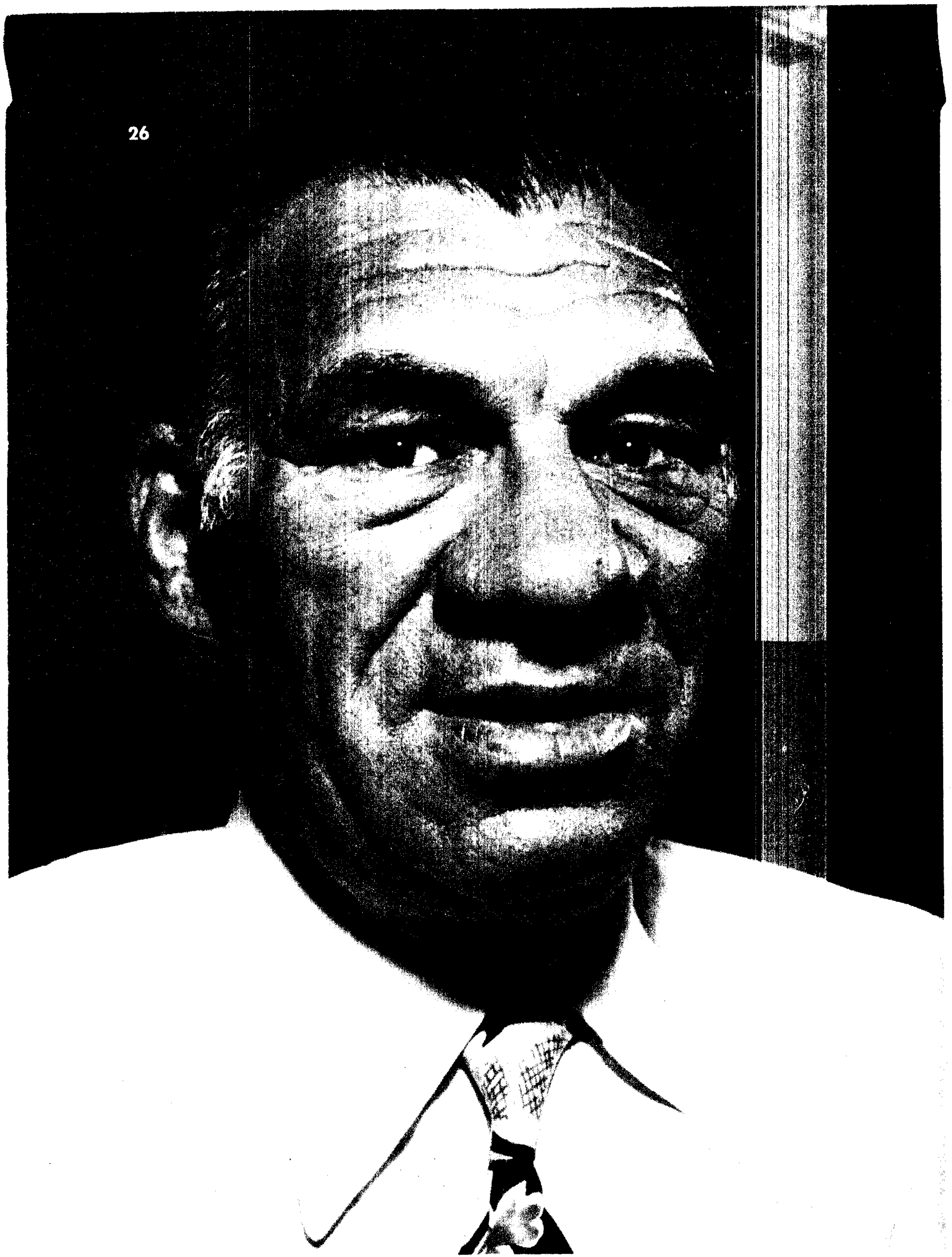
So potent is the shock value of Wilson's leathery, bashed-in, asymmetric pan that when, in late 1951, Stanley Kramer was preparing My Six Convicts, he immediately hired the actor for the familiar role of jailbird. In making his decision, Kramer paid Wilson this unusual tribute:

"In our constant search for new faces, we mustn't overlook the fact that some faces fit their owners so exactly they seem everlastingly new. Lincoln had such a face. So did Queen Victoria. So does Harry Wilson, in Hollywood today. We could scout the earth and find no one better able, in one quick flash of craggy ugliness, to convey the atmosphere of a prison in this story."

Studio casting directors came to approximately the same conclusion early in Harry's career. During his 27 years as an actor, he has performed in no fewer than 400 motion pictures, and the number is probably nearer 500. Harry lost count long ago. In several dozen of these he "doubled" in barroom brawls, quarter-deck skirmishes and other neck-risking action sequences for his late good friend, Wallace Beery.

Appearing in his own person through endless cycles of gangster, sea and prison pictures, Harry became one of Hollywood's busiest and most-in-demand players. This was not due so much to any extraordinary gifts of mime or buskin, as to the fact that his face assumed a sort of trade-mark recognition value.

There is a cinematic shorthand—utilized by movie makers from the time of D. W. Griffith down to Stanley Kramer's day, and familiar to all movie-goers—by which certain inanimate or animal objects acquire symbolic, plot-advancing

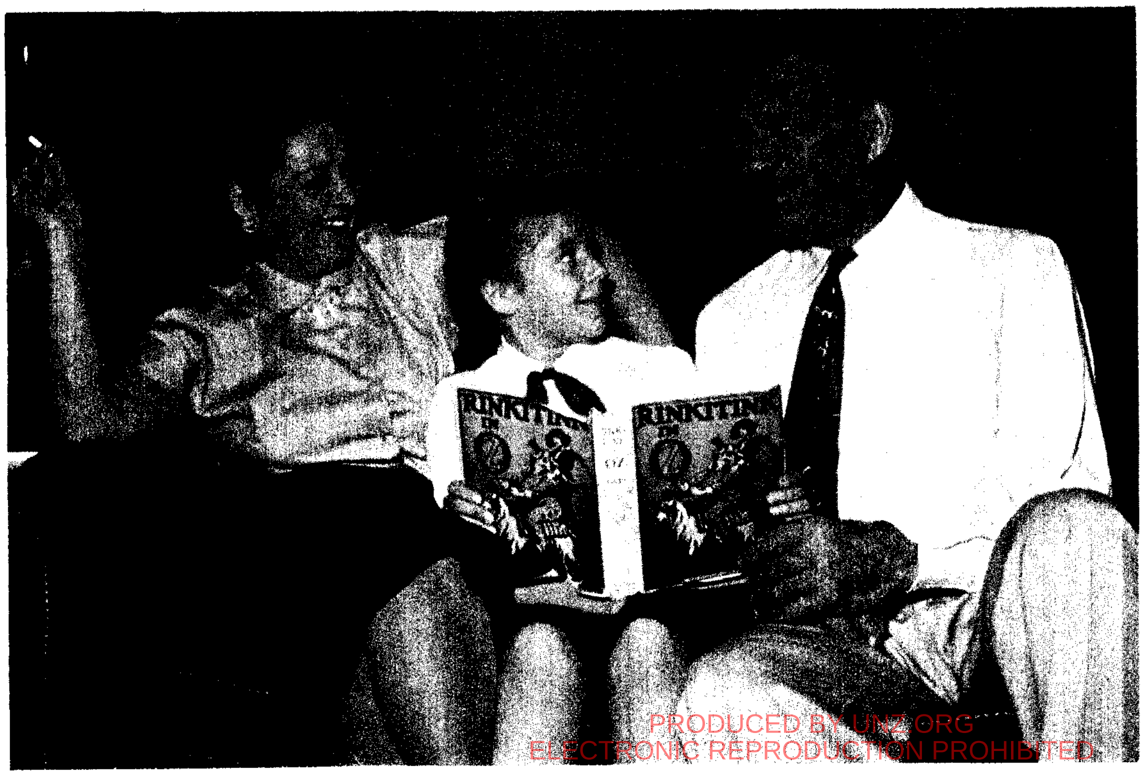


BOB LANDRY

During 27 years, Wilson has appeared in more than 400 underworld and prison pictures

"In the beginning I used to be embarrassed when I went out with him," says Mrs. Wilson. But she knows he's "the nicest man" in the world. They're with their daughter Eileen, 11

BOB LANDRY



Wilson played with Errol Flynn in Against All Flags, Universal International's pirate movie

JOHN FLOREA

Is His Fortune

By FRITZ GOODWIN

Harry Wilson's clock-stopping pan assures him a steady flow of jobs as a movie extra, and also plenty of arrests—because he looks just like a thug ought to look

meaning. Leaves fluttering from the wall calendar denote a long passage of time; a bell ringing in the church steeple announces that Sunday morning has arrived; a rooster crowing, either on stage or off, alerts the dawn; and an overworked white dove heralds the return, for a few minutes anyway, of peace on earth.

These and similar devices save time, dialogue and production cost. So, properly used, does Harry Wilson's face. One glimpse of Harry glowering behind the bars in a prison picture, for example, is an immediate audience tip-off that here is a maximum security institution housing some of the world's most vicious, hardened criminals, and all hell may be expected to break loose at any moment.

Having a face with trade-mark value is a financial advantage. It keeps Harry gainfully employed an average of nine to ten months of the year, which amounts to full-time work, by the free-lance actor's standards. Fully 90 per cent of the Hollywood Screen Actors' Guild members, including big-name stars and everyone above the extra ranks, earn less than $5,000 a year, and approximately 95 per cent are below the $10,000 income bracket. Yet Harry has made as much as $12,000 in one year as a bit player and consistently tops the $7,000 level. He's never had to shell out 10 per cent for professional assistance in getting parts, either.

Awkward Incidents in Private Life

"With a face like mine, you don't need an agent," he explains in a basso rumble. But there are also disadvantages. The trade-mark recognition carries over from the screen into real life, and people meeting him on the street start nudging one another with questions of "Who is that man?" and "Where have I seen that face before?"

That happens to many an actor of less than star stature, of course, but in Harry's case people often fail to recognize him as a movie personality. They're more apt to identify him with the "Have you seen these men?" line-up in a detective story magazine than as one of Broderick Crawford's bodyguards in the 1949 Academy Award-winning All the King's Men, with "Wanted" posters on the post-office bulletin board than as one of the kangaroo court convicts in The Sellout.

While there is no scientific evidence to support the theory that a face can be ugly enough to stop a clock, there is plenty of proof that Harry Wilson's can stop a police squad car.

Looking at a clock (to find out the time, not in an experimental effort to halt its works) was, by a coincidence, the extent of his offense the first time Harry was picked up by the cops. It happened on Hollywood Boulevard near "Gower Gulch," as the center of Hollywood's movie-making industry was known in the old days. He had an appointment across town a way and was, improbable as it might sound for alibi purposes, waiting for a streetcar. The car was late and Harry, fretting on the corner, peered repeatedly through the plate-glass window of a drugstore, shading his eyes with his hand to read the wall clock inside.

"Before the streetcar got there, the cops pulled up in a patrol wagon and arrested me," Harry relates. "Clerks in the drugstore thought I must be casing the place for a holdup, so they phoned in an alarm. I rode the wagon over to Hollywood Station. The captain there was an old friend of Beery's—Captain Edgar Slaughter, his name was—so I didn't have too much trouble proving who I was."

One night not long afterward, the Los Angeles police picked him up again, walking along Pico Boulevard, and rushed him to the home of a woman robbery victim. She'd had a brief look at her assailant in the dark and from the rear, and Harry was one of four suspicious-looking characters the cops rounded up in the neighborhood for an impromptu showup in her living room.

"Well, naturally, the woman has never seen me before, unless it's in a picture. But the minute I step in the room she starts yelling, 'That's the man!' It took quite a little explaining and a phone call to Captain Slaughter, of Hollywood Station, to get me out of that one," Harry remembers.

A year or so later, again in the vicinity of Gower Gulch, he had a third brush with the law.

"It was about two thirty in the morning," as Harry tells it, "and I was walking home from someplace or other on Santa Monica Boulevard. I took a short cut down this alley, and all of a sudden a cop steps out in front of me and shines his flashlight in my face. I hadn't shaved because I had a part in a Warner Brothers picture we were shooting down at San Pedro—I forget what they finally called it—and I looked real crummy. There'd been a burglary in a five-and-dime store around there. This was a young cop, and I guess he was kind of excited. 'Don't move, or I'll shoot,' he tells me. 'I'm not movin',' I said, and I sure wasn't.

"I tried to tell him who I was and where I was going, but he didn't believe it and said he was going to run me in. 'Go ahead—run me in,' I told him. So he called the wagon and took me to Hollywood Station."

By this time the ever-reliable Captain Slaughter was getting to be almost as old a friend of Harry Wilson's as of Wallace Beery's. Telephoned at home to vouch for the suspect's identity and good character, the captain groaned sleepily, "Don't tell me it's you again!"

Police Card Vouches for His Honesty

Next morning he took steps to protect Harry's liberty and his own bedtime. He issued a special identification card which read as follows:

"This will introduce Harry Wilson, a motion-picture actor who plays character parts. Despite his appearance, Mr. Wilson is not a criminal. He is known to me personally as an honest and law-abiding citizen."

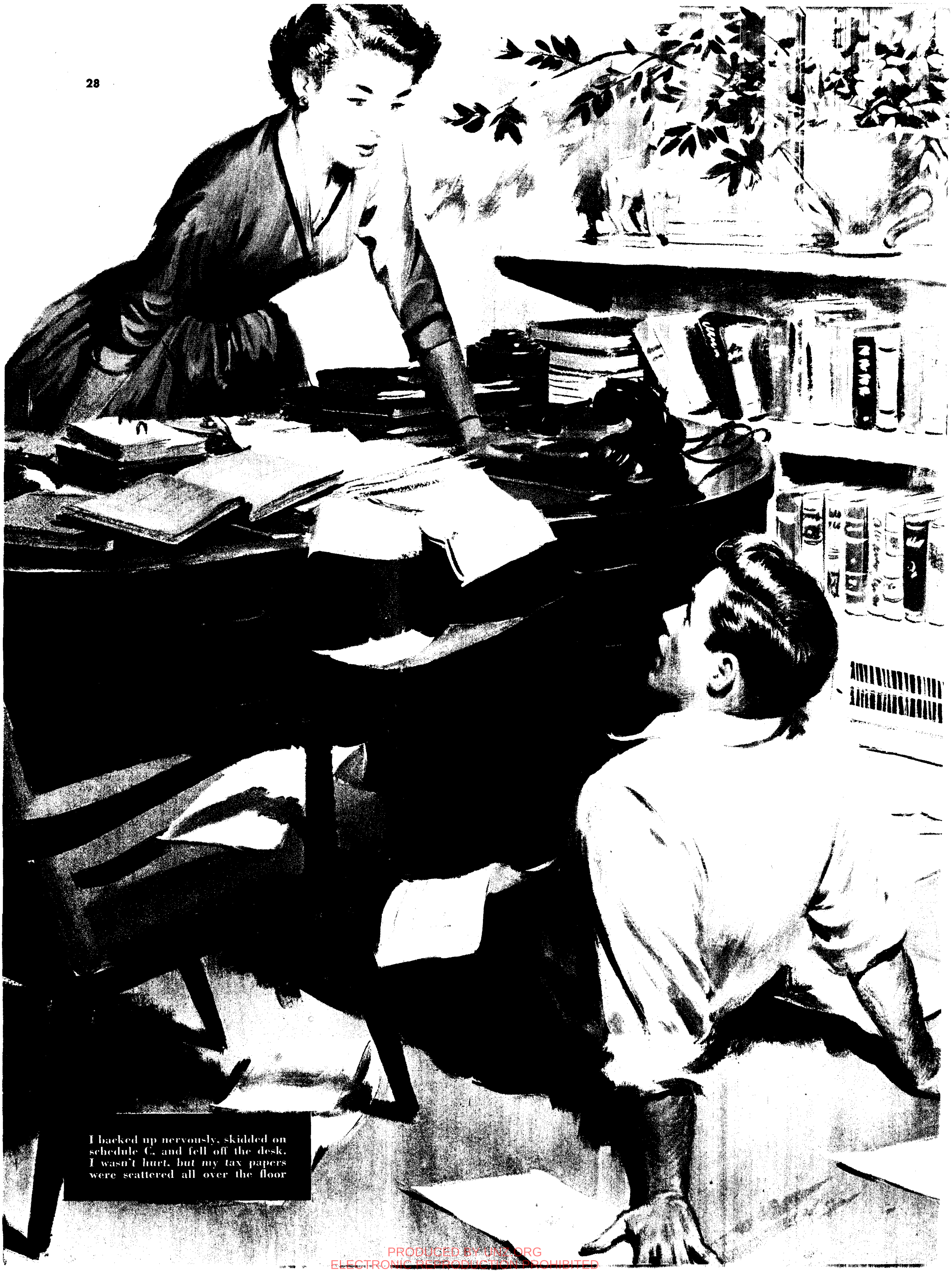
Captain Slaughter's courtesy card often came in handy and so, in later years, has Harry's dues card as a member of the Screen Actors' Guild. Recently the latter served to extricate him from a mix-up with the police in Oakland, California. Harry was standing at a downtown corner, waiting to meet a friend and minding his own business, when two plain-clothes men descended upon him for a businesslike interrogation. After he had shown his guild card and explained what he was doing in Oakland, he learned the reason for the polite "roust." An armored-car delivery was scheduled at a bank midway down the block and the detectives, mindful of the celebrated Brink's robbery back East, were taking no chances with a loiterer of such obviously sinister mien.

Harry Wilson carried another form of identification, a merchant seaman's papers, in his pocket when he first came to Hollywood. Born an English subject fifty-one years ago in London's Tilbury district, he was the oldest son of a wholesale fish merchant. Harry went to school until he was fourteen, as the law required, then worked for his father two years at Billingsgate Market before answering—as Tilbury boys of many generations have answered—the call of the sea. *(Continued on page 62)*

In Kramer Company's Columbia film My Six Convicts, he's a toughie

Wilson, in foreground, and Robert Steele had the roles of Kansas City hoods in Warner Brothers' The Enforcer, starring Humphrey Bogart

In One Million B.C., United Artists gave Wilson a horror part in 1940



I backed up nervously, skidded on schedule C. and fell off the desk. I wasn't hurt, but my tax papers were scattered all over the floor

NO TAX ON LOVE

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

It was iron bars for me if I couldn't dig up the incredible sum Uncle Sam claimed I owed. And I had a sinking feeling this girl's help would lead to something worse—marriage

ALTHOUGH I had been busy as a bird dog, something had been nagging at my mind for days, and on March the thirteenth I realized with a start of horror what it was. I went straight home after dinner, called the lady of the evening and broke our date.

"Not tonight, sugar," I said. "Why don't you curl up with a good book for a change? Improve your mind."

The girl took it personally. I held the telephone away from my ear and, when she paused for breath, I said, "It isn't another girl. I am communing this evening with Long Form 1040, a billet-doux sent me by the Collector of Internal Revenue. March fifteenth is day after tomorrow."

I hung up and went over to my desk. It was piled high with mail and circulars. I pushed them to one side, wrote my initials in the dust on the leather top, then settled down to work.

It was a year since I had walked out on the dear old firm, giving up security to branch out for myself. Dan Carmody, Manufacturer's Representative, the sign on my door said. I had expected lean pickings for a while, but defense work had fallen into my lap. I did a lot of entertaining, and when you entertain, it is nice to have girls around. There had been a lot of girls, and I couldn't remember the last time I'd come home to my apartment before midnight. But now Uncle Sam wanted his slice. I opened my brief case, spread the tax form out on my desk, and went to work.

It went quickly. I had listened to people beef, and it didn't seem that tough. You put down this and that and add it up. Before I knew it, I was on page three. By nine o'clock, all I had to do was to turn to page sixteen of the tax-instruction booklet and figure the tentative tax.

I did so. I turned back to the tax form and followed instructions. I subtracted and entered the difference. Form 1040 stated that the amount was my combined tax and surtax. I looked at the figures.

Two thousand one hundred and forty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents.

I pushed back my chair, went into the bathroom, took two aspirin tablets, undid my tie, and staggered back to the desk. Suddenly I laughed. What had undoubtedly happened was that I had misplaced a decimal. I was always lousy at arithmetic. My tax was undoubtedly two hundred and fourteen dollars and thirty-six cents. That would be about right.

I went over the figures again. I checked the Adjusted Gross Income, subtracted deductions, and subtracted line four from line three. I came up with a figure and stared bug-eyed at it. Two thousand one hundred and *fifty*-three dollars and sixty-seven cents.

Ten dollars more than the last time. It couldn't be true. In the first place, I couldn't afford it. I went out to the kitchen, fortified myself with a short snort, took off my tie, and went back to my desk. I decided to go all the way back to schedule C.

Schedule C had fallen on the floor. I retrieved it and went to work on business deductions. I began with depreciations and obsolescence (explain in schedule C-1). I went on to Depletion of mines, oil and gas wells, timber, etc. (submit schedule).

I sat back and thought about that. I sold electric switches for a living. No mines, no oil and gas wells, no timber, no etc.

I examined the next deduction item—amortization of emergency facilities (attach statement). That might apply to me if I only knew what it meant. Maybe not knowing what it meant was costing me hundreds of dollars.

I was concentrating like mad when I heard a noise and leaped a foot out of my chair. *Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.* Some character overhead was playing the piano. A fine thing on March thirteenth.

I decided to be diplomatic about it. No point in rushing upstairs and smashing the piano with an ax. I stood on top of my desk, took off one shoe and hammered it against the ceiling. I was hammering steadily when I realized the piano had stopped, and at the same moment I got the feeling that comes to a jungle explorer when his instinct warns him that a jaguar is coming out of the underbrush and breathing down the back of his neck.

I turned around and saw a girl in the doorway of my apartment. Slowly I lowered my arm. She started stalking me across the carpet. She reminded me of an avenging angel, and sparks were shooting out of her eyes.

"How do you do?" I said weakly, with my shoe in one hand. "What can I do for you?"

"You can stop banging on the ceiling," she said. "Don't ever do that to me again."

She took two more steps toward me in a stealthy manner, as though she was ready to fling a stiletto, and I backed up nervously, skidded on schedule C, and fell off the desk. I wasn't hurt, but my papers were all over the floor. I stooped to retrieve them, and she said, "Oh! Income tax. Perhaps you're not to be blamed."

"More to be pitied than censured," I said. "The thing is I've made some horrible mistake and I can't locate where."

"I know how you feel," she said. "I've just done three returns for my employers. Walters, Upham & Bristol, the law firm."

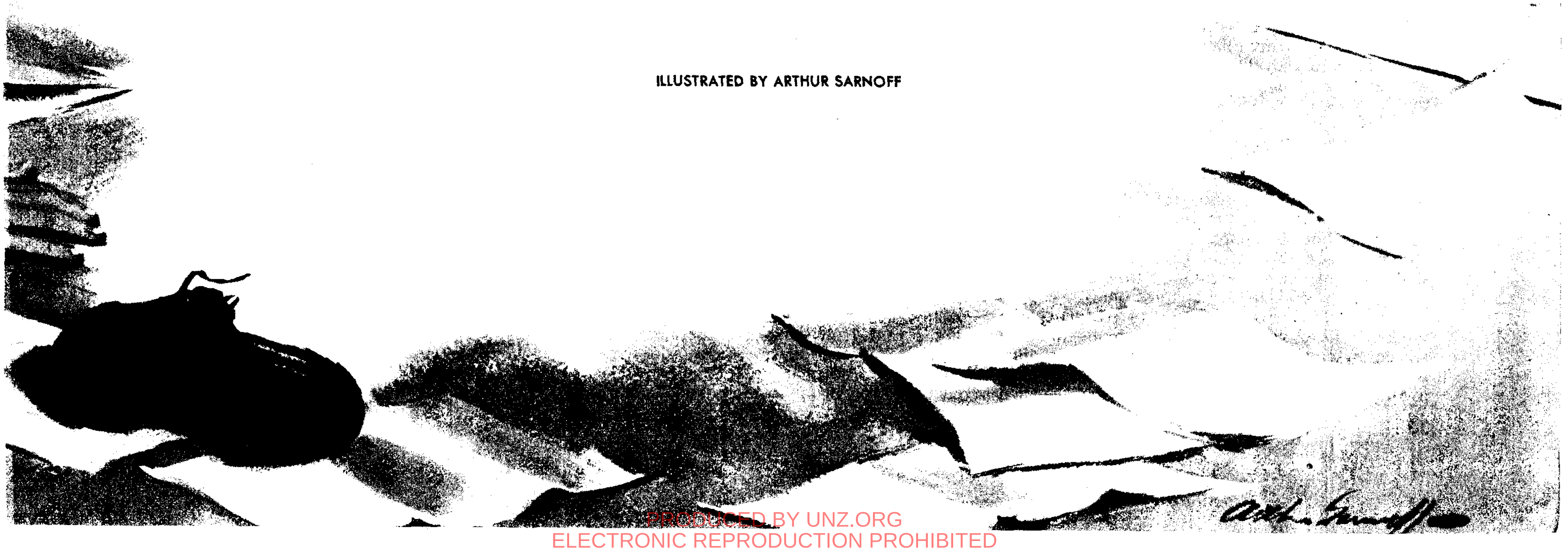
"Would you have a look at my figures?" I said. "I'll make some coffee. It stimulates the brain."

I went out to put the water on, and came back to study her profile but not to interrupt. She was slim and brunette and just the kind of girl Mother would have picked out for me, I decided.

A small warning bell rang in my

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



Miss Wright getting a scroll for 30 years' service. Left to right, Gen. Omar Bradley, "Mom," Generals G. J. Richards, J. Lawton Collins

The Generals Call Me "Mom"

By ROSEMARY E. WRIGHT with B. L. GLASER

For 34 years, this woman's been bossing our General Staff officers, scolding them, making them take their "shots," and, as one brass hat says, doing everything "but tuck us in bed"

THE Army major who sat with his feet propped up on my desk, that afternoon in 1933, was vaguely discontented. "You know, Rosemary," he sighed, as he stretched his arms, "I think I've had everything the Army has to offer. Been wondering lately whether I shouldn't get out while the getting's good—while I'm still young enough to do something else."

I looked at him sharply, and said, "Such nonsense! Is that any way for a soldier to talk?"

In return I got a wide, friendly grin, and, as he walked out the door, Major Dwight D. Eisenhower said, "I guess not."

Dwight Eisenhower is just one of the hundreds of top-ranking Army officers I have known in my 34 years or so with the United States Army. Most of that time, I have been what might be called the "caretaker" for the General Staff in Washington, D.C. (my official title is Chief of the Army General Staff Assignment Section).

I have served under so many of our military greats, when they were Chiefs of Staff, that a list of them reads like an honor roll of distinguished Americans: Generals Peyton C. March, John J. Pershing, John L. Hines, Charles P. Summerall, Douglas MacArthur, Malin Craig, George C. Marshall, Dwight Eisenhower, Omar Bradley, and our present Chief of Staff, J. Lawton Collins.

Looking back over the years, I marvel at the great privilege which has been mine—to have served my country from such a vantage point during two world wars. It has been my deep and secret joy that so many of our nation's heroes have called me "Mom" or "Momma" throughout the years that I have come to think of them truly as "my boys," and my heart has swelled with pride at their achievements.

I've heard myself referred to as "the gal who really runs the General Staff." You don't have to be told, of course, that this is an exaggeration. But I have kept busy, for it has been my job to handle all administrative work relating to officers assigned to the General Staff. I have maintained the individual records of all these officers; kept track of their assignments; run duty rosters for the entire staff; arranged for leave orders or travel orders, when their duties called them away; and picked them up on my Morning Report when they returned. I've even sent them to the dispensary to have their "shots" taken (and more than once I've had to be firm when they balked, even as you and I, at having to take so many).

I've sewn buttons on their tunics, visited them when they were ill, and found them houses in Washington when there were no houses to be found. General William Haskell commented wryly a few years ago, "Momma, you do everything for us but tuck us in bed."

I've loved every minute of it.

Let me explain, for those not familiar with it, that the General Staff is the nerve center of the Army, the top rung on the ladder. Its officers, ranging in rank from four-star generals down to lieutenants, run the show. The decisions, plans and policies laid down in their Pentagon offices influence the lives of millions all over the world.

Working with the General Staff, I've come to know the great, the near-great, the has-beens, and the will-bes. Matthew Ridgway and Skinny Wainwright were majors when I first met them, Al Wedemeyer only a first lieutenant, Omar Bradley a lieutenant colonel (although even then he had a reputation, among his fellow officers, as one of the Army's outstanding tacticians). There have been many, many others, too, in what I think of as my "family of famous sons."

I've known our present Chief of Staff, General J. Lawton Collins, ever since 1940, when he was a lieutenant colonel serving as assistant secretary of the General Staff. He was one of those who occasionally would drop in for a "breather" from the endless but vital paper work that holds the Army together and keeps it running smoothly. And later, during the war, when he was called back from Europe for high-level Pentagon meetings, he frequently made my office a stop, even if he could stay only a moment. I can still picture him coming in, unexpectedly and quietly, grinning "Collins is the name," with a friendly hand held out to me.

One of the officers I will always remember most warmly was General Douglas MacArthur, whom I saw for the first time on the day he reported as Chief of Staff, November 21, 1930. His reputation had preceded him—a brilliant strategist, known and admired throughout the Army, tall, handsome, and patrician. At fifty, he was the youngest officer ever to hold the top job.

General MacArthur was held in great respect, almost amounting to awe,

(Continued on page 53)

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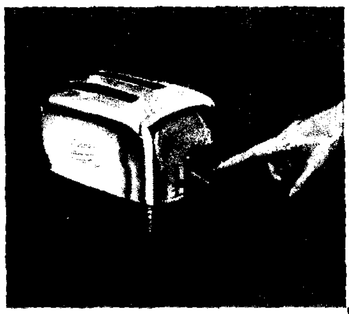
Yes, you can have *this* toaster and, what's more, you can have it *today!*

Hurry down to your General Electric dealer and ask him to wrap it up, for your own home or as an ideal gift!



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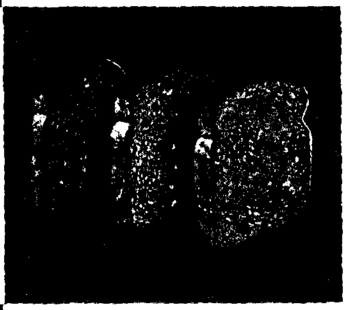
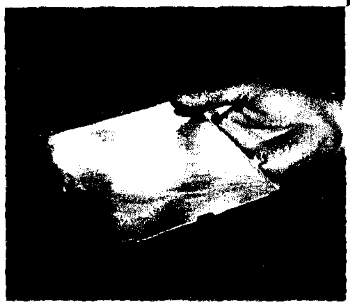


- **Toast—as you like it!** This General Electric Toaster toasts every slice to taste—light, medium or dark. It won't matter if you toast one slice or twenty, you get every slice exactly the way you want it. Every *munchy* slice so wonderful to bite into!



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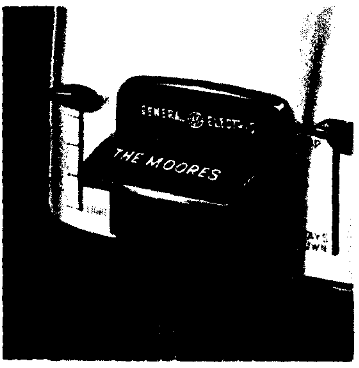
Personalize your gift of a new General Electric Automatic Toaster! If your local G-E dealer cannot supply you with these handles, send 50¢ to Box 68, New York 10, New York, together with the family name (12 letters maximum) you want engraved on your handle.

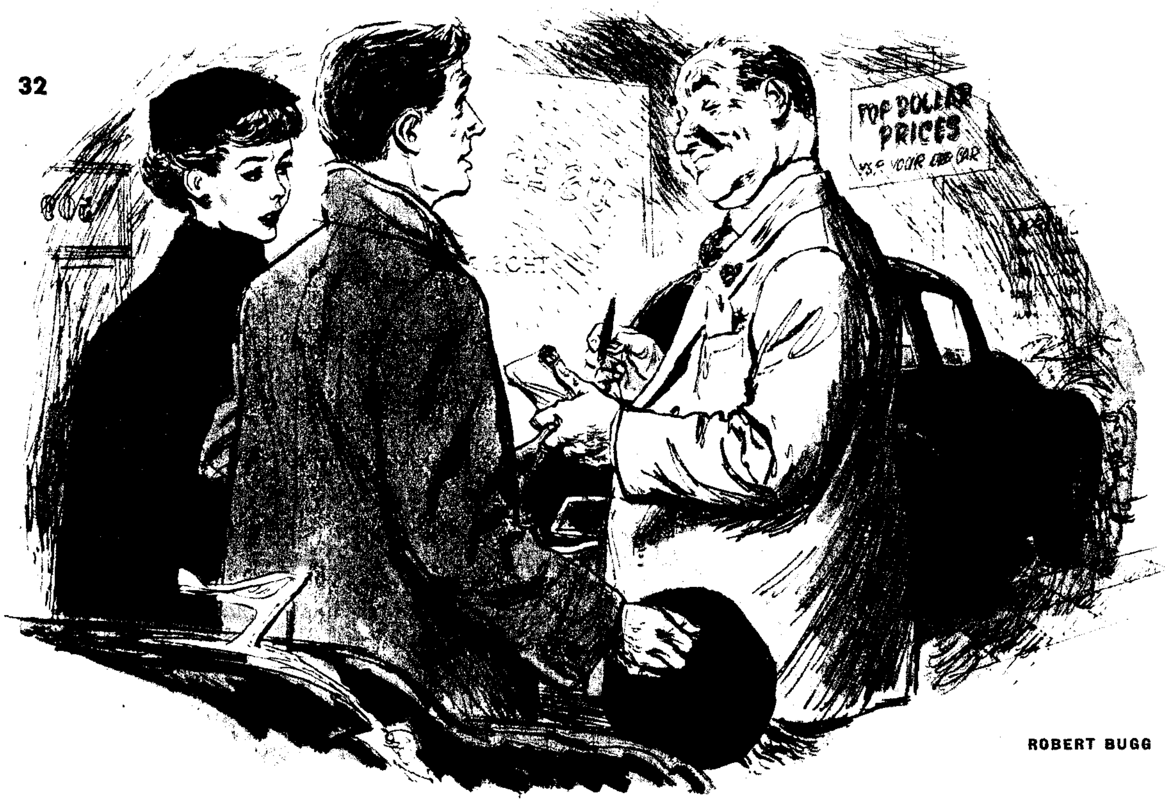


NOTE: In the event that your G-E dealer is sold out of these toasters—don't be upset. He can order replacements immediately, and you will have your G-E Toaster in a few days. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

**Price subject to change without notice.*

Toast to your taste—every time

GENERAL ELECTRIC



ROBERT BUGG

"Mr. Blades," Tom said, "I had this car of ours checked. Mechanic didn't mention any rod"

CALL IT EVEN

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

IT WAS not without pride that Tom and Nancy Villard drove up to the showroom of Northeastern Used Cars. Their automobile, a 1947 sedan that had fifty thousand miles on it, had been brightly polished. They had picked out the nearly new car they wanted; they had a little money, and they had come to Northeastern Used Cars because the manager there was a man who did his banking with the trust company Tom worked for. Thus it was to be something among friends. It was a major step, as a new car always is for young married people.

The manager was waiting for them outside the glass-fronted façade of Northeastern Used Cars. His name was Blades. "Anybody who works for National Trust, like you do," he said brightly as he grasped both Tom's and Nancy's hands, "is triple-A in my book. We're bound to get along. I've heard of you, young man. Hear they've got their eye on you down at the bank. Hear one of these days they may make you a credit man." Mr. Blades shook his head at the wonder of it all. He was an older man, but time had not dimmed his ready smile nor tarnished the brilliant stickpin in his tie.

"Well." Mr. Blades put an arm around each of their shoulders and herded them inside. "Hear you've got your heart set on this little baby over here. It's got fifty-five miles on it." Mr. Blades blinked his eyes rapidly, as if stricken by the sight of beauty, and it was, indeed, an automobile to set your heart on. "I can go into my sales talk," Mr. Blades said.

"Oh, no," Nancy said to him. "We know this is the one."

"You don't have to sell us," Tom Villard said.

"Well," Mr. Blades said, rubbing his hands together. "Once in a while in this business—not very often—you run across people who know what they want. Frankly, it's a relief. I wouldn't say this to everyone, but Tom, here, is in the financing game and he knows sales talks." The three of them joined in a smile of mutual conspiracy, directed at the vast plebeian multitude that could get sales-talked into something.

"What," Tom inquired, idly, "would be the price on this model?"

"Twenty-two one eight," Mr. Blades said. "Of course, I could show you some bigger models, but what you want, at this stage in life, is what's right for you."

It was obvious to both Tom and Nancy that Mr. Blades was going out of his way to be nice. But the fact was they had selected this car from an advertisement some months before. The advertisement had listed a new-car price some three hundred dollars lower.

Tom cleared his throat. "So long as we're being frank, Mr. Blades, we hadn't figured it would run that high."

Mr. Blades regarded Tom with the utmost cordiality, clearly expecting him to say something more—perhaps to retract what he'd said.

"We figured it somewhere around nineteen hundred," Tom said weakly.

"Well." Mr. Blades spread the fingers of his right hand and began to tick the items off. "One, you've got transportation costs. I'm treating this like a new car, which of course it is, with only fifty miles or so. Two, radio, heater, foam cushions, directional signals, fog and back-up lights. Three, you've—"

"All those extras?" Nancy put in.

Mr. Blades shrugged. "When you come right down to it—and I'm being honest with you—sure, you don't absolutely need 'em all. But"—he smiled and shrugged again—"this is the only unit in this model I've got. And I have a better selection than the retail showrooms. You know how they're coming in these days. No telling how long you'd have to wait."

It was the stab of a knife to Tom and Nancy. To have waited this long, and now to have to wait again.

"But," Mr. Blades went on, "we'll see. There's going to be a trade allowance on your car, and even though this particular model gives me the smallest profit margin of any, I'm going to do something for you. Mainly because we're friends. Well. First, let's take a look at your wagon."

As they went outside together, it seemed Tom and Nancy were taking turns apologizing to Mr. Blades for the state of their car.

"I've been offered seven hundred for it," Tom said.

Mr. Blades nodded briefly. "You two get in the back," he said, "and I'll spin it around the block."

He waited while Tom and Nancy got in back. Then he stalked around the car, looking, saying nothing. Tom and Nancy sat agonizedly in the back, thinking of the peeling bumper, the stained fender, the chipped paint.

Without a word, Mr. Blades got in and started the car. He listened to the engine. He bent his head and listened some more.

"Oh-oh," he said.

"What?" Tom and Nancy said together. It did seem there was an unevenness, a throb, that they had not heard before.

"Well," Mr. Blades said. He moved the car into traffic. It stalled at the first stop light. He started the engine again. "You've had a lot of use out of this baby, and you're smart in trading it in now."

Tom said, faintly, "Is anything the matter?"

"Rod," Mr. Blades said briskly. "Don't take my word for it. Check it with any other agency. Once those babies start to go, you might as well give up."

Nancy said, "It's serious?"

"My girl," Mr. Blades said, swinging the car left at the corner, "maybe you drive this bomb to California without anything happening. Or maybe you'll drive away today and three blocks from here, boom! You throw that rod right up through the hood."

This sudden turn that friendship had taken left Tom and Nancy silent, brooding, as they drove back to the salesroom. "It's a crankshaft deal," Mr. Blades said cheerily. He held the door open for Tom and Nancy. Apparently they were still friends. "No point in messing with it. But we're all friends, and I'll take it off your hands." Inside the door, he fished a pen and a pad of paper from his pocket and started to figure. "Say a hundred and a half for this one—"

The horror of that figure, for a car he figured was worth at least six hundred, left Tom shocked.

Mr. Blades was still talking. "—and suppose I cut away every cent of my profit from the new one. What I paid for it, figuring. That's two and a quarter more. That's three seven five. Subtract that from the price of the new baby. That's eighteen four three. Call it eighteen hundred and forty dollars, and you've got yourselves the car you want."

Mr. Blades inspected Tom and Nancy benignly.

After what seemed a long while, Tom said, "Mr. Blades, one thing. I had this car of ours checked completely a week ago. Independent garage. Mechanic with no ax to grind. He didn't say anything about a rod."

But Mr. Blades still smiled. He shook his head and chuckled. "Mechanics," he said. "They're like some doctors. Won't tell you you've got heart trouble because they don't want you to worry." He slapped Tom on the back. "I've given you the best offer you'll get. Of course, you say you've got another bid, but likely it's on a much bigger car, not the one you want. Frankly, I'm not going to make up your minds for you. Go home and talk it over." Mr. Blades looked out the window at the Villards' car. "I hope you get there."

"I'll call you in the morning," Tom said hopelessly.

HE DID, but not before conferring with his employer at the National Trust Company, over a long-pending shift in personnel. When Mr. Blades got on the telephone, Tom said to him, "I don't know how you do it."

"Do what?"

"Guess these things. You said that one day I'd be shifted to the credit department here, and damned if I'm not. Just happened today."

"You don't say!" Mr. Blades sounded delighted. "Handling special accounts and everything now, eh? Some promotion. What account'd you get, boy?"

"Yours," Tom said. "Before we talk about the car, we might talk about your operation just a little. Frankly, Mr. Blades, you've been getting away with murder. We've saved your rating so far, but we can't keep on discounting your notes forever. You'll have to get your credit up, some way. And on that expansion of yours, I'm afraid that's out, for the time being, anyway. Your collateral's shot."

"My collateral?"

"Check it with any other bank," Tom said cheerfully, "but—"

"Wait a minute," Mr. Blades said. "Why don't we talk about it at lunch? You can drive up and I can have a mechanic get the straight dope on your car." His voice was more friendly than ever. "Frankly," he said, "I want to be fair." THE END

***Collier's* SHORT SHORT**

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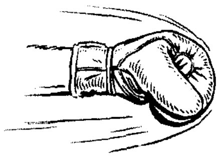
Sky Chief
GASOLINE



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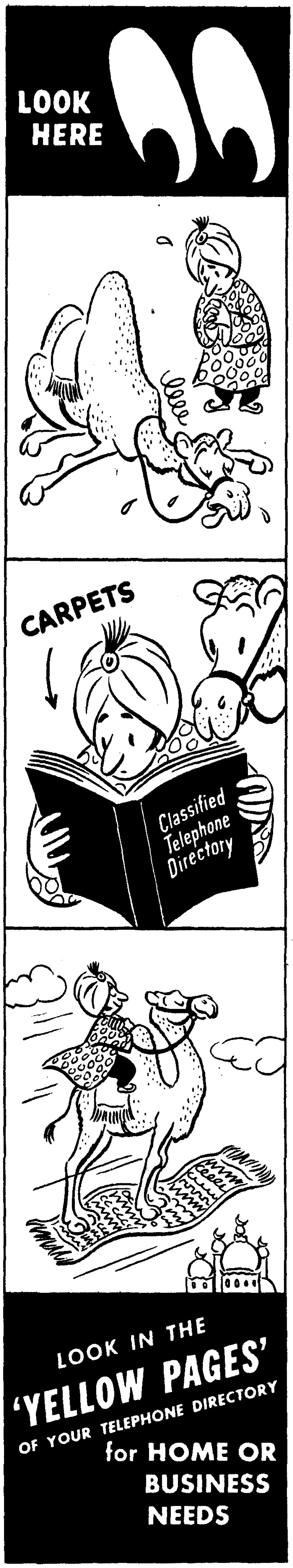

LOOK HERE
CARPETS
Classified Telephone Directory
LOOK IN THE 'YELLOW PAGES' OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY for HOME OR BUSINESS NEEDS

In the Spring

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

hitter. I say you're as good as anything up there, and maybe better."

All the time he talked, I watched his face. He wasn't lying. I felt it in my bones.

"Burt," I said, "thanks for your honest opinion."

"Trouble is," he said, "we're too young for the big time."

"Too young? Ye gods, Burt! In ten years we'll be twenty-four. Think of it—twenty-four! Old men. They're crying for young blood up there. Mickey Mantle, look at him. What is he—six years older than us?"

THE wind came up, and we huddled closer to the fire. Beyond the creek the street lights went on. I warmed my hands and thought about a headline in the Denver Post: *Colorado Boy Pitches No-Hit Game In Majors.*

Then I thought about myself in another way—the way my father wanted it. The years had passed and I was a structural engineer, working in an office, studying blueprints. I paced the office floor restlessly. I stood at the window in misery because now I was too old to play baseball. I was married now, with a potbelly, tied down to a wife and a lot of kids. And as I looked out that window I cursed my father for ruining my natural-born talent as a pitcher who might have been a major-league immortal, with his name in the Hall of Fame. But I had been an obedient son. I had gone to college like the old man wanted. I had forgotten baseball. Now I was old and it was too late. Brokenhearted, I opened the window and jumped—a suicide.

"Burt," I said, "my father gives me a pain in the neck. He don't understand me at all."

"He's like my old man."

"He wants me to be an engineer, Burt."

"You kidding?" Burton laughed. "You—the sweetest knuckle-ball artist in the Rocky Mountains? You can't let him do that, Jake. It's criminal."

"Tell that to my father."

Burton dropped his chin and was silent.

"What's wrong?"

"My folks want me to be a preacher."

It was my turn to laugh.

"You—a preacher? They must be nuts. Ain't any of your family ever see you run down a bunt? Or throw to third base? You got the makings of another Lou Gehrig. Don't let 'em do it to you, Burt. Fight back!"

"They don't understand me, Jake."

"Me neither."

Now it was very cold. Tonight the water would freeze in little puddles and spring would never be here.

"Another thing about this town is the weather," I said. "It stinks."

"You said it."

"Nice and warm down South, down in Arizona. The Giants are training there this year, in Phoenix."

"Ah, the hot sun, the blue sky, green grass, batting practice, pitchers limbering up."

"After practice, a nice warm shower, then supper in a ritzy hotel, and gabbing with guys like Bobby Thomson and Leo Durocher . . ."

"And tomorrow, a nice big breakfast, more sunshine, and nothing to do all day but play ball."

It was so sweet to think about that it hurt. We put out the fire and walked back to the street. Burton lived six blocks away. He went ambling down the sidewalk, a big kid, six feet tall, with long fingers and feet. He was a southpaw, and he walked like a southpaw, favoring his left shoulder. He could really slam that ball around the infield. Nothing got through him, ever. He covered first base like a lanky gorilla.

Now he was going home to a little white house in Boulder, Colorado, where he lived with his folks and his two brothers. He would go to bed beside his brother Eddie. Tomorrow he would get up and go to school. The next day would be the same, and the next, and the next, day after day, the same monotony in the same jerkwater town.

I was just like Burton. I slept with a brother too. Tomorrow I'd wake up and eat breakfast and go to school, and just sit there, listening, dreaming, and this would go on, day after day, month after month, clear through high school, clear through college, years and years of the same grind. And for what? To be an engineer, trapped in an office. The more I thought about it, the more I hated my father for crushing my life and wrecking my best years.

I walked into the house. The old man was sitting under the lamp, reading the paper. I slammed the front door.

"What's the big idea?" he said.

"That's my business."

He shrugged and went back to his paper. I looked at the place, the same old walls, the same old ceiling, the same old floor. Here was the place I lived. This was the cage where they fed me and let me sleep.

"Trapped," I said, "like an animal. Trapped in this dump."

The old man sniffed the air and put down his paper.

"You. Come here."

"Go jump in the lake."

He swept the paper aside and put his hands on the arms of the chair.

"You've been smoking cigarettes."

"The old boy's pretty clever. Figured it all out by himself."

"I told you before. No smoking."

"So you told me. So what?"

He sprang out of the chair and grabbed my shoulders with his big hands. But I braced myself. I wasn't backing down. From now on it was a fight for life, before he crushed my spirit, before it was too late and I was old and fat and working in an office. He shook me up quite a bit, and I kept glaring at him.

"Sir," I said, "I advise you to take your mitts off of me. Either that, or you'll never see your son again."

He let go and folded his arms.

"What's ailing you, kid?"

"Don't 'kid' me," I said. "I don't think I care for it."

"Why, you miserable little worm!"

He whirled me around and booted me in the seat of the pants. It wasn't painful but it was plenty insulting, the very last straw. We had come to the parting of the ways.

"That did it, sir," I said. "You'll regret this as long as you live."

"I may have regrets, kid, but this isn't one. Matter of fact, this is the best I've felt in two weeks."

He went back to his chair, lit a cigar, and picked up the paper.

I went outside and sat on the porch. So it had come at last—the great decision. It had been on my mind since last August, when I mastered the knuckle ball and realized my true vocation. Of all the people in the world, only Burton understood this. Burton would go along, for now I had it all figured out, and there was only one thing to do: run away from home, run away to Arizona and try out with the New York Giants.

I DIDN'T have to whistle for Burton. He was sitting on the front porch of his house, feeling low, chewing his nails.

"I'm through," he said. "I've had all a man can stand."

"What's wrong?"

"See that garden? Fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide. And I got to spade it tomorrow."

"The whole thing?"

"That's what he says, the jerk."

"Why can't your brother Eddie do it?"

"Because he's the favorite around here. He takes piano lessons. He's a genius."

"What about you? Suppose you get hurt like Cecil Beame?"

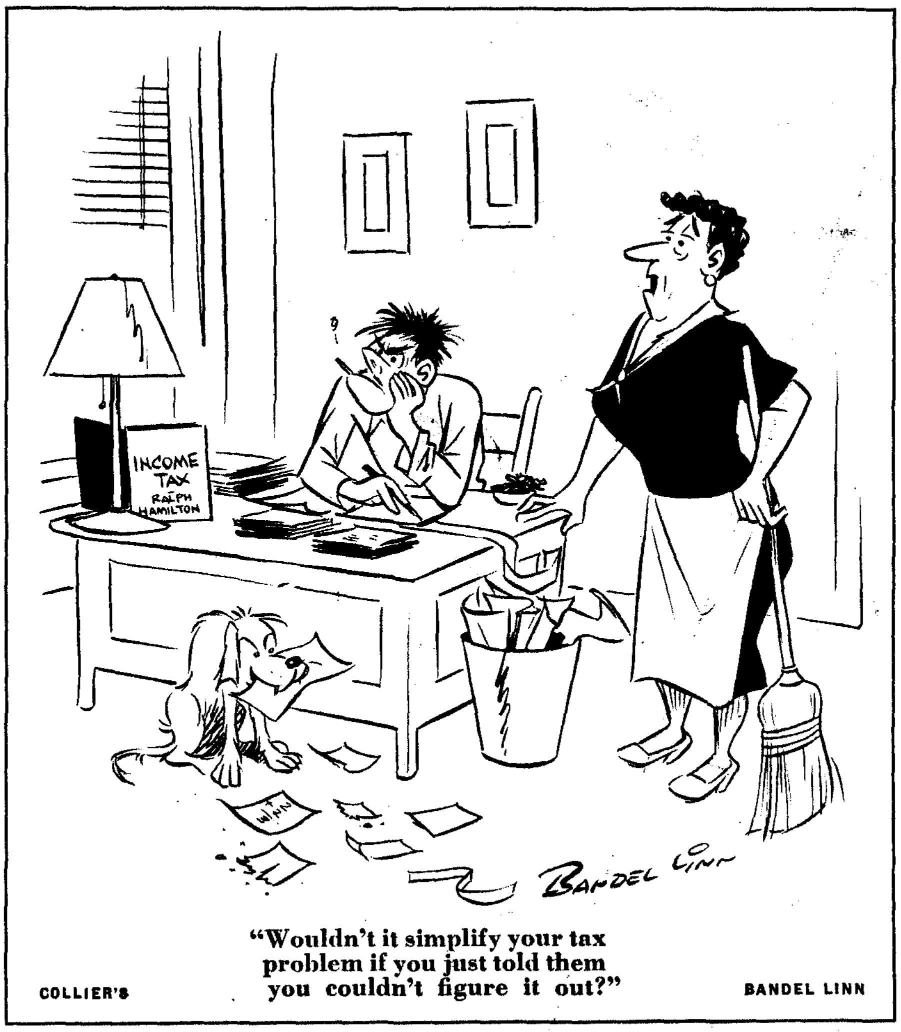
"Cecil Beame?"

"Ruptured. Shoveling snow off the sidewalk."

"Is that bad?"

"He'll never play ball again."

The thought burned a hole in Burton's brain. He gritted his teeth. "They won't



"Wouldn't it simplify your tax problem if you just told them you couldn't figure it out?"

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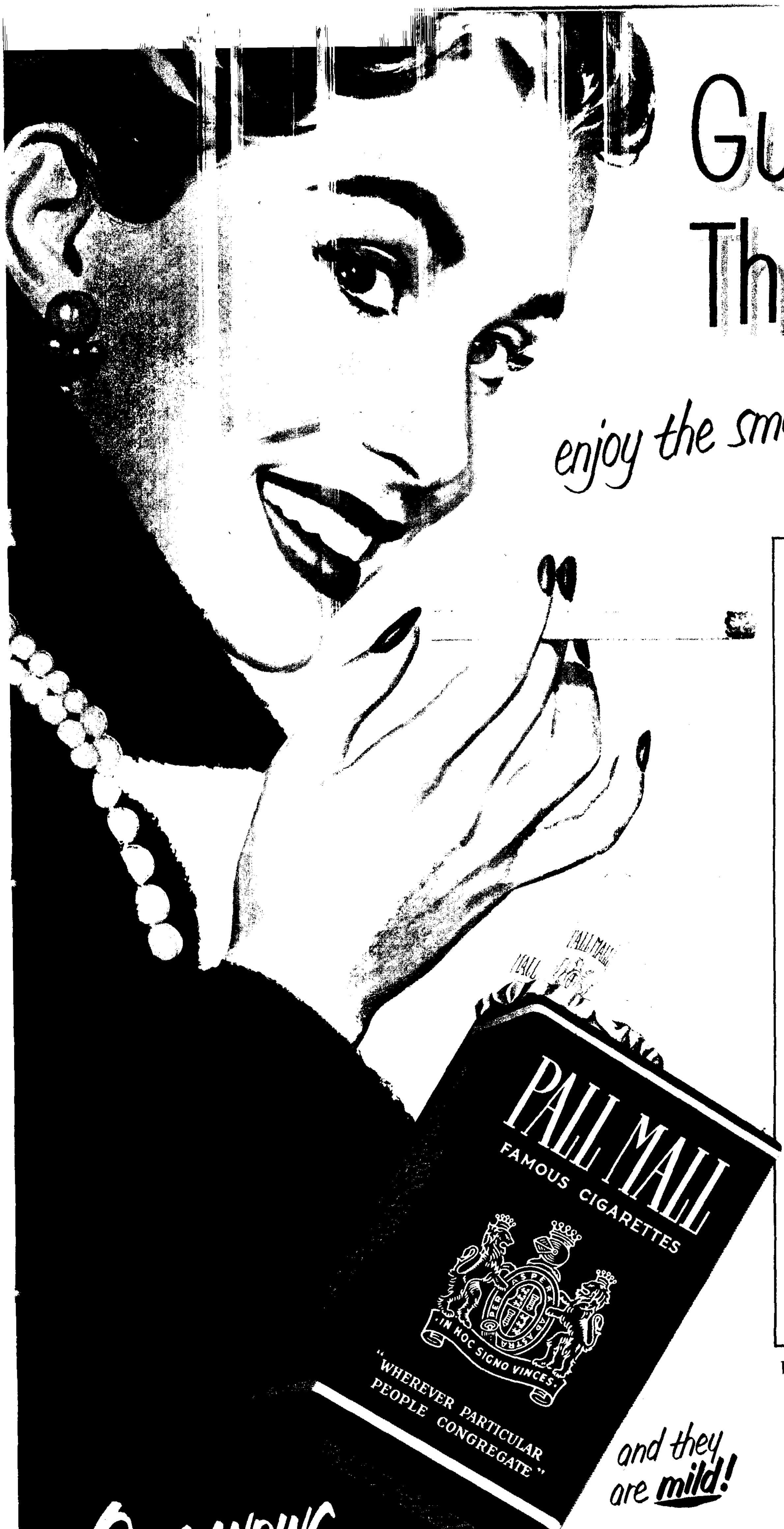
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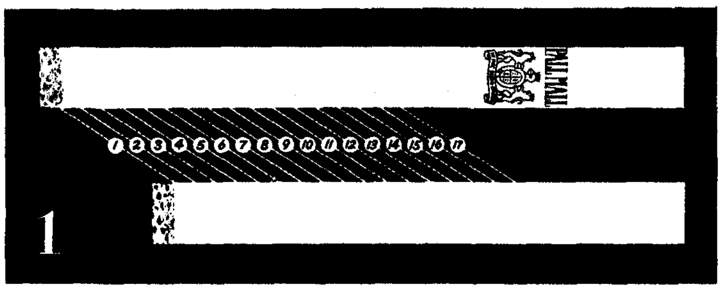

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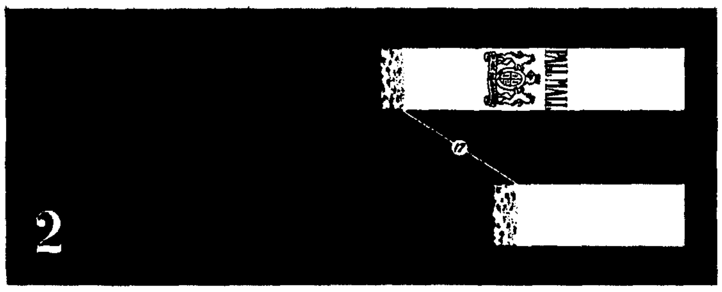

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OUTSTANDING...

rupture me," he said. "They can *try*, but they'll never get away with it."

"Listen, Burt."

I told him about hitchhiking down to Arizona and joining the New York Giants.

"Okay. I'll go."

We made plans to leave next morning.

MY LAST night at home. I cried in bed, remembering things: my brothers and sisters, Christmas Eve, my dog Rex, my rabbits, my mother, my school days, the smell of hot bread. It was good-by to all those things, to Mom and Dad and Colorado.

They would find me gone in the morning. I was probably ruining my mother's life, but it didn't matter so much with my father. He would have regrets, of course. I could see him there, as the years passed, holding my picture, tears in his eyes, saying: "Come back, son; all is forgiven. Play ball if you like."

I watched the clock on the dresser. Burton and I had agreed to meet at six. At two in the morning I was still awake, listening to the old man's snores from the next room.

Now was the time. I slipped out of bed and crawled on my stomach across the floor to the chair where my father's pants were folded. My hand found his wallet in the back pocket, and I examined it in the moonlight. There were two bills—a five and a ten. It was ten more than I'd expected. I put the wallet back, crawled out of the room, and waited for the new day.

Burton was waiting in front of the First National Bank. It was six o'clock and very cold. White clouds smothered the mountains, and the wind came from the north. It meant snow.

"We sure picked a great day," Burton said.

He hadn't had much luck. There was nothing at all in his father's pockets, so he had been forced to steal seven dollars from under his grandma's mattress. "We got twenty-two bucks," I said. "We'll make it easy."

We were on the highway. Traffic was so scarce that it was fifteen minutes before we even saw a car. Then a milk truck passed. Burton's teeth chattered, and he said his feet were cold.

"We'll never make it to Phoenix, Jake. We won't get out of Boulder, even."

It began to snow—light and fluffy at first. By six thirty it was roaring down as if the sky had caved in. A few more cars passed, none going our way. We weren't dressed for snow. We wore our red baseball sweaters with the white block B woven on the chest.

"Well, here we are," Burton said. "Still in Boulder, Colorado. Let's go down to the school and sit in the furnace room. We'll never make Arizona in this blizzard."

"So you're yellow," I said.

"I ain't yellow."

"Then what are you?"

"Just cold."

We heard a truck coming. It was barely visible in the storm. I ran out and waved. The truck stopped. Two men were in the cab. They were driving to Fort Collins, twenty-five miles away.

"Lots of room in back," the driver said.

We got aboard. The bed of the truck was piled with boxes of canned goods. A canvas protected the load from the snow. We crawled under the canvas and lay on our stomachs and listened to the crunch of the grinding tires. It was fine for a while, but gradually the cold got worse. We raised the canvas and looked out. We were in the foothills, in a raging storm. The truck crawled in low gear. Air rushed through the truck bed, pricking us like iced needles. At eight o'clock we pulled into a filling station in Fort Collins. The driver lifted the canvas.

"This is it, boys."

We were so stiff from the cold that he had to lift us out. We stumbled inside the filling station and crowded a small oil heater. An old man in a sheepskin coat operated the station. We told him we were on our way to Phoenix, Arizona.

"When I was your age, I was very proud," he said, chewing tobacco and smoking a pipe at the same time. "I never begged for rides. Always traveled first class."

"We only got twenty-two bucks," Burton said.

"A fortune," the old man said. "Enough to take you around the world."

"But how?"

"Don't cost nothing to hop a freight. One pulls outa here tonight for Salt Lake at six o'clock. Takes about eight hours. Then you grab another going south to Arizona. Travel right, that's what I say."

"And freeze to death," Burton said.

The old man puffed on his pipe and inspected us. "In them clothes, yes. Get yourself a coupla Army blankets, a few cans of beans and a coupla sacks of Bull Durham, and you're riding like a king, clear to the baseball country."

"No freights," Burton said. "I'm a first baseman, not a bum."

"It's against our principles," I said.

The old man shook his head and spat a sizzler against the oil stove. "You won't make the Giants. Not you kids. Too soft. No guts."

"We didn't come here to get insulted," Burton said. "Come on, Jake."

Across the street was a café. We hadn't eaten breakfast, and we were very hungry. The old man called to us from the filling station.

"Be proud, lads. Grab that six-o'clock freight."

We ate a big breakfast and bought some candy bars. Now that I was warm and not hungry, I wanted to catch the freight. We left the café and walked down the street. It had stopped snowing. The sky was blue, with clouds tumbling over themselves as they dashed south. We stopped before an Army-Navy store and stared at piles of blankets and boots and knapsacks. We kept walking, but we didn't talk about the freight.

At the end of the street was the railroad yard. Two engines were pushing boxcars around. We stood watching. We were thinking of what the old man had said, but we didn't speak of it. About noon we moved back to the middle of town and decided to go to a movie.

THE newsreel did it. There was a whole section showing the New York Giants in spring training at Phoenix. We sat on the edge of our seats and watched big-league ballplayers romping around the Giant training camp. When it was over, we rushed outside like new men.

"We gotta get out of here," Burton panted. "We gotta get to Arizona."

Across the street was the Army-Navy store. We bought blankets, knapsacks, gloves and woolen caps. We found a grocery store and loaded our knapsacks with cans of pork and beans, tamales, sardines and Bull Durham. It all happened very fast. When we were through, we checked our finances. We were down to $3.50. It didn't worry Burton.

"Take us halfway around the world," he said.

We walked up and down the street with knapsacks on our backs and blankets under our arms. At four o'clock, it got cold again. The sky turned gray and it felt like more snow.

"I'd like to see that newsreel once more," Burton said.

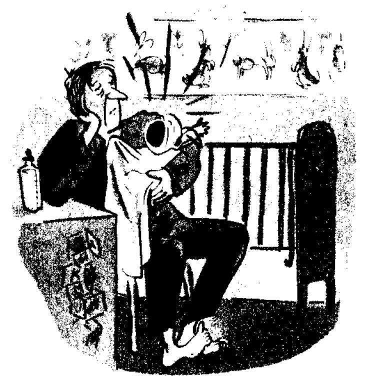
Inside the theater, the main love picture was half over. Except for us, the place was deserted. We kept our eyes on the clock over one of the exits. The newsreel went on at 5:25. The baseball stuff took exactly two minutes. At 5:28 we were outside again. It was almost dark and snowing hard. But we could still feel the sunshine off the newsreel.

We walked down to the freight yard. A long train was made up, the panting engine facing southwest. We picked an open boxcar near the end of the train and climbed aboard. It wasn't our first time in a boxcar, but it was very strange now. We closed the door and went forward in the darkness. The boxcar had a stale, nasty smell. Wrapping ourselves in blankets, we sat down. For

THE BOOK SAYS...

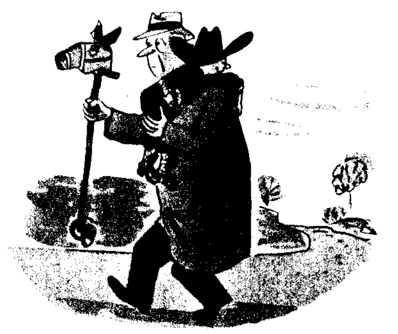
By J. WHITING

INFANT STAGE



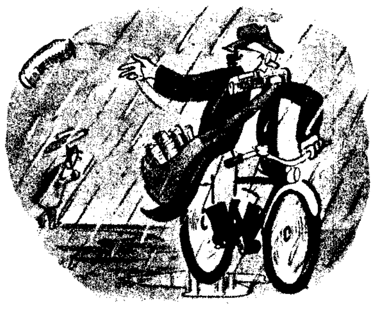
Really no problem because so much of their time is devoted to eating and sleeping

1 TO 5 YEARS



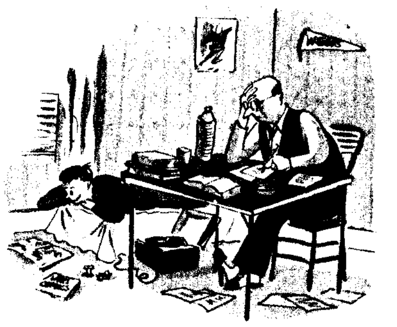
There's nothing like plenty of exercise for little growing bodies

PRE TEEN-AGE



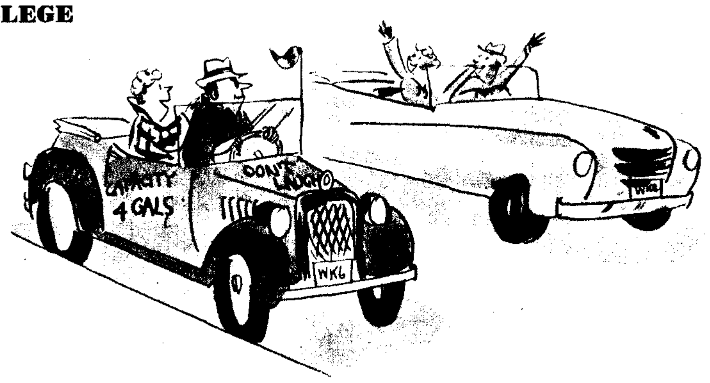
When he is ten or twelve, a newspaper route will instill a sense of responsibility

HIGH SCHOOL

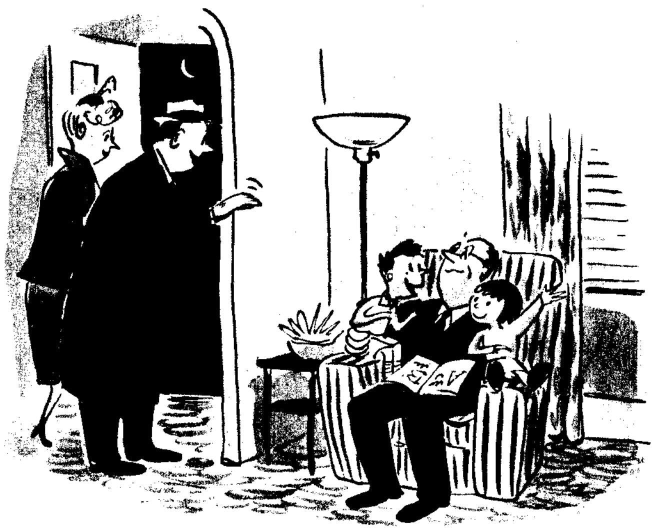


Occasional assistance with the boy's homework will show him you're interested in his progress

COLLEGE



The age of growing independence



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some reason, we found ourselves whispering instead of speaking out.

"I forgot my first baseman's mitt," Burton whispered.

"The Giant management furnishes all equipment," I told him.

For a long time we said nothing.

Then I put it to Burton this way: "Burt, now that we're on our way, I want to ask you a question. Tell me the truth, the real truth. Do you think we're good enough to break into the New York Giants' line-up?"

"I doubt it," Burton said. "But we'll hook up someplace. They'll farm us out. Probably the Pacific Coast League."

"That won't be so bad."

"Want to know the truth?" Burton asked. "The straight, honest-to-God truth?"

"Shoot."

"There's a chance we won't make the grade with the Coast League, either. But one thing is certain: we'll hook on someplace—the Texas League, or the Southern Association."

"Or the Three-Eye League."

"Or the Southeastern League."

"Or the Arizona State League."

"I'll play for nothing," Burton said. "Just board and room."

We couldn't roll Bull Durham in the darkness. Burton pulled out a pack of tailormades, and we lit up.

"Once we hit camp, no smoking."

"Right."

"Let's shake on it."

In the darkness we found one another's hands.

A tremendous crash sent us sprawling. The train was moving. We heard the faraway whistle of the engine. The train moved slowly, the engine puffing like crazy, its wheels slipping on the icy tracks. It was a rough ride. We crawled to the door and peeked out at the early darkness and the snow sweeping down.

"Might as well sleep," Burton yelled, because it was noisy now, the boxcar chattering and squealing. We stretched out, warm and very tired.

I DON'T know how long we slept. Suddenly there was a crash that nearly tore the blankets from us.

"Maybe it's a wreck," Burton said.

Everything was quiet and motionless. We sat up. The train began to move again. Back and forth our car moved. Then the whistle sounded, the engine chugged, and our car did not move. We jumped to our feet and listened. Far away in the night, we heard the engine, but our car did not move.

We slid open the door. The snow came down in heavy silence. Our boxcar stood alone in the white night. We were somewhere in low hills. Our car had been backed into a spur of track and uncoupled beside a cattle ramp.

We were scared. It was like being the last two people on earth. We went back into the darkness and wrapped ourselves in blankets. Burton offered me a cigarette, but I didn't feel like smoking.

"Don't fall asleep," Burton said. "You know what happens to people who sleep in blizzards."

I knew, but I asked anyway.

"They don't wake up."

I sat there thinking about my life, my wasted life, and all the trouble I'd caused my parents. I remembered all the money I'd stolen from my father's pants, and my mother's purse, and my sister's piggy bank. I remembered the chickens I'd slaughtered at close range with my father's shotgun. It all came back to me in a rush, the mess I'd made of my life—flunking algebra three years straight, cheating in examinations, listening to dirty stories and telling some of my own.

Thinking about it, I wanted to live my life over again; I wanted another chance. I wanted to live through that blizzard so I could go back home to Boulder, Colorado, and study to be an engineer.

Then I heard Burton sobbing. "I'm a rat, Jake," he said. "A no-good rat."

"No, you're not. You're okay by me."

But he insisted that he was a wrong guy, and he told me some of the things he had done in his life—punched his mother in the stomach, stolen library books, broken street lamps, sold a brand-new pair of his father's shoes, stripped hubcaps off cars, and so forth. One thing he mentioned that was really bad; and that was burning down his own house. It had happened when he was ten years old, and to that day nobody knew he'd done it—nobody but me.

We tried to keep awake, but we were too tired and slept anyhow, and when we woke up, sunlight poured through the cracks in the boxcar. We opened the door and looked out. It was bright daylight with a blue sky. A hundred yards away, state highway bulldozers were clearing the road of last night's drifts. Moving slowly behind the bulldozers were a dozen cars. We grabbed one another and jumped for joy.

"We're saved!" Burton yelled. "Saved!"

We left our stuff in the boxcar and waded through the snow to the highway. The first car behind the bulldozers picked us up. The driver was a farmer, and what he said made us silent. We had taken the wrong freight out of Fort Collins. Now we were just a mile out of Thatcher and four miles from home. But I'd had enough. It seemed years since I'd left home. I wanted to be with my folks, with my brothers and sisters.

"Well," Burton said. "Here we go again—slow but sure."

"Yeah."

"Still want to go to Arizona?"

"Sure, Burt," I lied. "How about you?"

"We can't stop now."

"That's right."

The farmer stopped his car in front of the sheriff's substation in Thatcher. The town had only one street, a block long. We just stood there. I wanted to call the whole thing off. Burt did too, but it was hard to show weakness.

Then a sheriff's patrol drove up. Two officers sat in the front seat.

"Your name Jake Crane?" one of them asked.

"Yes, sir."

The officer opened the back door. "Hop in, boys."

"We didn't do anything," Burt said.

"Just hop in, boys."

The driver made a U-turn and swung down the highway toward Boulder. We sat with folded arms.

"Arizona!" Burt sneered. "This was your idea."

"Anyway, I ain't yellow," I said.

"Who's yellow?"

"You were scared from the first. Your feet were cold. You wanted to quit."

"I shoulda quit," he said. "You and your screwball plans. Now look at us. Under arrest."

"Are we under arrest, Officer?" I asked.

"Where do you live?" he said.

"959 Arapahoe."

He glanced back at Burton. "How about you?"

"529 Walnut."

THAT was all the officers said. Burton made a nasty little laugh. "You and your knuckle ball," he sneered.

"It's good enough to strike *you* out," I said, "the way *you* step in the bucket."

"We're through," Burton said. "My old man was right. You're bad company."

"I won't even repeat what *my* old man says about you."

"Pooh! A bricklayer. What does he know?"

"A lot more than a dumb plasterer like your old man."

The car drove up in front of my house. The officer turned and opened the door. I stepped out. Burton sat like an Indian, his arms folded.

"Burt," I said. "No hard feelings."

For a moment he wouldn't even look at me.

Then he grinned. "So long, Jake. Good luck."

I turned from the car. There on the porch was my father. I walked slowly toward him, studying his face. There was no anger in his face. He stood with his hands in his pockets, erect and smiling a little.

"Hi, Pop."

"Hello, boy."

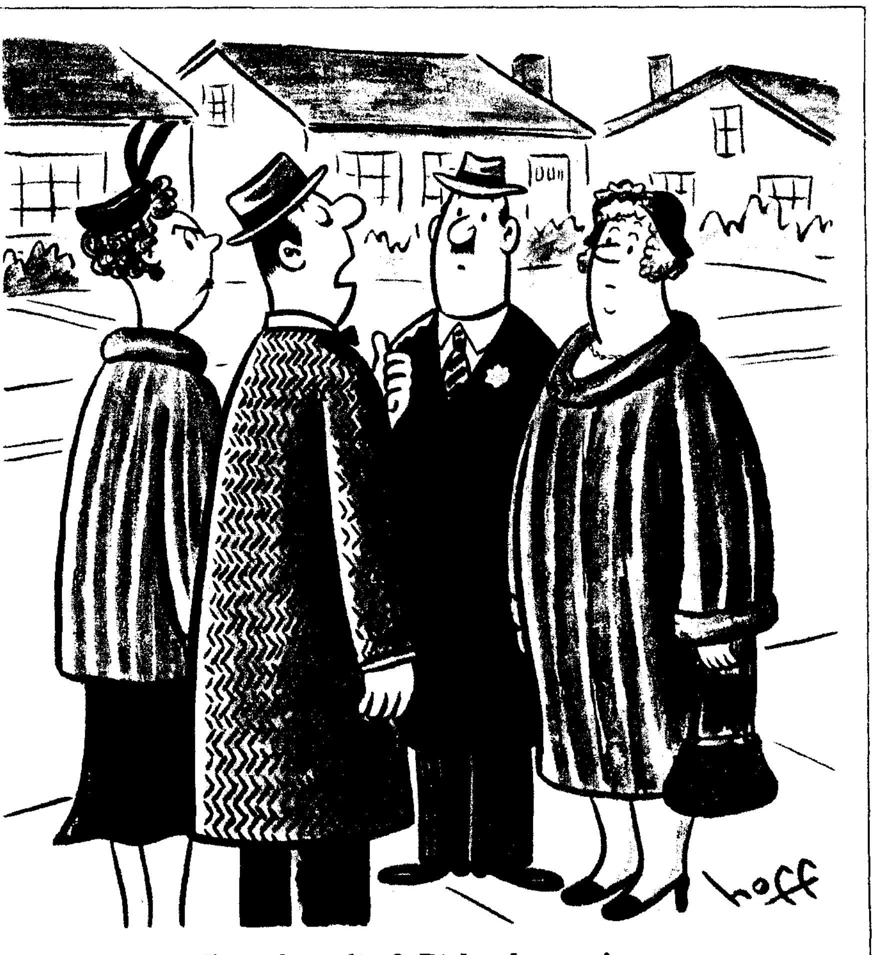
All at once it crashed down on me—the terrible thing I'd done to my pop, and I stood there crying and choking and not able to say anything. He put his arm around me.

"Come on, boy. Breakfast's ready."

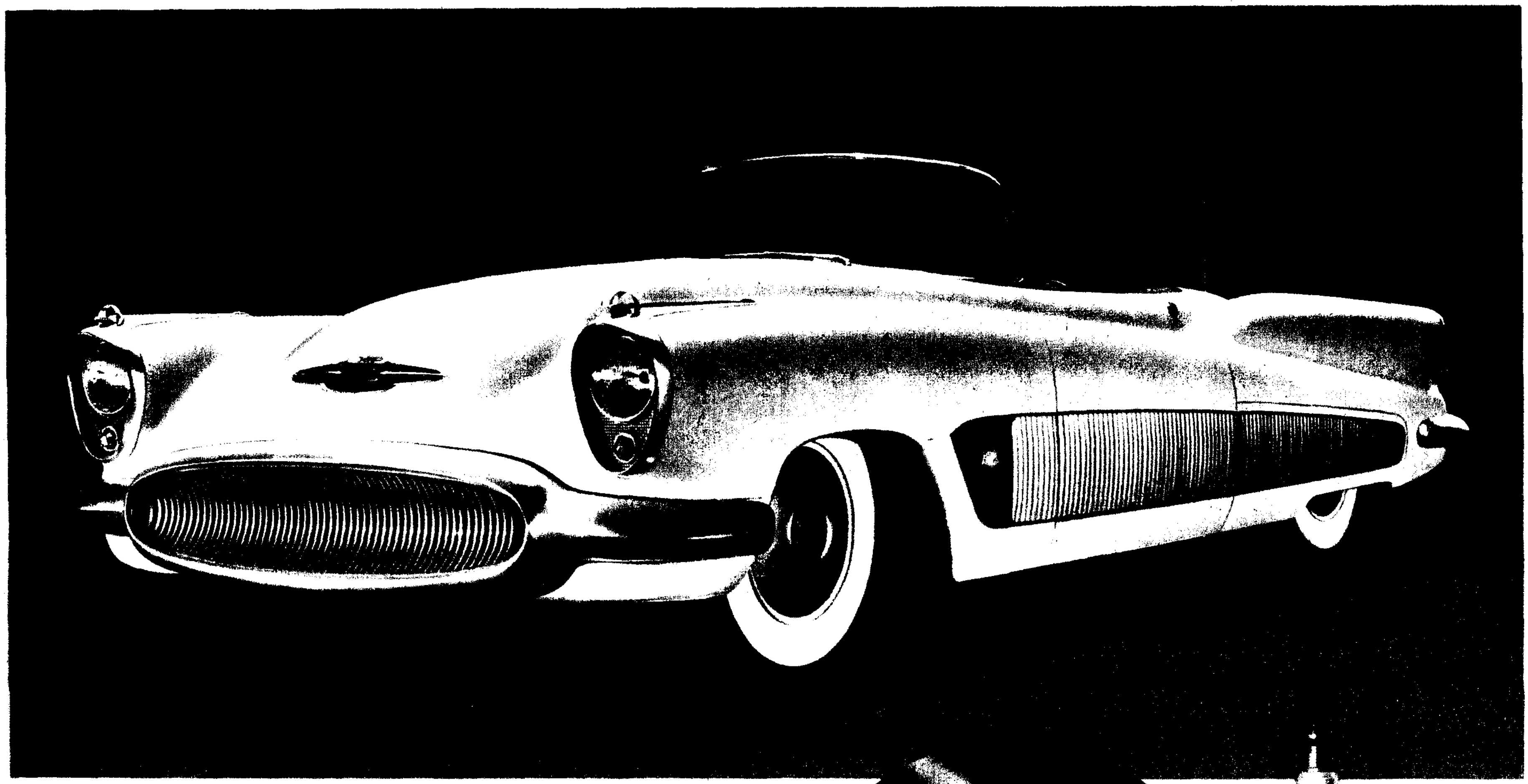
"Oh, Pop!"

"Forget it."

Together we went into the house. THE END



COLLIER'S "Where do we live? Right where we've always lived—beyond our means . . ." SIDNEY HOFF



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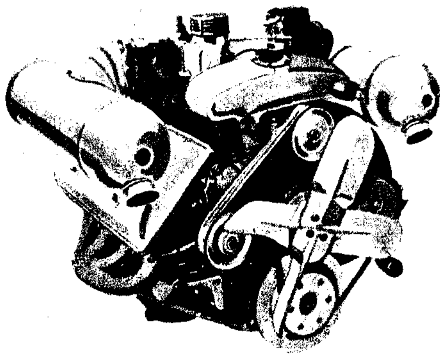


AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Les Compagnons do hilarious Don Cossack-type take-off on French children's song Au Clair de la Lune (By the Light of the Moon)

Companions in Song

To the delight of American audiences, nine young veterans of the French underground put spice into simple French folk songs—by translating words and music into bright, hilarious pantomime

LES COMPAGNONS de la Chanson—nine companions in song—are a group of rugged young veterans of the Fighting French underground, who are currently delighting American audiences with distinctive folk songs. Although they do most of their singing in French, their meaning is as clear as their pitch. For they sing not only with their voices. They use their hands, their bodies, their faces, in eloquent pantomime that gets their lyrics across even to listeners who wouldn't know crepes from Suzette.

The nine singing Frenchmen, all between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-two, have been vocalizing together since their postschoolboy days at the beginning of World War II. As performers, they were allowed to travel freely through France by German occupation officials. Risking their lives, they carried underground messages from one border to the other. The Germans never caught on.

Following their country's liberation, the boys began a round of theater engagements. They first came to this country in 1947 with the famed French songstress Edith Piaf, after two successful years in top Paris theaters, including the famed *Comédie Française*. Since then they have returned here on four independent tours, singing to packed houses in New York, Hollywood, Miami and Washington, D.C. Again arriving Stateside last December, they had a successful month's engagement at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, to the stout French pride of the hotel's popular banquet manager Claudius Philippe, and more recently were booked into the Palace Theatre in Manhattan.

The team has been kept busy, too, with TV guest appearances—notably, two recent visits to Ed Sullivan's weekly CBS show, Toast of the Town—while negotiating for a possible Hollywood stint, and by making recordings, in French and slightly fractured English, for Columbia Records. Currently, their most popular record (60,000 sales in three weeks) is The Three Bells, the sad saga of one Jimmy Brown, for whom the bell tolled at birth, at marriage and at death. Its French counterpart, Les Trois Cloches, is the biggest seller ever released in Canada.

Les Compagnons sing of love and death, of kings and maidens and slaves and sailors, acting out all the parts and running the emotional gamut from tears to hilarity. One of their favorite stage numbers concerns a servant girl named Perrine who, when her master comes home, hides her lover in an outsized breadbox. When she opens the box six weeks later (a forgetful miss) she finds that the rats have finished off her young man and made a chandelier of his bones. Les Compagnons zestfully play every member of this tragic cast, including the chandelier. Their portrayal of the devouring rats always brings the house down.

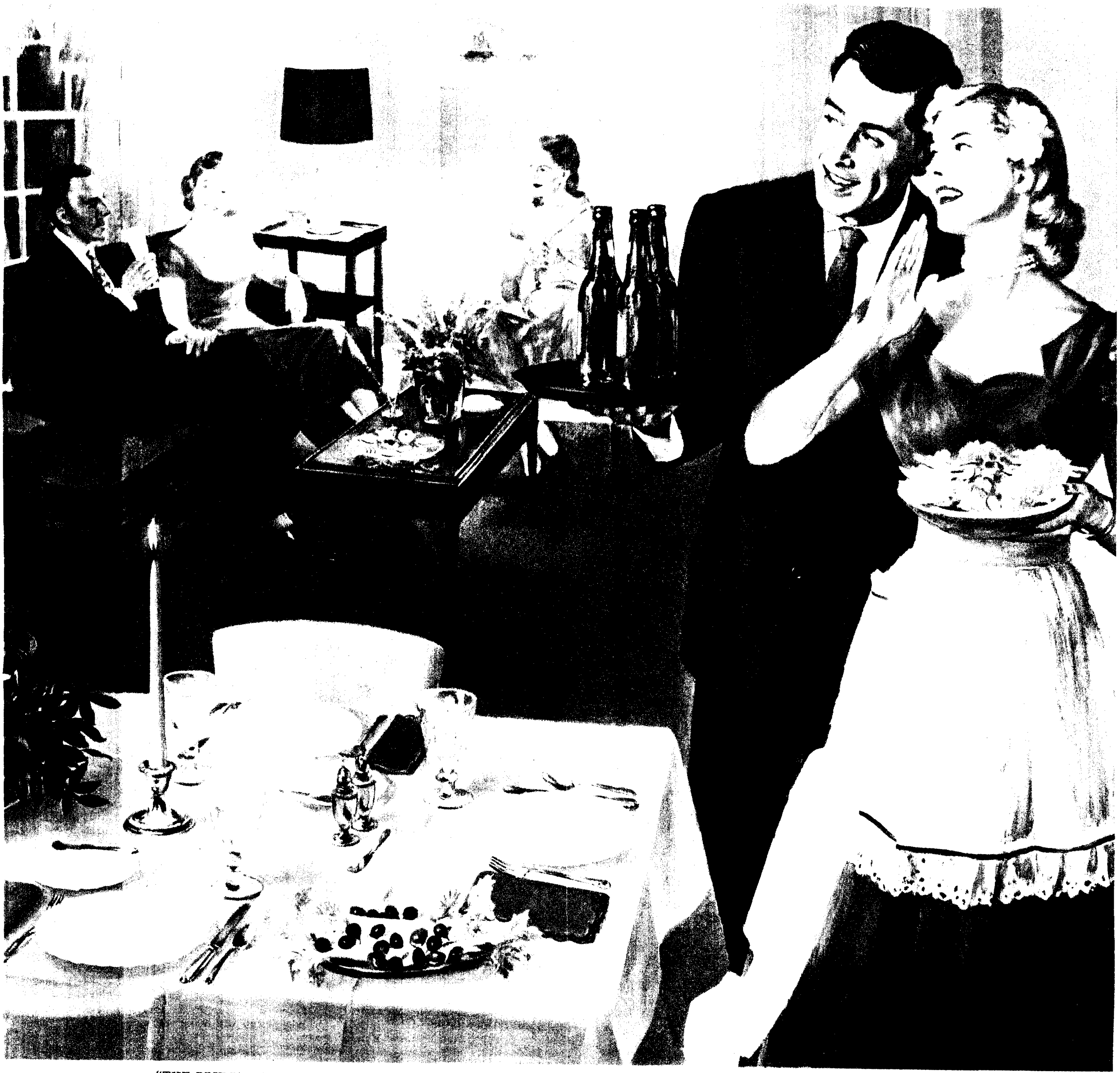
Although thirty-one-year-old Jean-Louis Jaubert is captain of the company, everyone gets in on the direction ("Jo Frachon teaches us to be ze rat. 'Ee 'as ze longest face") and every bit of stage business must be approved by all nine men.

As much as six months' painstaking rehearsal is spent on a single number. "What we cannot say wiz ze lips," says Jaubert, "we practice to say wiz ze 'ands. What we cannot say wiz ze 'ands"—he points to redheaded Jean Albert, whom the group calls *homme à femmes* (ladies' man)—"Jean says for us wiz ze eyes. 'Ee speaks ze international tongue, zat one."

One way or another, when Les Compagnons de la Chanson give out with a song, there is no language barrier. MARTHA WEINMAN

Imitating rats from "Perrine," singers are (bottom): Marc Herrand, Gérard Sabbat, Fred and René Mella, Jean Albert. Top row: Jean-Louis Jaubert, Jo Frachon, Guy Bourguignon, Henri Lancelot. Troupe learns to mimic rats from Jo, who has "ze longest face"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BRADLEY SMITH



"THE BRIDE'S FIRST DINNER PARTY," by Ray Prohaska. Number 66 in the series "Home Life in America."

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Beer and ale—
mealtime favorites

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Fish Is Your Dish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

the dish was ready for the table. The tuna casserole was delightful. Each bite invited another. With it was a crisp green salad tossed with a simple French dressing, toasted English muffins, and fruit for dessert. Three of us, all with hearty appetites, virtually emptied the casserole.

Tuna, especially the canned varieties that can be purchased at the nearest grocer or supermarket, is an all-purpose fish. It is economical. As the basis for a salad, a one-dish meal, it can't be beaten. Here's what can be done in a scant 15 minutes:

Drain the excess oil from 2 cups of tuna, toss lightly with 1 cup of diced celery and 2 hard-boiled eggs, cut in eighths. Fortify 1 cup of mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons of prepared mustard and 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, plus ½ teaspoon of onion juice. Pour the mixture over the salad ingredients, toss lightly and serve on a large platter covered with crisp lettuce leaves and garnished with tomato slices.

There you have a perfect dish, cool, smooth, glorious to taste. With it, serve a big plate of toasted and lightly buttered pilot crackers, scads of coffee, and fruit and cheese for dessert. This salad is a terrific late-snack dish, after a game of cards, or the theater. In such an instance, try serving with it cool bottles of ale, beer or stout. The customers will cheer!

There was a time when oysters were complete strangers to places a few hundred miles distant from the coastal waters. Modern refrigeration and double-quick transportation have whipped that situation, and oysters in Salt Lake City are every bit as good as they are in Boston—which means they are perfect.

During the Lenten season, oysters are at their best—plump and succulent, with just a trace of iodine, and firm of flesh.

To Make Perfect Oyster Stew

In a stew, the oyster reaches absolute perfection—providing the stew is properly made, with plenty of oysters, and served steaming hot. A thoroughly good stew, rich and uplifting, full of energy and assorted calories and vitamins, must be made with care and good timing. It must be *cooked,* not boiled.

Make the stew in a double boiler, with the water in the bottom pan at a sharp boil. To serve four to six people, place 4 cups of whole milk in the top pan. Cover, and let the milk get very hot, but do not let it boil. That's the first step.

Now place 1 quart of oysters, juice and all, in a shallow pan and simmer delicately until the oysters plump up proudly and the edges curl just a little. Using a skimmer or a slotted spoon, remove the oysters and drop them in the hot milk. Melt 4 or 5 tablespoons of butter in a skillet, and add the oyster juice (strained through a fine sieve), with salt and a little cayenne or tabasco sauce; when it is hot, add to the milk-oyster mixture. Almost immediately, pour the stew into the most handsome tureen in the house and whisk to the table. Serve with oyster crackers.

Now, *there* is a stew; the oysters are meltingly tender, the essence is rich and enormously satisfying to the palate, and if the guests don't ask for seconds, there is something wrong with their appetites. With the oyster stew, there is nothing nicer than a bowl of old-fashioned, tangy coleslaw.

As a rule, a superlative oyster stew is something that can be found only at home. In New York, where 20,000-odd restaurants cater to the appetites of a perpetually hungry population, only three or four restaurants have ever achieved and maintained a continuous reputation for preparing a really palatable oyster stew. I've tasted just about all of them and they are good, but the homemade kind will always have my vote as the best.

For some time after the first World War, the sale and consumption of canned salmon lagged. Several million ex-servicemen were jointly responsible for this deplorable situation; in service, every time a mess sergeant faltered, he decided to give the troops canned salmon, often for breakfast and always without lemon juice or vinegar.

It took many of us several years before we permitted the little woman to place any form of salmon on the table. Then, greatly to our astonishment, we found that salmon could be not only good, but *tremendously* good. As one of the converts, I can and do speak words of praise for the salmon—especially in croquettes, which can be light, crispy morsels of more than usual excellence.

Introduced to one variety of these by a certain Chicago lady, I ate five of the 12 handsome brown croquettes she placed on the table. To make these superlative tidbits, she used:

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"What's eating him?"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Butter, 3 tablespoons
Flour, 3 tablespoons
Milk, 1 cup
Salmon, canned, flaked, 2 cups
Onion juice, 1 teaspoon
Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Egg, beaten, 1
Bread crumbs, fine, 1 cup
Tarragon, pinch

The butter was melted in the top of a double boiler and the flour and salt blended in, while stirring. Next came the milk, and the mixture was cooked until smooth as silk and fairly thick. It was removed from the fire and permitted to cool. The salmon and seasonings were added and mixed lightly; then the whole was spread in a shallow pan and placed in the refrigerator to become cold. About a half hour was sufficient. Next, the croquettes were shaped, and each cylinder—consisting of a rounded tablespoon of the mixture—rolled in the bread crumbs, then in the beaten egg, then again in the bread crumbs, fried in deep fat (about 390 degrees) for 3 minutes, drained on a paper towel and rushed to the table.

With the croquettes—crunchy, a deep tan and wholly delightful—my hostess served a salad of sliced grapefruit and onion rings in a simple French dressing, along with thin slices of pumpernickel. A very stout meal, these croquettes will make a convert out of any individual who claims a lack of enthusiasm for salmon.

There's a salmon loaf that is a regular visitor to my table during the Lenten season, too. It has great vitality and virtue; little time is required to prepare it and it will serve four or five people. Mostly, it's a luncheon dish. To make it, you need:

Rice, boiled, 3 cups
Salmon, canned, flaked, 1 cup
Butter, melted, 2 tablespoons
Bread crumbs, soft, ¼ cup
Paprika
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Salmon liquor, ¼ cup
Eggs, hard-boiled, 2
Worcestershire sauce, 1½ tablespoons
Cayenne, pinch

Line buttered baking dish with boiled rice, but reserve ¾ cup for topping. Mix salmon gently with crumbs, liquor and seasonings. Put mixture in hollow. Halve the eggs and place them in the center of the mixture. Top with rice, dot with butter, sprinkle with paprika and place in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Remove from mold and serve with green beans or spinach, with a salad of tomatoes and chives in a French dressing.

Never have you tasted a better loaf dish; it is firm, yet moist, full of memorable and wholesome flavor. Served cold, as a leftover, with a little catsup, the salmon loaf pays an extra dividend of goodness.

During all seasons of the year, many folks who enjoy fine food have a great and abiding affection for finnan haddie, for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Finnan haddie is smoked haddock; it is a firm, flavorsome dish, with a delicate, rather than robust, flavor. The price at which it retails makes it bargain eating. In common with most fish, the time required for preparation is modest, a fact which also makes it prime breakfast food for a holiday.

Wash two fillets in cold water, place in a skillet, cover with 1½ cups milk and 1 cup of water and slowly bring to the boiling point. Lower heat and gently simmer for 12 minutes; then turn with a broad spatula and simmer for the same length of time on the other side. Drain off all the liquid but ½ cup. Add 2 teaspoons of chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons of butter and ⅓ cup of cream (heavy or light) and dust with freshly ground pepper. Increase heat and let the liquid boil for 1 minute. Decant to a hot platter, pour the sauce over the fish and add a faint sprinkle of paprika.

The aroma—elevating, smoky and inviting—will make your appetite almost uncontrollable. Serve with hot biscuits for a Sunday or holiday breakfast, and have plenty of bitter orange marmalade on hand. I allow ¼ pound of finnan haddie per person. It's good fare and it will sustain the inner man or woman until luncheon time.

The same finnan haddie—served with boiled potatoes and sliced tomatoes in a mild French dressing—is a dinner special at a men's club in Boston and it is always in heavy demand.

Inlanders Now Enjoy Shrimp

During Lent, shrimp is always available, either fresh or canned (or, of course, quick-frozen). As was the case with oysters, there was a time, say 15 years ago, when the inlander never tasted shrimp at home. Things are different today. The fresh shrimp and the canned shrimp are excellent. They can be prepared in dozens of delightful and exotic ways.

Down in New Orleans, shrimp Creole is popular in most homes, as well as on the tables of many fine restaurants. This dish is the central theme of a solid meal that requires nothing more than a tart salad to make balanced perfection. I was introduced to the dish in a home at Lake Charles, Louisiana, and I pestered the cook until I got the recipe. It is so good I'd like to share it with you.

First, you shell, clean and rinse 1 pound of uncooked green shrimp. Then you melt 1½ tablespoons of butter in a deep skillet, and toss in ½ cup of chopped onions, 1 mashed clove of garlic and 1 minced green pepper. Cook uncovered for about 10 minutes, or until tender, stirring frequently. Peel 6 ripe tomatoes and cut in eighths; add them to the frying pan with 2 bay leaves and salt to taste, plus ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper. Cook for about 10 more minutes, continuing to stir frequently. Add the shrimp and cook for 10 additional minutes, still stirring.

The aroma by this time is entrancing. Toss away the bay leaves and pour the mixture over 3 cups of hot cooked rice. There will be enough for four extra-large servings—and you will need extra-large ones. If fresh shrimp is not available, use canned shrimp and cut the final cooking period of 10 minutes to 5. In either case, the end result will make you and your guests very happy.

Shrimp à la Newburg is a dish calculated to appeal to any Lenten appetite. It also is good at other times, and it has the advantage of being easy to prepare, and fairly economical for a party dish.

For four ample portions, use 1 pound of fresh cooked or canned shrimp. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter and stir in 1¾ tablespoons of flour, then slowly add 1 cup of coffee cream while stirring over a low heat. Cook until the sauce is thick and creamy, add 1 scant tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and the shrimp, and stir until the shrimp is thoroughly heated. Add salt, paprika and a drop of tabasco sauce. When ready to serve, remove from the stove, and stir in 3 tablespoons of sherry. Serve on boiled rice or whole-wheat toast.

As a luncheon dish, this is always in the upper brackets. Serve a salad of raw button mushroom caps and small cauliflower flowerets in an herbed French dressing.

Canned crab and lobster offer a real gold

Even [illegible]

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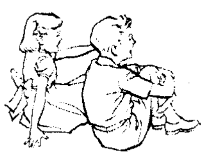

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mine of economical culinary triumph for the adventuresome cook.

The Southern crab cakes I first tasted in Georgia are made from canned crab meat and I found them superlative. They were compounded with almost the speed of light, and they were so good they were eaten almost as quickly.

Three cups of canned crab meat were blended with 1 tablespoon of mayonnaise, 1½ teaspoons of salt, 1 teaspoon of dry mustard, 2 teaspoons of minced parsley, 2 teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce and 1 egg yolk, lightly beaten. The mixture was formed into 8 lovely cakes and chilled. The cakes were dropped into an egg beaten with 2 tablespoons of water, then rolled in finely crushed bread crumbs, and finally placed in a hot skillet where a little melted butter sizzled.

Browned on each side, placed on a hot platter, garnished with a spray of parsley, the cakes were enormously good. They were served with a salad of sliced grapefruit and oranges in a very tart French dressing, with green beans—lightly boiled and still delicately crisp, buttered and seasoned—some beaten biscuits, and pralines for dessert. A memorable meal, one that I'd like to share again.

If you are one of those happy souls who enjoy the taste of garlic, let me say a few impassioned words in favor of *aïoli* (a sauce to be served with fish and boiled vegetables). But, I warn you, this is something that should not be eaten if you propose to consort with non-garlic eaters in the immediate future. To say the dish is robust is to put it mildly. To say that it is almost sensationally good is to be conservative. It is poached salt-water fish and vegetables, a sort of French version of the time-honored New England boiled dinner. Better, too.

First, compound the garlic sauce: mash 4 big cloves of garlic in a deep bowl. Then stir in a pint of mayonnaise (with a little dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce or lemon juice added) and blend until it is smooth. Add a trifle of salt and plenty of freshly ground black pepper. Cover and place in the refrigerator to become icy cold.

Boil (in separate pots) carrots, string beans, small peeled potatoes and broccoli. Cook these vegetables very lightly, in salted water.

Now, the fish. Cod, halibut, haddock or flounder are all very satisfactory; allow 1 fillet per person. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, 1 small minced onion and a pinch of fennel seeds, and simmer for ½ hour in enough water to cover the fish.

Have your biggest platter piping hot. With a broad spatula, place the fish neatly in the center of the platter, surrounded with individual heaps of the cooked vegetables. Pass the bowl of ice-cold sauce and let the guests help themselves. A superb accompaniment for this dish is cold beer. The combination generates a healthy thirst that beer does wonders to satisfy.

How to Prepare Chioppino

From the San Francisco water front comes a dish called Chioppino that is invading the East; those who have tasted it proclaim it to be one of the best dishes ever concocted. It is highly informal; the guests should wear bibs and there should be on the table a full assortment of lobster shears, meat picks and plenty of paper napkins.

The list of ingredients may horrify the cook who lives by a budget, but here is a meal for 6 to 8 people, a magnificent meal of ample proportions, one the guests will long remember.

I suggest that you use for the dish the biggest of your French casseroles or a gigantic Dutch oven. Into this will eventually go:

Olive oil, ½ cup
Garlic cloves, minced, 2-3
Parsley, minced, 1 tablespoon
Onion, minced, 1 tablespoon
Tomatoes, No. 2½ can, 1
Tomato sauce, 8-oz. cans, 2
Sherry, ½ cup
Sweet basil, ½ teaspoon
Rock cod, halibut or any white, firm-fleshed fish, 1½-2 pounds
Shrimp, raw, unpeeled, 1 pound
Steamer clams, well scrubbed, 2 pounds
Crabs, cooked, 2, or South African frozen lobster tails (about 4½ ounces each), cooked, 6
Water, 1½ cups
Marjoram, ½ teaspoon

Heat the olive oil in the casserole or Dutch oven, add onion, garlic and parsley, and sauté until golden-brown. Add the tomatoes, tomato sauce, sherry, water, sweet basil, marjoram, and salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil and simmer gently for 1½ hours. (If desired, the sauce can be made the day before you use it, thus cutting down on the time spent in the kitchen.)

From this point on, *do not stir*. Add the fish to the hot sauce, cover and cook for 10 minutes, then add the shrimp and cook gently for 20 minutes. Add clams, crabs or lobster tails, and cover and cook for another 10 minutes. Serve in large heated soup plates, give each guest a portion of every fish and lots of rich, aromatic sauce. Serve chunks of toasted French bread with the Chioppino. It will be needed to sop up the sauce.

Let there be extra plates for the quick disposal of shrimp, clam, lobster and crab shells. A mixed green salad in a simple French dressing is a must. For dessert, try a lemon sherbet.

Here is a meal that will long be remembered, and I'll guarantee there won't be much of the Chioppino left.

In Praise of Cape Cod Turkey

Dried codfish, prepared properly, has its own special and traditional goodness. Up in New England they call it "Cape Cod turkey," not by way of derision, but as a compliment. Like smoked and cured ham, codfish went to most of the early wars; it also journeyed on sailing ships as an important factor in the diet of the sailors. It went inland with the migrants, and it appeared on the tables of poor and rich alike, a democratic and thoroughly good food—which it is to this day.

A Boston lady novelist once fed me creamed codfish for luncheon, and I have been an addict ever since. Here is how it was done:

One cup of salt codfish was freshened in cold water for several hours, then drained, covered with more cold water and simmered until the fish was tender. The codfish was drained and flaked. One tablespoon of melted butter was blended with 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 cup of light cream and a liberal sprinkle of freshly ground black pepper, brought to a sharp boil under stirring. Only now was the codfish added, along with 1 egg yolk, lightly beaten. The crowning touch was the addition of 1 tablespoon of New England rum as the steaming codfish came off the stove.

It was served on a small, mealy, boiled potato, making a combination that teamed up like hamburger and onions. With a small green salad in French dressing, plus baking-powder biscuits, it was a perfect luncheon for four.

Marcus Porcius Cato, a Roman citizen of more than local repute and adjudged to be very wise, once was moved to comment tartly on the high price of fish. He said, in effect, that he couldn't understand how any civilization could hope to last with an economy such that a fish cost more than an ox. Although Cato undoubtedly was exaggerating a trifle to make his point, his distress is understandable. As a man who obviously liked to eat fish, Cato would certainly be amazed and delighted if he could walk into the average American kitchen during Lent.

Perhaps he would agree, as do millions of Americans, that Lent is a great and noble institution, good for the soul and the spirit—and, in these days of inexpensive and delicious sea food, a joy to the appetite.

THE END

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln or Theodore Roosevelt—to name a few—think if they could come back and see what has happened and is continuing to happen to this land of ours which they helped put and keep on a sound basis?

And what about that greatest of all living Americans, Herbert Hoover? How does he feel about the direction in which his beloved country is heading? We have only to reread his August, 1951, speech to know. This I have done many times and shall continue to do—along with Collier's editorials which I have clipped and saved—until this fight for honesty and decency in government is won.

LESLIE M. BROWN, Sonoma, Cal.

. . . It was a pleasure to me to read your editorial More Power Needed Here.

As a member of the armed forces of this nation who is being trained for the sole purpose of gaining peace for our world through combat, I think that most people in the service are becoming more conscious of their share in government.

To us, the scandals which have overtaken the Truman administration do not in any measure serve to strengthen our belief that, even though we are fighting, or being trained to fight, to preserve the form of government we believe in, our government will be run in a manner congenial with the best interests of the American people.

Your editorials give us some belief that perhaps with enough pressure a few people will stop thinking of themselves and start thinking of what is best for all concerned.

PVT. WILLIAM R. BATES,
Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

Contrast

EDITOR: Please explain how a magazine can contain two such opposite stories within one issue as appeared in the January 26th Collier's. I refer to Dark Angel of Anatahan, which gives a jovial pat on the back to a disgusting, revolting subject. On the other side of the fence comes one of the most gripping and interesting serials to appear in Collier's, The Curve and the Tusk.

How about a bit of biography about Mr. Cloete? Does he come from Africa? Please supply the details.

MRS. W. H. WOLFSON, New Orleans, La.

Mr. Cloete, though born in Paris, is of Boer ancestry, and is living permanently in South Africa now after considerable travel which included eight years in the United States.

Big Ten for Breakfast

EDITOR: Regarding the letter from R. G. Lynch in Week's Mail of January 26th, Mr. Lynch is, as are many football fans throughout our great nation, under the impression the Big Ten is "the strongest conference in the country." Could this be because of their Rose Bowl victories over the Pacific Coast Conference?

Why don't the Big Ten pick on someone their own size? Why not try a pact with the Cotton Bowl? They eat teams from "the strongest conference in the country" for breakfast in the Southwest.

D. L. O'CONNOR, Los Gatos, Cal.

Enjoyment & Respect

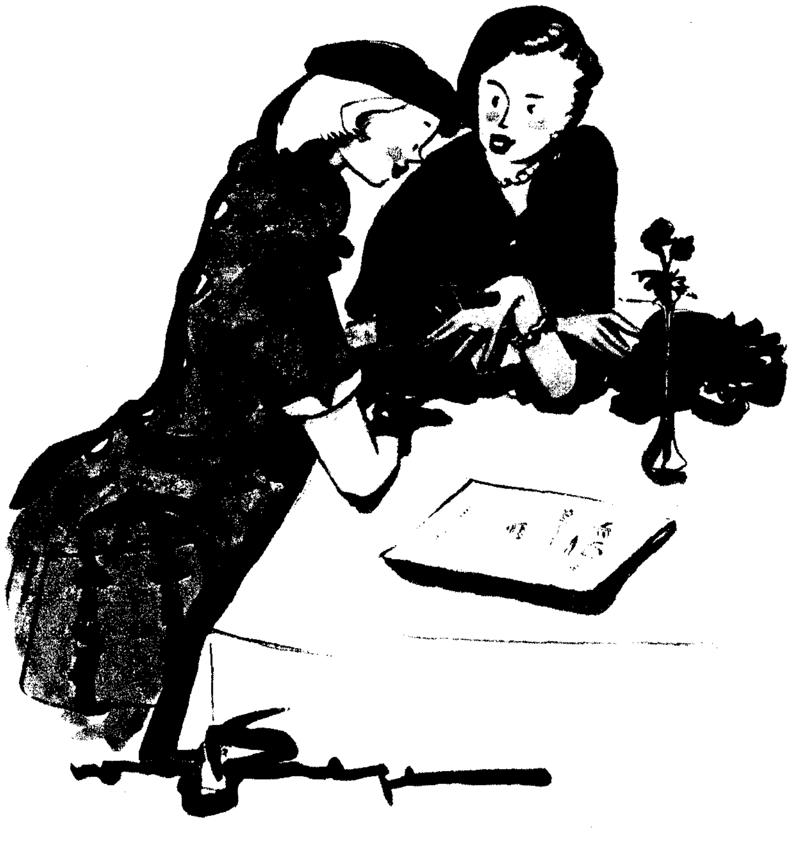
EDITOR: In Week's Mail of January 26th I came across what I considered a very sarcastic, embittered letter criticizing Raft of Fun (Dec. 8th-15th).

This letter prompted me to read the article, which unfortunately I had overlooked. After reading it, here are my views for what they are worth.

First, Bill Davidson did an excellent job of reporting. If he is always as good, let's have more of him. I consider this article one of the best travel-and-adventure narratives I have read in several years.

Second, I have great respect for the courage of these four young people, both physical and moral. To do what they did takes plenty of both.

J. E. ZANES, Gilmanton, N.H.



"Oh, we were just talking about international affairs, and quite suddenly he changed the subject!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Big ones go after your lure in protected National Parks, other choice angling areas.

Reach for your guide book or your fishing gear, your camera or your swim-suit . . . whatever your interest you'll find the answer in Canada. Here highways carry you, in a matter of minutes, from cities into the great outdoors. Here the charm of the old is matched by the excitement of the new. See your travel or transportation agent; meanwhile mail the coupon.

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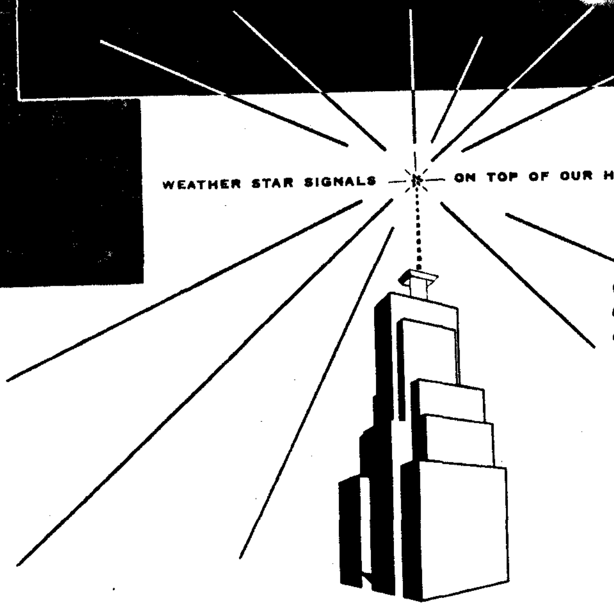
Money Worries melt away...

"I hope we'll have the money to send him to college!"

"Where would the money come from to pay off the mortgage if anything should happen to me?"


WEATHER STAR SIGNALS
ON TOP OF OUR HOME OFFICE

Green	*Fair*
Orange	*Cloudy*
Orange flashing	*Rain*
White flashing	*Snow*

Rising lights below the Star predict warmer weather; falling lights colder weather; stationary lights—no change.

when you've got "MONY" back of you!

LIKE MOST PEOPLE, you've probably done a lot of worrying about the future. For it's a fact that *most people die too soon—or live too long!* In other words, most people die before they've had *time* to save enough money to meet all future needs . . . or they live *longer* than the money they've set aside can be made to stretch.

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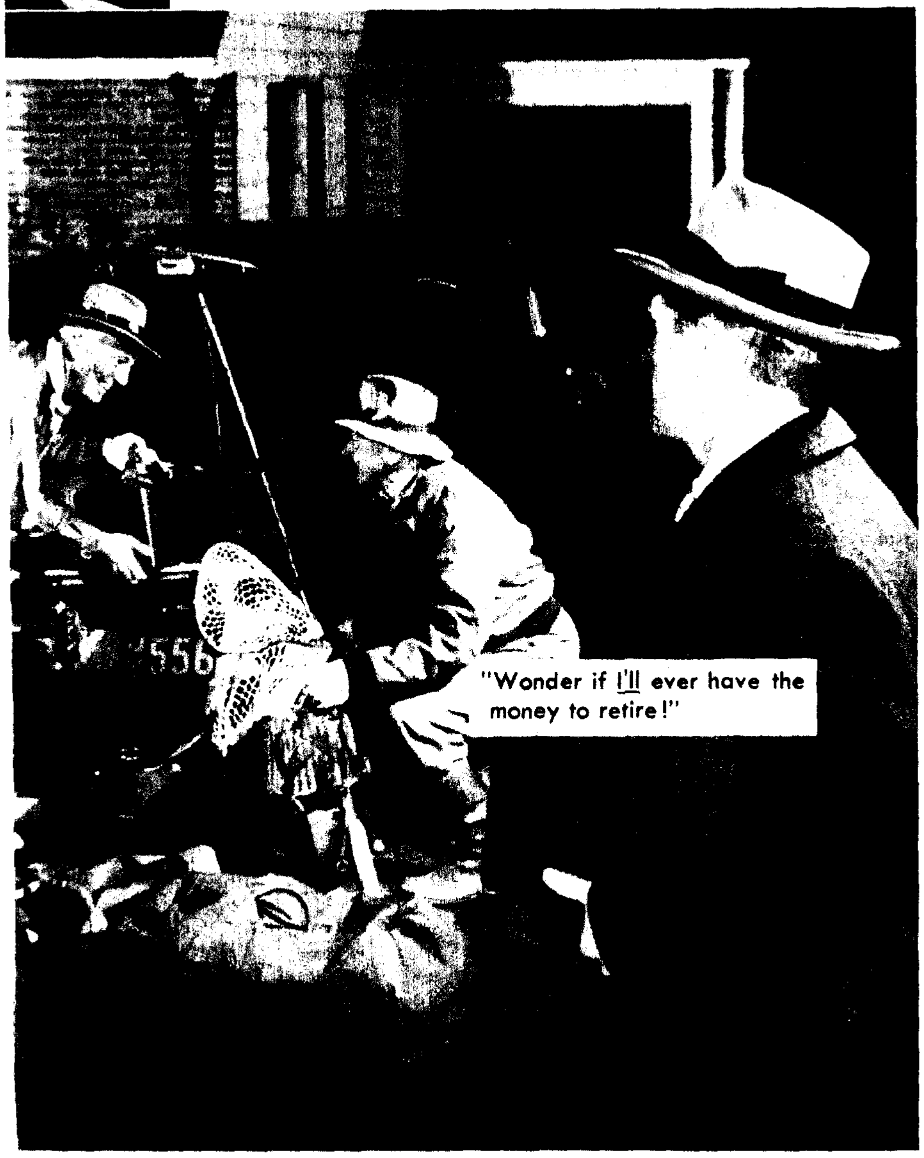
"Wonder if I'll ever have the money to retire!"

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ALEMITE
To Keep these Giant Ladles of Molten Metal on the Move…on Schedule!
A PRODUCT OF
SW
STEWART WARNER

No Tax on Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

mind. Everything about this girl spelled in fiery letters the word MARRIAGE! I did not care for that. I did not care to be true to the little girl back home. My business took me to various cities, and I had various contacts in those cities which I did not want to lose. Careful, Carmody, I said to myself, and went out to get the coffee.

"Your arithmetic was right the first time," she said when I came in. "Two thousand one hundred and forty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents is correct."

"It can't be correct," I protested. "For one thing I don't have two thousand one hundred and forty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents."

"Look, silly," she said. "Your income tax isn't withheld. But you must have made quarterly payments. All this amounts to is your fourth quarter. You forgot to fill in page one, item six B. Payments on Declaration of Estimated Tax."

"You're wonderful," I said.

"How much have you paid?"

"Two hundred dollars each quarter," I said.

"That's only six hundred dollars," she said. "You still owe fifteen hundred. How in the world could you have underestimated your tax by so much?"

"I only had a couple of hundred to spare last March," I said. "And I expected to have a bad year. I thought it might be luckier if I acted pessimistic."

She shook her head and gave me a melting look. "You need someone to look after you," she said.

I quivered like an aspen. I mean it almost got me. It would have got me if I hadn't been so experienced. This girl now knew my income, she had probably estimated the value of my furniture, and was already deciding in her mind where to put the piano. She was the worst type of predatory female—the reformer type.

I HAD had sad experience with friends. You have a bosom pal, and some girl says softly, "George, you drink too much," or, "Philip, why don't you cut down on your smoking?" and George or Philip, as the case may be, suddenly disappears and the next time you see him he's standing in front of a supermarket with a sappy look on his kisser and hanging on to a baby carriage.

"I notice," the girl said, "that you took the standard deduction."

"Seemed simpler that way," I admitted.

"You shouldn't do it the easy way," she said, reproving me. "The government only wants you to pay your share."

"The government wants my blood," I said, but she wasn't paying attention.

"Let's look into deductions," she said. "First, we'll take contributions." She looked brightly at me. I didn't say anything. "Well," she said, "what did you contribute to last year?"

"Mostly girls," I said.

"What?"

"I don't believe they're deductible," I said. "Some oversight on the part of the tax committee. There must be something."

"Didn't you go to church?" she said. "Not even once?"

"Well," I mumbled, "I really meant to, but what with one thing and another—"

"No money to the church," she said coldly. "How much did you give the community chest?"

"I think I was in Buffalo when they had the drive," I said. "It was either Buffalo or Cleveland."

"You mean you made all this money," she said, "and you didn't give one red cent to charity?"

"I was in Buffalo or Cleveland," I said plaintively. "Maybe Toledo."

She made me feel like a heel. She embarrassed me the way no female had embarrassed me since Miss Quigley, who taught fifth grade. I expected any moment she would send me downstairs to see the principal. I had an urge to defend myself. "It sounds bad," I said, "but these things don't catch up with me. I live alone, I'm out of town a lot. When I'm here I'm not here, if you follow me."

"Yes," she said, "I've often heard you stumbling in late at night."

"I don't stumble. It's just that the light's dim and it's hard to find the lock and the key doesn't fit very well anyhow."

"H'm," she said doubtfully. She looked at my tax form. "No dependents," she said. "Aren't you sorry you aren't married and have children?"

I thought of all the married guys I knew, staying home night after night and bringing six-hundred-dollar tax exemptions into the world year after year.

"That is strictly for the birds," I said. "It doesn't pay off. I figured it out one time. I know a guy who spent more than the exemption on one kid's teeth in one year. And the way that kid eats. I saw her—"

SHE got up from my desk. Her eyes were shooting sparks again. "Is that what marriage and a home mean to you?" she said. "You have it all figured out in dollars and cents."

"Listen," I said, "I was only speaking from the tax viewpoint."

"I don't care to listen to any explanation," she said, and hurried across the room and out the door.

"Thanks for your help," I called after her. "Have you any suggestions about what a guy does who can't cough up his tax money?"

"One," she said, turning on the stairs to shoot sparks out of her eyes at me. "Rot in jail."

She ran upstairs, and her door banged. I went out and looked at her mailbox. Her name was Sally Willows, and I had to consider the possibility that she had not tossed out her net. It seemed barely possible that not only did she want no part of me but that she considered me a stinker.

I went to bed and listened to her playing crashing chords on the piano. I thought about the girls and the night clubs and my car with leopard-skin upholstery. There was a mirror on the wall across the room, and, looking at my reflection in the mirror, I seemed to get smaller and smaller. I tried to think of nice things I had done, old ladies I had helped across the street, stray dogs I had petted. I couldn't think of anything but business.

It was ironic. I had thought she wanted to reform me. She didn't, but suddenly I wanted to be reformed. I thought a good night's sleep might cure me but I didn't have a good sleep, not even after Sally stopped banging the piano with a final booming chord that sounded like the crack of doom.

In the morning, when I got up, I didn't have that old zip that is an essential attribute of the peddler, regardless of whether he sells electric switches, phony oil stock, or vacuum cleaners, door to door.

I went to work, and my secretary watched me for a while, then said, "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing," I said, "except that for some reason I can't get excited about electric switches this morning. I even feel this morning that the world might be better off without electric switches. This is contrary to progress, and financial suicide to a man in my position."

"It's probably the weather," my secretary said. "The ides of March."

It wasn't the weather, the ides, or even the tax. It was Sally. "Hold the fort," I said, and went down to the corner drugstore and brooded over a cup of coffee.

Sally had told me the law firm she worked for was Walters, Upham & Bristol. I looked them up, and the office was two blocks away. Ten minutes later, I opened the door and saw Sally peering into a file in an adjoining room.

I ignored the receptionist and walked through the doorway to tap Sally on the shoulder. "Good morning," I said. "I was hoping we could continue our discussion of last night."

She jumped, and I realized we were not alone. An executive was giving me a stony appraisal from behind a formidable desk. About my age, he was dressed like a well-to-do, conservative undertaker.

"This is Mr. Alfred Bristol," Sally said.

"Good morning," I said. "I have a tax problem. I'm short about fifteen hundred—"

"Fifteen hundred," Bristol said. He looked past me at Sally. "Is this the bird you were telling me about? The one who hammered on the ceiling?" He gave me a look that lawyers usually reserve for witnesses caught in perjury. "We can't help you," he said. "But I'll give you a little legal advice, chum. Don't annoy Miss Willows again. You'll get your ears pinned back. Show him the door."

Sally opened it and showed me. Short of calling brother Bristol a big bum, I couldn't think of anything to say. I glanced at Sally and eased out the door like a panhandler. Sally came out with me and shut the door.

"You can borrow the money somewhere, can't you?" she said.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," I said. "I am prepared to take my medicine."

SHE was a very attractive girl when she was angry. "Oh, don't be ridiculous," she said. "You made a very good income and you spent it foolishly and now you have to pay the piper. That's all there is to it, and there's no earthly reason for anyone to feel sorry for you."

"You're absolutely right," I said. "I don't want your sympathy. I want you to upbraid me and call me names. How about tonight? There's a place called The Roost. They have wonderful steaks and a piano player who's out of this world."

"This is March the fourteenth," Sally said impatiently, "and you can't go out tonight. You're impossible. Besides, I have a date." She tried to look disapproving, but I knew I was right. Basically that girl was the reformer type. She couldn't help herself.

The door opened, Alfred stuck his fat head out, and that ended that. I went back to my office. The elevator was going down, so I went past it to the stairway and hurried up to my second-floor hide-out.

"Any calls?" I asked my secretary.

"Nothing important," she said. "Some woman just left. She was soliciting for something or other. I didn't find out what."

I remembered seeing a woman waiting for the elevator outside my office, and I hurried back into the hallway.

"Were you looking for me?" I said.

"I'm collecting for the Children's Home," she said. "This is our annual drive."

"Come right in," I said, and led the way back to my office. She explained about the Children's Home, and I cut her short.

"It sounds like a very worthy cause," I said, reaching for my wallet. "Put me down for five dollars."

"Thank you," the woman said.

"On second thought," I said, "make it ten." I took another five from my wallet.

"That's wonderful," the woman said.

"What can you do with ten dollars these days?" I said. I put another ten on top of the two fives, while the woman beamed.

"What will twenty dollars get you in this town?" I said, and put the money back in my wallet. I reached for my checkbook. "Make it fifty," I said, and then I wrote her a check for a hundred dollars.

MY SECRETARY stared at me wide-eyed as the woman left. "Make a note of that," I said brusquely. "I can deduct it from next year's income tax."

I sat back in my chair, and a small glow filled me. It was unusual; I usually didn't achieve a glow until about twenty minutes after I'd left the office at night. It couldn't possibly be the drugstore coffee; it had to be that century I'd parted with.

"It is better to give than to receive," I said to my secretary. "Do you have any little tax exemptions around the house?"

I could hardly wait to tell Sally about the hundred dollars. I had a cockeyed notion she would feel differently about me. Instead of being a stinker, I would now be True Blue Dan Carmody, the people's friend.

Five o'clock seemed forever coming. I had dinner downtown and drove home. It was March fourteenth and the deadline was approaching but I was going to forget the tax for a few minutes.

I went up to Sally's apartment. The door was part open. I knocked on it gaily and called, "Oh, Sally, are you in? I have something important to tell you."

She appeared suddenly but not alone. Alfred Bristol gave me a cold legal look over her shoulder.

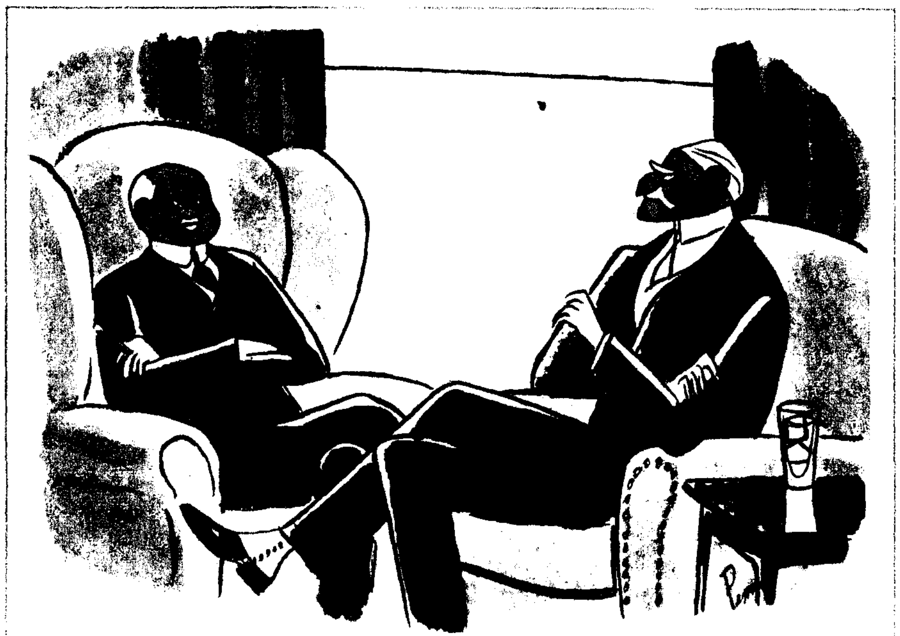
"What did you want?" Sally said. Alfred began to splutter indignantly.

"I wanted to ask you about the Children's Home," I said. "Is it all right?"

"What do you mean—all right?" Sally said. "It's a charitable institution doing wonderful work. What about it?"

"That's all I wanted to know," I said smugly. "I gave them a small contribution this morning—a mere bagatelle—a hundred dollars—and I just wanted to check that it's a legitimate outfit and they aren't feeding the kids reefers or something."

I felt fine. I felt light on my feet, with



"I know I make a hundred thousand a year, but what have I got left after taxes and a certain Miss Pringle?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

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All this has been made possible by the long-range planning of the largest single engineering department in the industry—planning that has introduced to the American road a new standard of all-round motor car ability—the Ford for '52!

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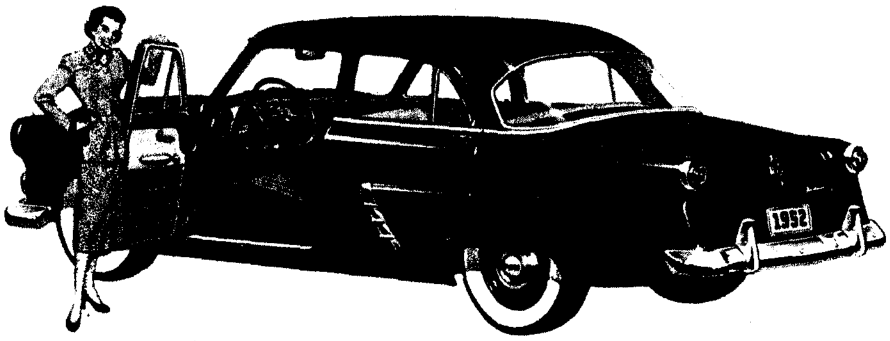

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Styled to Stay Beautiful.. Built to Stay Young

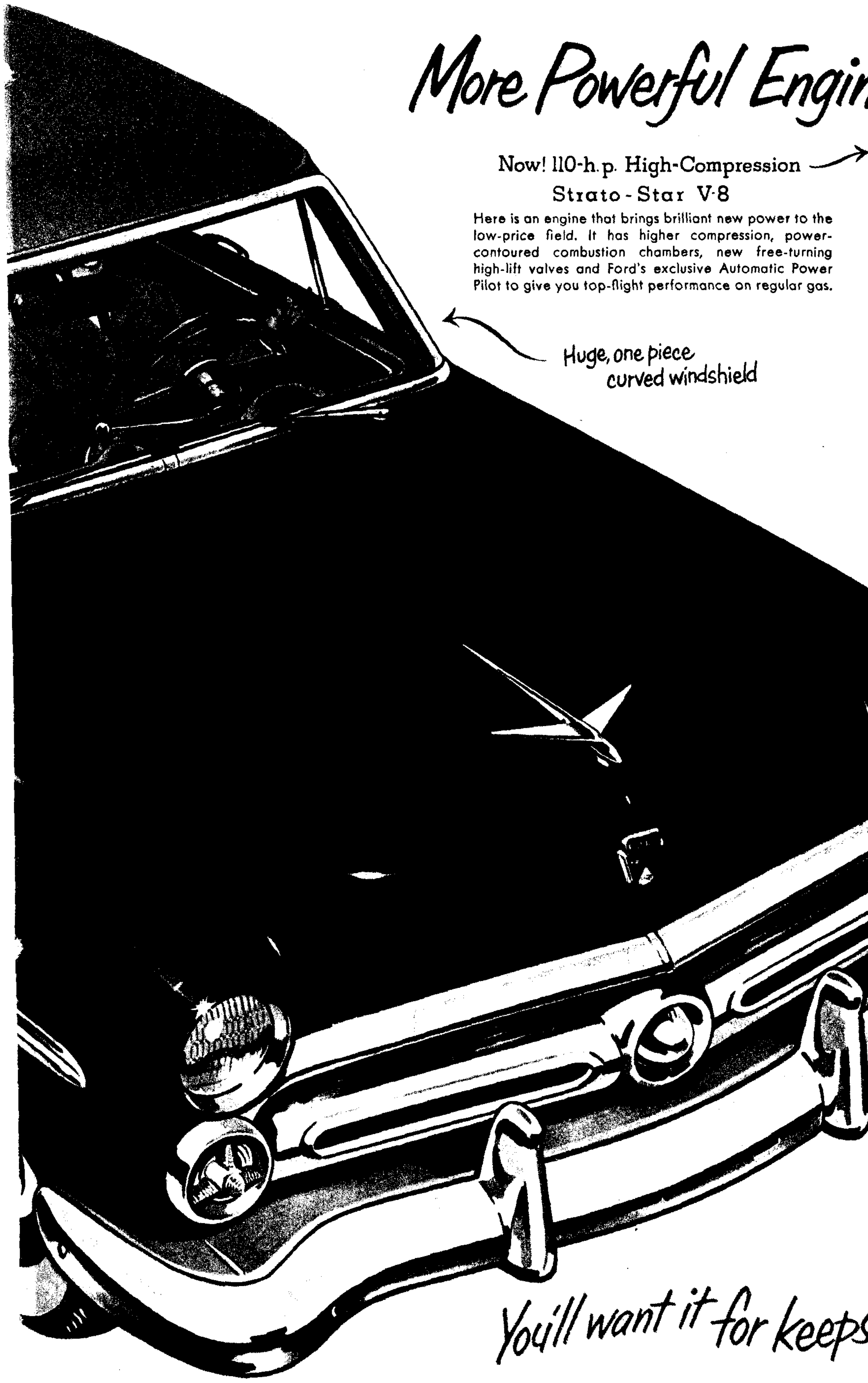
For 1952, Ford brings you a completely new body design that incorporates the most modern advancements in body engineering, and the newest techniques in fine coachwork. New hull-tight construction seals out weather, dust and noise. New one-piece curved windshield and car-wide rear window give you Full-Circle Visibility. Beautifully appointed interiors bring you the widest choice of color and upholstery combinations in the low-price field.

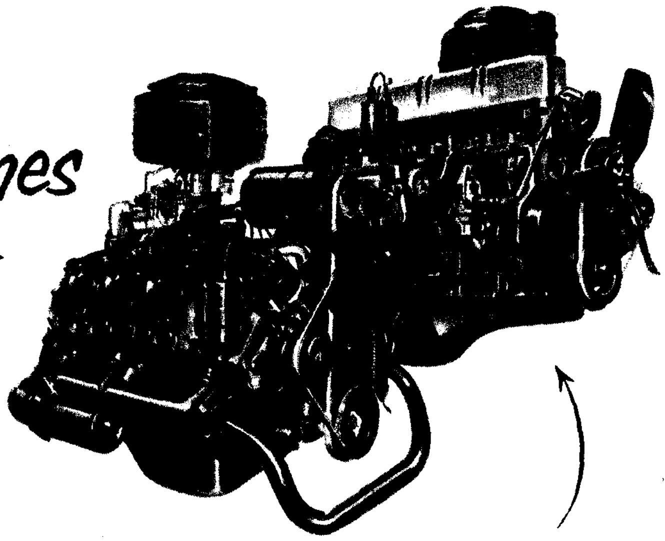
New Automatic Ride Control

Wider Front Tread - Longer Rear Springs

The '52 Ford brings you riding comfort that's new to its field. New rear springs are longer. New rear shock absorbers are diagonally mounted. Front springs are tailored to the weight of each model. The front tread is wider—the center of gravity is lower. These features of Ford's new Automatic Ride Control combine to give you a smooth, level ride whatever the road—and take the tilt out of turns.

"Test Drive" the big new 1952 FORD. . . the greatest car ever built in the low-price field!





More Powerful Engines

Now! 110-h.p. High-Compression
Strato-Star V-8

Here is an engine that brings brilliant new power to the low-price field. It has higher compression, power-contoured combustion chambers, new free-turning high-lift valves and Ford's exclusive Automatic Power Pilot to give you top-flight performance on regular gas.

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And, here is the finest, most modern Six in the industry! Its high-compression, low-friction design, with free-turning overhead valves—plus Ford's exclusive Automatic Power Pilot—give you the economy of more "go" per gallon—and without the use of premium fuel!

With either of Ford's great engines for 1952 you have your choice of three great drives: Conventional, Overdrive or Fordomatic Drive—finest and most versatile in the low-price field. Only Ford in its price class gives you a choice of all three.

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You'll want it for keeps!

White sidewall tires (if available), Fordomatic and Overdrive optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.

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. . . that socially alert woman whose poise you have admired and perhaps envied

The secret of feminine poise is the knowledge that "everything is right"—seen or unseen. And on *those critical days* each month, Tampax can be a helpful contributor to that feeling of surety and confidence. For Tampax is "another kind" of monthly sanitary protection—neat, dainty and compact beyond the dreams of users of the older belt-and-pin type.

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Be like millions of other modern girls and women—*try Tampax*. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. No embarrassment at disposal time. Tampax can cause no ridge-lines under dresses, slacks or swim suits. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average full month's supply will slip right into purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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a halo round my head, and I waited for approval.

Alfred moved front and center. "Listen," he said, "do you think Miss Willows is the kind of girl who is going to be impressed by a little casual gesture?"

"A hundred fish to me at this juncture, Alfred," I said, "is not so casual as you might think."

"She couldn't care less," Alfred said. "You *would* be the kind of person who thinks her regard can be bought for a hundred dollars."

"Well," I said, "some girls come higher, I know. Mink coats and such. But Sally is different—"

"Just a minute, Alfred," Sally said. "You didn't give them a hundred dollars. You couldn't have."

"I decided to reform," I said. "You made me do it. Aren't you pleased?"

She held her head in her hands, and gave me a hopeless look.

"You were so nice to me," I amplified.

"I don't remember being nice," Sally said. "I disapprove of people like you."

"The way you looked at me," I said. "The things you told me. You changed all my ideas about girls. The way you said you wanted to take care of me—"

"I never said that," Sally protested, blushing furiously.

"You said I needed someone to take care of me, Sally," I reminded her.

"What I meant," Sally said, "was that you belong in an institution."

Alfred laughed. He was finding it very amusing.

"That's where I'll be," I said. "Do you know where they send people who can't pay their taxes, Alfred? I suppose it would be a federal rather than a state prison."

"You don't really think you'll go to jail," Sally said.

"I'd like to send you an X-marks-my-cell post card," I said humbly. "But perhaps you'd rather not get mail from a convict."

I let my shoulders sag and turned and went slowly downstairs.

A FEW minutes later, I heard them leave the apartment. I went over to my desk and began again on my income tax. It came out the same. I should have been worried about it, but it was only money and I was more concerned about Sally and Alfred.

They came back at ten and went to her apartment, which worried me even more, and, on an impulse, I went up after them and tapped at the door. Alfred was no longer amused. "We've had about enough trouble from you," he snapped.

"I have a last request," I said. "As you know, Sally, this is March fourteenth and I may not be around after tomorrow. I wonder if you would do me a favor. Would you mind playing the piano for me? I will sit downstairs and listen to it. Thank you."

I went downstairs without waiting for an answer and with my fingers crossed. A minute later I heard the piano. I thought it sounded wonderful but evidently Alfred had no ear for music because five minutes later he was banging on my door.

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you?" he said, when I opened up.

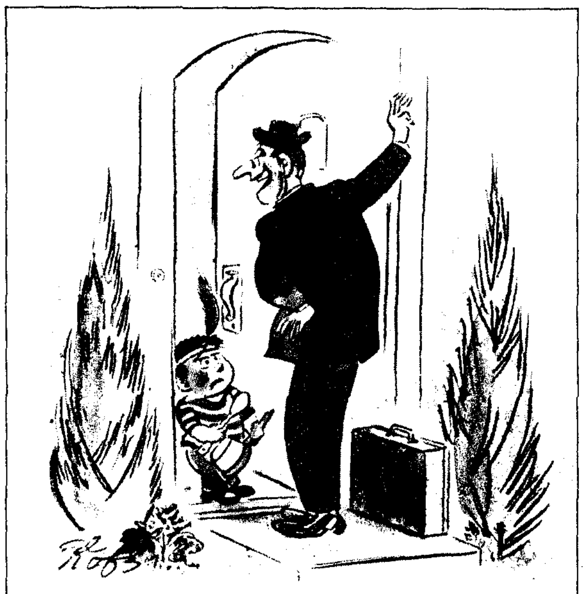
He glared at me and hurried out of the apartment building. I watched him stride down to the street and get behind the wheel of his car. He tramped on the starter and nothing happened. He got out and started up the walk. I couldn't have him seeing Sally again; I rushed out to meet him.

"I'll give you a push, old man," I said. "My car's in the garage. Dead battery?"

"I think so," Alfred said glumly.

I looked at his car, which was conservative like himself, and I got a sudden notion. Keeping it under my hat for the nonce, I went to the garage for my car and wheeled it into position behind his on the street.

I opened the door wide and let Alfred get a good look at the leopard-skin upholstery.



"Oh, hello, sonny. Is your mother all in?"

COLLIER'S ED NOFZIGER

"Pretty snappy," he admitted grudgingly. "Convertibles never seemed very practical to me, however."

"Perhaps you're right," I said. "But spring is just around the corner, Alfred. You put the top down, you turn on the radio and head out along a country road with a girl beside you, curled up on the leopard-skin upholstery."

I let it ride right there for a minute; I let Alfred build the picture in his mind. "There's something about a convertible and spring and a pretty girl," I said gently, and Alfred stood and dreamed. "Your tires aren't so hot, either," I said. "I guess you're about ready to get another car."

ALFRED mused, then became practical. He listened to the motor, checked the mileage, walked around the car and came back to grin at me. It wasn't a romantic grin, however. It was a hardheaded business leer. "I'll give you fifteen hundred for it," he said. He thought he had me in a squeeze. He wanted Sally, but a sharp business deal was what he really loved.

"Forget it," I said angrily.

I got in my car and pushed him down the block. When his motor caught, I turned at the corner and went back to my apartment. Sally was still playing the piano. She was making quite a few mistakes. I took a look at the calendar and went to bed.

When I woke up, it was March fifteenth. I stopped off in the corner drugstore near my office for breakfast, and Sally came in. She looked at my plate of bacon and eggs.

"The condemned man ate a hearty meal," I said. "Will you join me?"

"Just coffee," Sally said. "Don't you wish you'd been less extravagant and wasteful during the year?"

"I certainly do," I said. "I'm turning over a new leaf. Will you go to church with me this Sunday if I'm still at large?"

"Oh, you're hopeless," Sally said. "You'd better let me buy the breakfast." We had a little wrestling match before I got her check. I paid, and we stepped outside.

"In case our paths never cross again, Sally," I said, "I want you to know that you will always be an inspiration to me to lead a better, finer life. I wonder if you would kiss me good-by."

She looked harried. "You're impossible. You're out of your mind. Oh, all right."

She stood on tiptoe, kissed me swiftly, and then ran down the street. I went broodingly back to my office. An unpleasant thought had occurred to me. Maybe she loved Alfred. He was certainly a more substantial citizen than I was. Maybe the convertible was all Alfred needed; it might convince Sally that Alfred had a spark of romance in his soul that she thought was lacking.

I put in a bad morning. After lunch, the telephone rang. Alfred said, "The banks close in half an hour. My offer still holds. Fifteen hundred. Take it or leave it."

I wanted to tell him off but I thought again of Sally. "I'll meet you at the Citizens Trust with the car and bill of sale in fifteen minutes," I said.

Alfred was jubilant at the bank. "I checked," he said smugly. "You could have got another hundred or so from my dealer. I got a bargain."

"More than you know," I said. I deposited his check and caught the crosstown bus on the corner. I spent a busy afternoon, and it was after seven when a taxi finally deposited me at my apartment.

I went inside, filled in the collector's copy of the tax form, clipped my check for the tax to it, put it in an envelope, sealed and stamped it, and started for the door. I was trying not to think about Sally but I had not heard a sound overhead. I didn't like to think where she might be but I didn't have any doubts.

I yanked open my door and there she was, standing on the threshold.

She thrust something at me. "It's every penny I can spare," she said, "and I'm sure you *don't* deserve any of it." She was pushing a handful of bills at me. "It's five hundred and forty dollars," she said. "It's a loan, and I expect you to pay me back." I stared at her. "Don't look like that," she said. "I know I shouldn't do it. I can't help myself. It's in the blood. My father was one of those lovable, worthless characters. My mother was trapped and so am I but this is as far as I go."

I took her purse and put her money back in it. "Would you like to walk down to the mailbox with me?" I said. "I can't ride you down because I don't have a car. I sold my car to Alfred. I wonder what happened to him. Maybe he wrecked it."

"Was that your car?" she said. "He brought me home, driving by way of the next county. What a convertible did to him! You should have seen him. On second thought, maybe it's just as well you didn't. I had to slap his face."

I started to laugh but then I thought of her offering me that money. She was too good for Alfred and too good for me. I took her arm and walked sadly toward the street.

On the sidewalk, the garage night man came toward us. I grinned at him as we passed, and he turned and said, "The boy's fine, Mr. Carmody. Going out for the ball team this spring."

"What's that about?" Sally said as we walked on.

"His son was hurt," I said. "Had a stiff knee. He was being treated by some butcher. I knew a very good orthopedic man and I sent the kid to him."

WE WERE walking toward the mailbox, and Sally clutched my arm. She was all excited, hopping up and down. "The money," she said. "Who paid for it? Did you pay for an operation?"

"Listen, Sally," I said, "it doesn't matter."

"You have to tell me," she insisted.

We had reached the mailbox. "If you must know, I paid for it," I said. "But it doesn't do me any good. I looked it up the first night I worked on my income tax. The law does not allow deductions for gifts to individuals, however worthy. End quote. So there's nothing to get excited about. It's not deductible."

"Who cares about that?" Sally cried. "I was thinking about you. It's wonderful. It makes all the difference."

I looked at her over the mailbox. Her eyes were shining, and I felt all choked up. I took hope again. Opening the slot, I slid Uncle Sam's cut inside, just before the deadline.

"Sally," I said to her rather huskily, "how about you and I filing a joint return next year?" THE END

The Generals Call Me "Mom"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

by the other officers on the General Staff. I do not believe he had many close friends; he did not encourage closeness. He felt keenly the grave responsibilities of his office and was deeply dedicated to the job of building and maintaining an efficient Army—a thankless and often futile task in peacetime.

He hardly ever left his inner office during working hours; as the months went by, many of us built up a mental image of our Chief of Staff as a cold and unresponsive person, withdrawn into himself.

On a Community Chest Drive

Yet this man was not above admitting a mistake, as I (of all people) soon discovered.

It came about this way. I had—and still have—the job of collecting donations and pledges, in the Chief of Staff area, for the community chest drive; of course, I always aim at getting 100 per cent participation. In 1931, when I had finished making the rounds, except for General MacArthur himself, I went to the secretary of the General Staff, Colonel Clement Wright (no relation of mine), and asked him to mention the drive to the chief. Nonsense, he said; why not ask him yourself?

He didn't have to suggest it twice. It was an opportunity I wouldn't have missed for the world.

The general was deep in paper, as we say in the Army, but he stood up as I entered and shook hands, then beckoned me to sit down. I stated my business as briefly as I could.

"General MacArthur," I began, "I know you have read in the papers and heard on the radio about the great drive for funds now going on, to help the unfortunate and needy. I am in charge of collections in the Chief of Staff area, and we are aiming at one hundred per cent . . ."

I got no further. The general stood up abruptly, looked down at me, and said crisply, "I have no time for beggars!"

I felt the blood drain from my face.

"General MacArthur, I am not a beggar," I blurted out, "but I have been given a job to do at the direction of the President of the United States and the Secretary of War, your superior officers!"

I had to get out of there. Blindly, I stumbled my way across the room, I let the door slam as I left, and rushed across the corridor into my own office, where the tears poured forth.

A moment later, Colonel Wright stormed in. "Rosemary, what in the world happened in there? The general's mad as a hornet!"

"He's no madder than I am," I said, and I told him just what had occurred. His eyes popped.

"But you can't talk to General MacArthur that way," he kept saying.

"I can't, but I did. And I'd do it again, too!"

He left, finally, after assuring me that the general hadn't understood what I was after.

Some days later, I passed General MacArthur in the corridor, as he was on his way home. He stopped me.

"Miss Wright," he began, extending his hand, "I want to apologize for going off half-cocked when you were in my office. I'm afraid I just didn't understand." He smiled down at me. "Let's be friends. I'd be more than happy if you will let me give you a donation for the worthy cause you represent."

So we got 100 per cent participation, after all; and I saw a great man reveal a quality of humility which helped round out the stern Army officer into the total man—a noble figure, in my humble opinion, and one of his nation's highest heroes.

We were friends for his remaining four years as Chief of Staff. Every time I saw him after that, he greeted me warmly.

I saw the human side of General MacArthur on several other occasions. In 1934, Mr. Adolf Gerhard, our chief clerk, retired at the age of seventy, and the general made a short, touching speech at the final ceremony, which was attended by Mr. Gerhard's family as well as by those of us who had known him throughout the years. When it was over, Captain T. J. Davis, who acted as the general's aide, asked me how the Gerhards were going to get home. I told him I would take them in my little car.

"Wait here a moment," he said, disappearing into the inner office.

When he came out, he was smiling. "The general insists you use his car," he said. "The chauffeur is waiting downstairs."

So Mr. Gerhard had the distinction of ending an honorable career in the service of his country by riding home in the Chief of Staff's great big limousine. And later, on the ride back to the office, I was proud as a peacock, perched on the back seat of that huge, black car, for all the world to see.

General MacArthur was very close to his family, and he used to go to his quarters at Fort Myer, Virginia, every day for lunch with his aged mother, who lived with him. He was neither a socialite nor one given to cocktail parties, and he seldom took leave.

When General MacArthur left, on October 1, 1935, he sent Captain Davis to give me an autographed photograph of himself. T.J. had been with him when he apologized to me in the corridor that day. "You should feel mighty proud," T.J. said, as he handed me the photograph. "I can tell you that Douglas MacArthur will never forget Rosemary Wright."

"You tell him," I answered in all humility, "that Rosemary Wright will never forget Douglas MacArthur!"

I guess I've spent almost all my adult life around Army brass, on duty and off. I learned to ride on General Billy Mitchell's horses, and I can thank one of Georgie Patton's spirited steeds for a broken ankle. Eddie Rickenbacker gave me my first plane ride, in 1929. Not bad company—and unique, I'd say, for someone who wasn't born of Army parents.

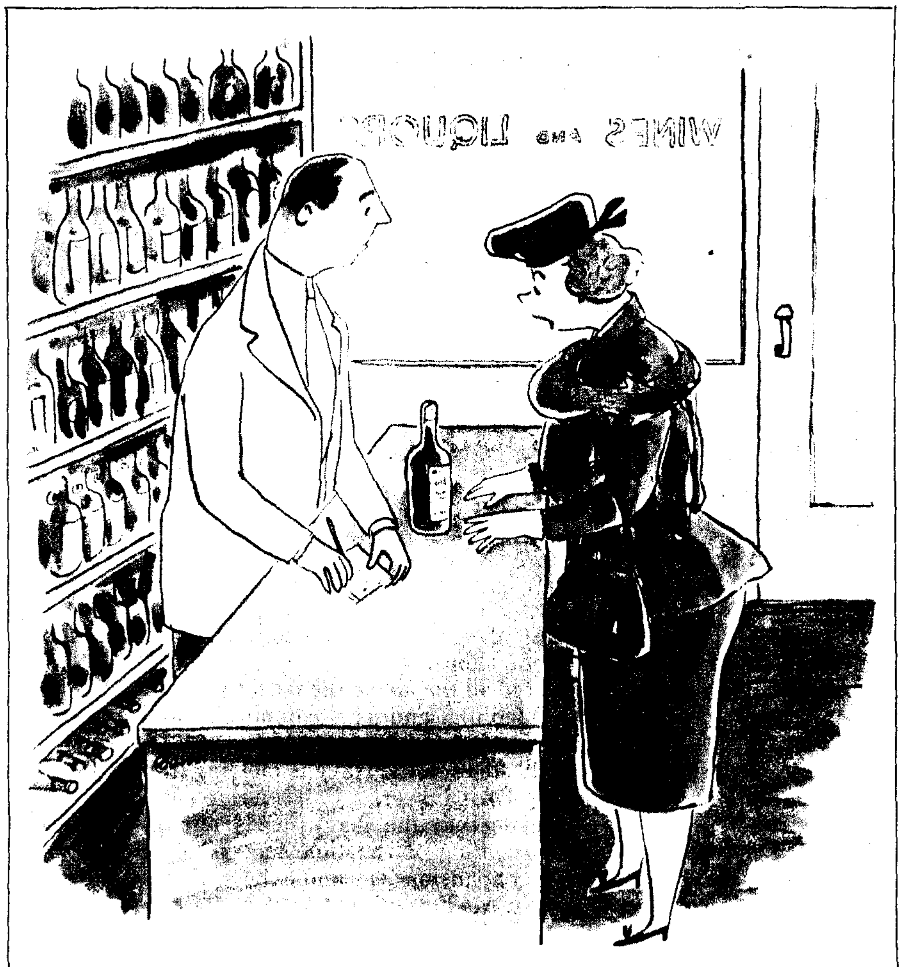
I was born on May 23, 1890, in Baraboo, Wisconsin, a small town some 40 miles north of Madison. Three years later, my father, who was a lawyer and judge, received a Presidential appointment as Chief of the Mineral Division in the old Land Office in Washington, D. C., so the family moved here. But I spent all my summers back in Baraboo where, among other things, the Ringling Brothers lived; they held their very first circus in my grandfather's barn. I was a chubby child, and Al Ringling used to tease me mercilessly and threaten to make me fat lady in his circus someday.

A Teacher Who Didn't Teach

I grew up in Washington and was graduated from Wilson Teachers College in 1912. But I didn't work; my father had died at the turn of the century, leaving us fairly well off, and life for me was a round of parties and luncheons. Then came 1917, and America's entry into World War I. Washington became a city of turbulence and turmoil; there was excitement in the air—and a shortage of civilian workers. When Melvin Hazen, a friend of the family who was chairman of a local draft board (he later became president of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia), asked me to go to work for him, I accepted gladly.

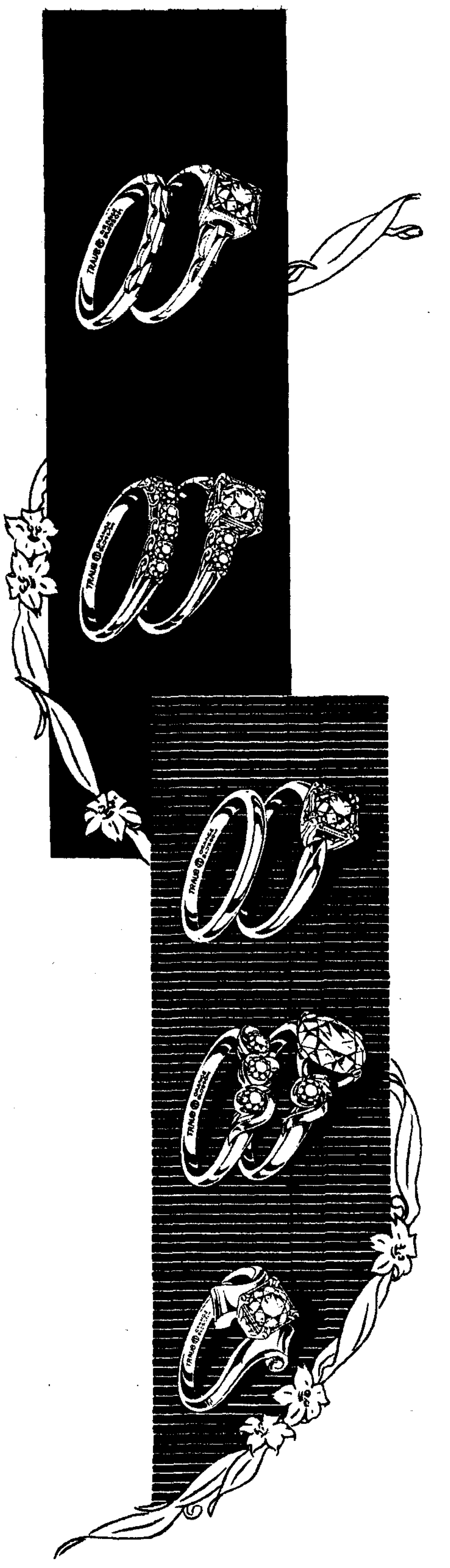
That was my introduction to government work. Not long afterward, I took and passed a civil service examination, and for the remainder of the war I was an index clerk in the Army's construction division. I loved it. I had planned to stay on only for the duration, but when the Armistice came in November, 1918, I realized I had found a wonderful new independence that I had never known before. So I stayed on.

Ultimately, I landed in the Supply Branch of the new Army G-4 (Logistics), and went to work in the State-War-Navy Building (which now contains the White



"Do you think that will be enough to unstuff a shirt?"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN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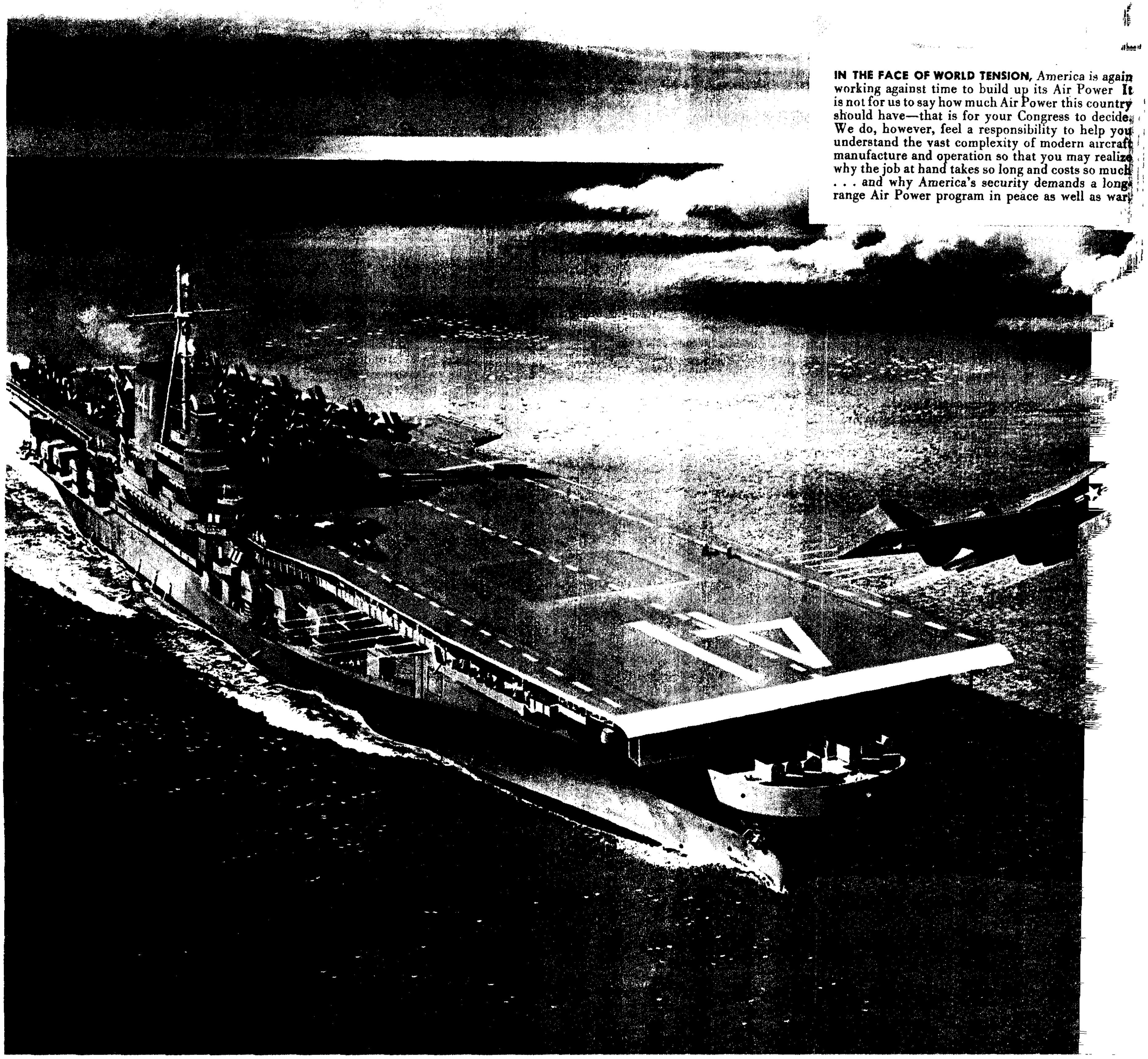


IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have—that is for your Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much . . . and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as war.

NEW CHANCE VOUGHT "CUTLASS", A TAILLESS TWIN-JET NAVY FIGHTER, IS CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF THE U.S.S. MID

YOUR NAVY IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB—

EXPANDING CARRIER AVIATION

When Japan surrendered in 1945, the United States Navy had 99 aircraft carriers ready for combat. Five years later, when war broke out in Korea, the number had dwindled down to 15—all the Navy could afford to operate on its limited appropriations.

In 1950 Congress voted emergency appropriations to start meeting today's urgent needs and to provide a basis for future planning.

But the truth is that no amount of money can rebuild the Navy's carrier forces overnight.

Months and months are needed just to make *one* new carrier "combat ready." For a carrier at sea is no less than a "floating air base" in itself.

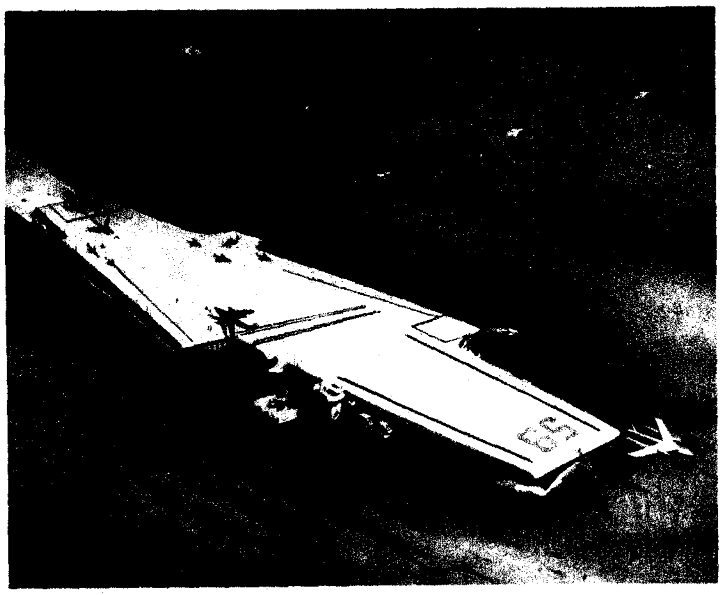
First it must have approximately 100 airplanes—top-performance aircraft—both jet and piston powered—designed and built to meet aviation's never-ceasing advances.

It must house over 3,000 men, providing them with sleeping quarters, kitchens, laundries, hospitals—any service which men at sea for months on end are likely to need.

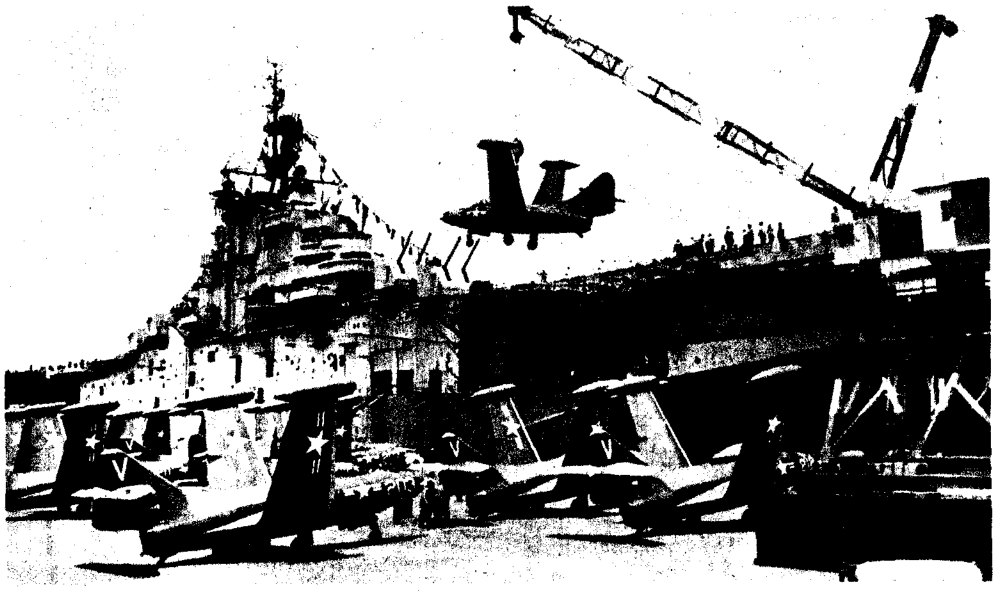
It must launch and land planes which get heavier and faster with every new design. And these planes must not only be manned—by pilots and air crewmen who require literally years of training—but they must be maintained. Proper maintenance means scores of skilled technicians and fully-equipped machine shops.

Add to all the above the need for training crews in ship-handling, gunnery, communications and other sciences, and you begin to see what a tremendously complicated job the Navy is tackling in just this one phase of Air Power.

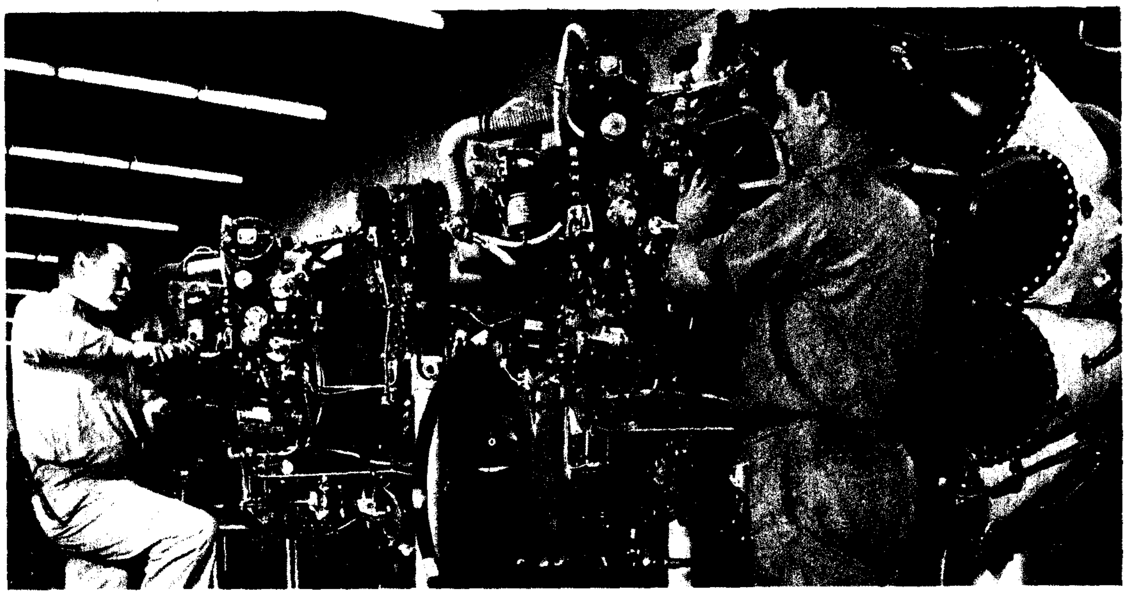
To succeed, the Navy needs a realistic public understanding of the time factors involved in Air Power expansion . . . and recognition of the hard fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained in peace if it is to be relied upon to help prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.



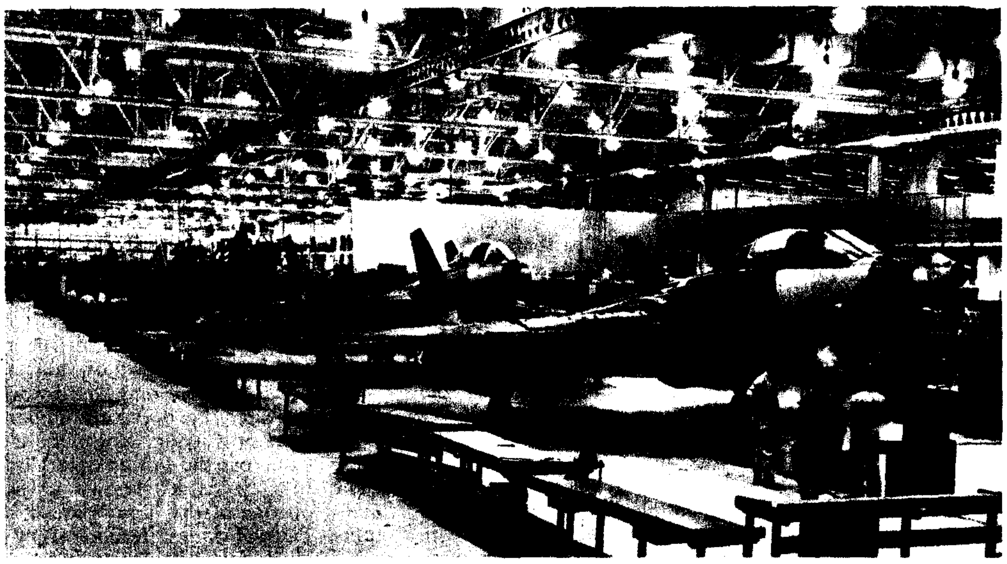
A CARRIER FOR THE FUTURE, the U. S. S. Forrestal will be the world's largest. Construction will begin this year, but she will not be ready to join the fleet until about 1955. Even moth-balled carriers from World War II, if they must be modernized to accommodate new and heavier types of aircraft, take over a year to be returned to service.



STRIKING POWER of a big Navy carrier consists of approximately 100 highly versatile airplanes—fighters (like these Grumman "Panthers" above), attack aircraft, and helicopters which must do everything from interception and ground support to dropping torpedoes and bombs. Manufacturers are currently tackling the difficult problems of greatly expanding the production of existing types of these complex aircraft, while at the same time speeding the development of new and improved types.



FLIGHT CREWS ARE KEY MEN of a carrier's team of 3,000. Fledgling pilots shown above are nearing the end of a rigorous 18-month training period during which they master such subjects as aerology, communications, jet engine operation, gunnery and navigation as well as flying. Almost equally complicated is the training of thousands of technicians (5 to each plane) to keep carrier aircraft flying. They are shown (above) learning jet engine maintenance at one of many training centers. They must be able to repair countless items—from radar wiring to firing mechanisms to jet afterburners—with which a modern airplane is equipped.



AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION is now considerably accelerated, thanks to hard work and close co-operation between Congress, the armed services and the aircraft industry; and in spite of shortages in machine tools and materials. But modern planes take longer to design and build. The Chance Vought "Cutlass" (above), for instance, is only now getting into quantity production, after six years of development. A typical modern fighter requires over eight times the engineering hours and 2½ times the factory labor of its World War II counterpart—but performance is decidedly superior.

TURBO-WA
ENGINE

ENGINES (like Pratt & Whitney Turbo-Wasps, above), with their thousands of component parts, pose problems equally great. Here again, years are required to design and develop new types—more years to expand to peak production. All these factors demonstrate that long-range peacetime planning—a consistent Air Power policy—is the soundest, most economical solution to air power problems.

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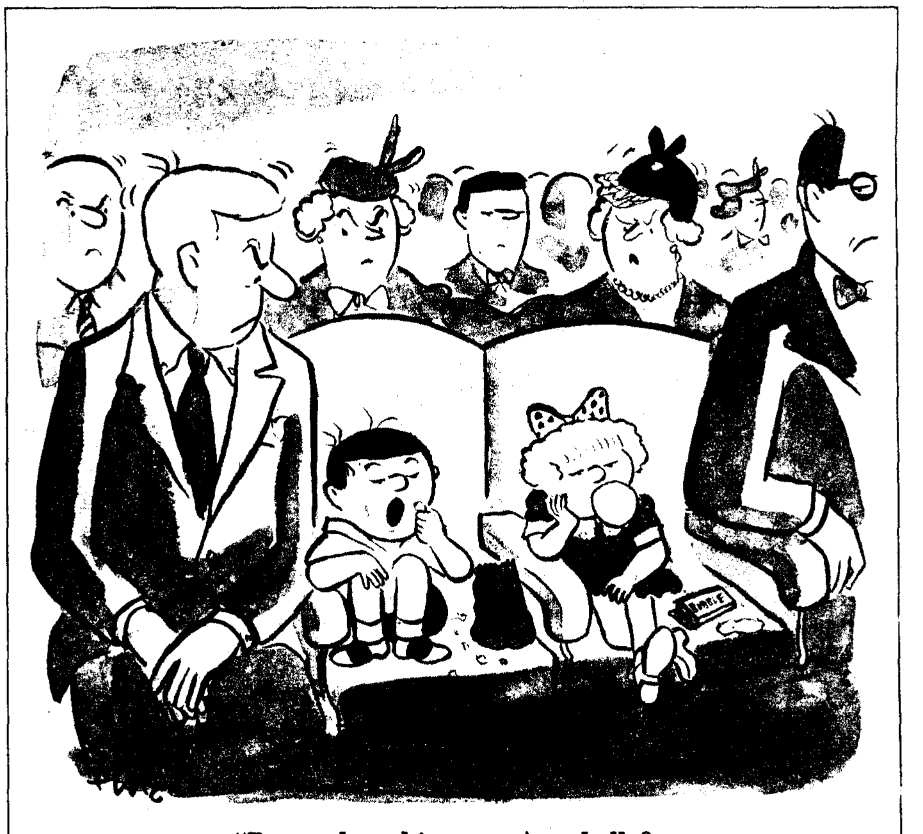


COLLIER'S

"Remember this part, Annabelle? He really isn't killed in the crash. He comes back and tries to kill the girl later on in the picture"

STAN FINE

House executive offices) at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. I was lucky enough to become secretary to Colonel George Sabin Gibbs, chief of the branch, a brilliant, stern-looking officer who had directed the laying of the military cable from Seattle to Alaska.

For the next three years, under Colonel Gibbs's expert tutelage and guidance, I came to know my way around the Army. From a neophyte who had gone into this work out of wartime patriotic motives, I grew to "belong"—and, with belonging, I felt a sense of pride and excitement at being responsible for even a small part of the vital job of defending our country. The Army personnel I worked with were, with rare exceptions, high-minded, intelligent, industrious officers; I'd like nothing better than to think some of those qualities rubbed off on me during those early years.

Girls Scared of a Colonel

The only officer I have ever been really afraid of in my entire life was Colonel Tenney Ross, executive officer of G-4 in 1921. A ramrod-straight, trim, extremely handsome officer of fifty, he had been a wartime infantry commander before being assigned to Washington. White hair and round, rosy cheeks made him appear friendly, but he acted as if he were still leading his regiment in battle—terse, short-tempered and very direct in his dealings with people. All of us girls were literally scared to death of him.

But eventually this officer, too, became a close friend of mine. It happened after I had gone to spend Thanksgiving with Melvin Hazen on his farm, called Pilgrim's Rest, near Manassas, Virginia. Uncle Melvin (as I always called him) was a well-known horseman; at that time, he was boarding some horses that belonged to George Patton and Billy Mitchell, while those officers were off on overseas tours of duty. On the day after Thanksgiving, one of Patton's best jumpers threw me, and as a result I was laid up with a multiple fracture of my left ankle.

Three months later, when I returned to work, hobbling on crutches, the first person I met was Colonel Ross. He looked at me for a moment, then said, almost curtly, "Where have you been?" I told him.

"You look awful. How'd you get here?"

"Cab."

"I'll take you home tonight," he said, abruptly, "in my car."

From that night on, this officer, whom I had feared so dreadfully, picked me up every morning outside my home and drove me back every night. When he was away or worked late, he always arranged for another colonel or even a general to do the honors. Outside the office, Tenney Ross was a completely captivating human being, I found—warm, humorous, outgiving. Since that time, I have been honored by his and his wife's close friendship.

Brigadier General Billy Mitchell, assistant to the chief of what was then called the Army Air Service, was a frequent visitor at Pilgrim's Rest and I often rode horseback with him and Uncle Melvin. One day, as the three of us were sitting around on the porch, a small plane flew overhead.

"Mel," Billy Mitchell said, "that plane is flying at about 100 miles an hour. Some day they'll go 300." There was wonder in his voice.

"Billy, you're crazy," said Uncle Melvin. He wasn't the only one who thought Billy Mitchell was crazy, back then.

There were many memorable moments during those years.

In 1921, a boyish-looking, gaunt major reported for duty in our office. His name was Wainwright, and he sat in the room next to mine; I came to know him as always affable, eager and hard-working. Some time later, he became commanding officer of the 3d Cavalry Regiment at Fort Myer, just across the Potomac in Virginia.

The 3d Cav, as it's known to us old hands, was one of the Army's crack riding outfits. Every Friday afternoon, they used to hold "monkey drills," a regular circus, jumping through hoops of fire, standing on their mounts as they went through the paces, showing off their horsemanship with the intense pride and *esprit de corps* that has always characterized the cavalry.

One day, my sister Kathryn called and asked if I could get tickets to the exhibition for her and a friend and their seven children. I didn't want to bother Wainwright, so I called his adjutant, who obliged by sending me tickets for the following Friday. On Friday night, Kathryn phoned to thank me and to say what a wonderful afternoon they'd had. When they drove up, she said, a tall, thin officer who was standing outside the riding hall had come over to the car, smiling.

"Is this Miss Wright's gang?" he asked. "My name's Wainwright. I've saved a box in the center of the front row so the children will be sure to see everything."

That was Skinny Wainwright, a paragon of thoughtfulness. After all these years, I want Skinny to know that five of those seven kids to whom he was so kind were out in the Pacific a few years ago, doing their bit to end the war and to liberate him from a Japanese prison.

A Birthday and a Retirement

On September 13, 1924, General of the Armies John J. Pershing marked his sixty-fourth birthday by retiring as Chief of Staff. That morning, all the General Staff officers, polished and prim in their best uniforms, were lined up in the corridor outside his office, waiting to pay their respects. I was standing on the stairway, watching the star-spangled procession, when my friend, Colonel Julian R. Lindsey, came by, and I said to him, half kidding, "Lend me your cap, Colonel, I'd like to tell him good-by; he's my Chief of Staff, too."

"Get back to your desk," he said curtly. He talked that way. I got.

Ten minutes later, he came over and said, "General Pershing will tell you good-by at noon, so gather up your girls and go on down there."

I was able to find only six who weren't too scared to come along with me. I held open the door to the general's office and ushered them in; they lined up, shook the retiring general's hand, and said, quietly, "Good-by, General Pershing." He smiled at each of them and answered, "Good-by, good-by."

Suddenly, I realized how many times that morning he must have heard those same words, and answered with the same words; so, when my turn came I shook hands with him, and said, "Happy birthday, General Pershing. My best wishes are with you always!"

His eyes glowed in appreciation. "God bless you, my child," he said (I was thirty-four), and patted me on the shoulder.

That afternoon, Colonel George Adamson, military secretary to the general, phoned, to my great surprise, and said, "Miss Wright, the general was most pleased with your birthday greetings. He wants to know if you would like an autographed photograph of him."

I was thrilled. That became the very first in my highly cherished picture collection—I have well over a hundred by now—of our country's great military figures, inscribed with personal messages to me.

It was on June 28, 1928, that my big break came. I was asked to transfer to the office of the secretary of the General Staff, to handle the military personnel administrative work. Although I hated to leave my good friends in G-4, I accepted, thrilled at the prospect of working with the very highest Army echelon of all. My G-4 boys promptly dubbed me Top Sergeant.

Young "Ike" Eisenhower was already making a name for himself in the early thirties as a fine staff officer, and, in 1933, General MacArthur requested his transfer to the Chief of Staff's office. Ike sat at a small desk, not far from the chief's inner sanctum.

I've been asked frequently what Eisenhower was like in those days, whether he had the tinge of greatness upon him even then. And I always answer, in all candor and honesty, that while he impressed us as a very friendly, warm and capable person, he was just another bright junior officer; certainly he was a "comer," but then they all were or they wouldn't have been serving in such a high office.

Ike and Captain T. J. Davis accompanied General MacArthur to the Philippines in 1935 as his aides, when the general became military adviser to President Manuel Quezon; so I didn't get to see him again until shortly after war broke out—and thereby hangs a tale.

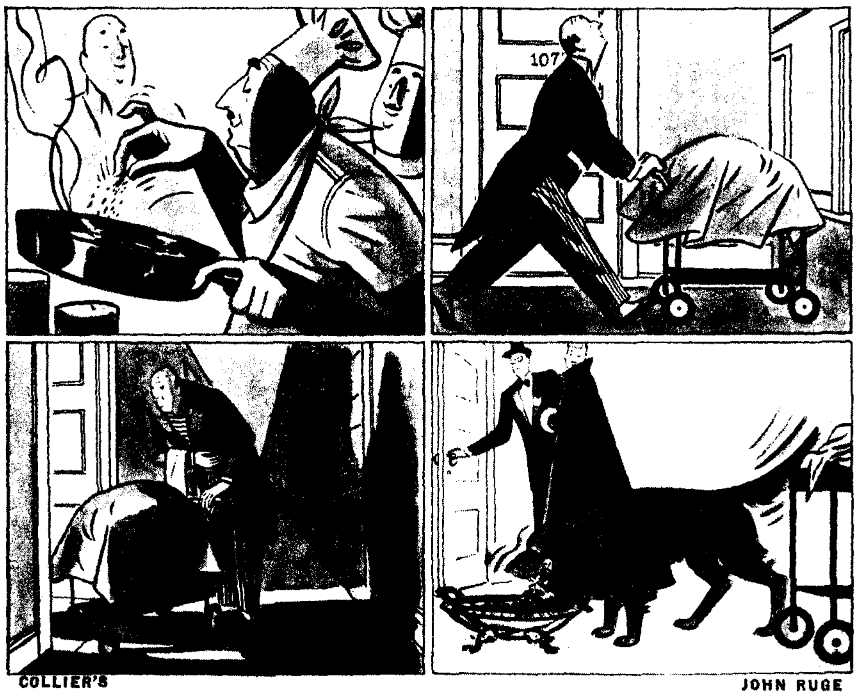
I'd been promising myself a long vacation for some time, and I decided to take one, beginning on Thanksgiving of 1941. I wanted to get as far away as possible from the Washington madhouse, to see some new faces and new places, so I had arranged for a Cook's Tour of Mexico; I was to pick up the tour in San Antonio, Texas, on November 24th, a Monday.

A week earlier, I had asked permission to go on leave from Colonel Walter Bedell Smith, then secretary of the General Staff. "Sure, Rosemary," he had said, "but don't forget to get all your shots at the dispensary. You're going to a foreign country, remember."

So, I'd had my shot for yellow fever, and my vaccination, and the rest of them, including the first of three typhoid shots. Five days later, I got my second typhoid. But when the nurse said to come back on Monday for the final one, I protested, "I'll be in San Antonio then." She murmured that there was a dispensary in San Antonio, wasn't there?

Back in my office, I found a roster of Third Army Headquarters officers. Near the top of the list was my old friend, Ike Eisenhower, now a brigadier general, assigned as Chief of Staff of the Third Army;

CLANCY



When you take a trip—
—take it easy

When you go Pullman, you don't have to get in a big lather and rush away an hour or two early. Railroad stations are so convenient you can usually do a full day's work and still have time to make the train.

As soon as you get on, you can slip into the lounge car and forget business. If you have any little jobs that need doing, you can button them up in comfort and privacy as you travel. When you're finished, you can ease yourself in between snow-white sheets and get a good night's rest.

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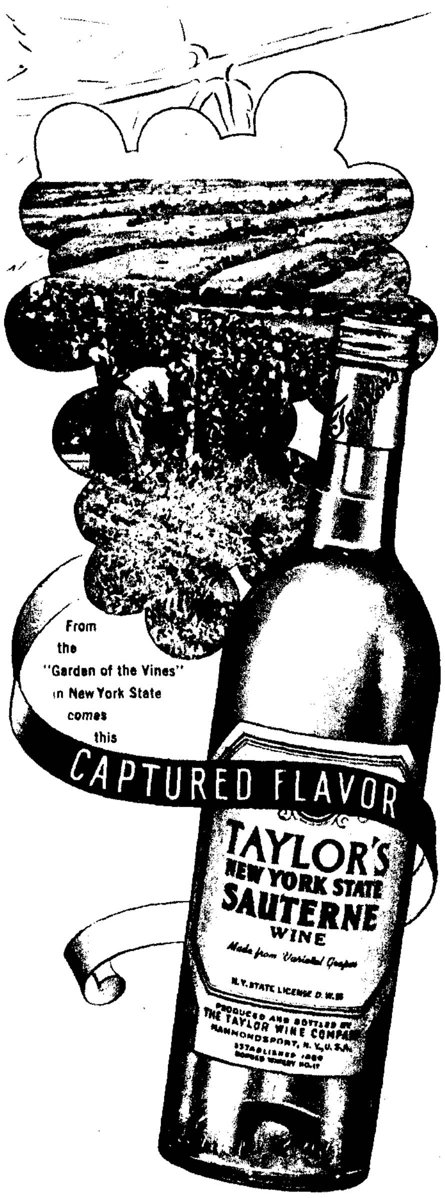


From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

and right under his name were three more old friends, Colonel William C. Hutt, Colonel Walter O. Rawls and Colonel William F. Robinson. I dashed off a letter, addressing it to all four:

"Whichever one of you gets this first, please make arrangements for me to get a third typhoid shot on Monday, the 24th. I'm on my way to Mexico for a vacation. I'll arrive in San Antonio on Sunday about 3:00 P.M. and will stay at the Plaza. Please leave word where and when I'm to report for the shot. I do not expect to see any of you. Thank you. Your momma,
Rosemary E. Wright."

But when I reached the hotel on Sunday, Bill Hutt and his wife were waiting for me. He assured me everything had been taken care of, then they proceeded to show me the town. We had a perfectly wonderful time—but I wasn't getting far enough away from the Army to suit me. Next morning, Stella Hutt took me sight-seeing before we met Bill for lunch.

He had a twinkle in his eye. "General Eisenhower wants you to come over and report to him," he said.

"You tell him I said the devil with the Army," I answered. "I'm on my vacation!"

He looked properly astonished. "Now, Momma, you know I can't tell that to the general—"

"Well, I don't care what you tell him. I'm on vacation and I'm not coming; if I do, I'll have to see Colonel Rawls and Colonel Robinson and no telling how many more of my boys. I have other things to do, thank you!"

And I didn't go, by golly. I took my shot, packed and got off on schedule. Had a fine time, too.

Rebuke Given With a Grin

The next month, just after Pearl Harbor, when Ike Eisenhower was transferred to the War Plans Division in Washington, he stopped at my office. "Hello, Rosemary. You know, I'm angry at you."

"What's the trouble, General?" I asked, quite innocently.

"Sending me such an impudent message—'The devil with the Army, I'm on vacation!' " Then I got that grin. "But, frankly, I didn't blame you one bit."

"Did Bill Hutt give you that message?"

"Word for word. But that's all over. This time *I'm* reporting to *you*," he said.

One day in early 1941, a set of orders came across my desk, informing me that Major A. C. Wedemeyer had been assigned for duty in the Chief of Staff's office. I'd known Al Wedemeyer since he was a lieutenant, 'way back in the twenties, and since then I'd heard so many good reports of his progress that I knew sooner or later he would be detailed for a tour on the General Staff. He had married the daughter of Major General Stanley Embick, who was Deputy Chief of Staff some years before; in fact, it was Stanley Embick who had first called me "Momma."

When Wedemeyer reported in, a few days later, he said, "General Embick dared me to do something this morning, Miss Wright—"

"I'll bet he dared you to call me grandma, didn't he? Well, I dare you, too!"

He laughed. "That's what it was, but I won't do it. I'll call you Miss Wright."

But the following year, by which time he had been promoted to brigadier general, Wedemeyer threw caution to the winds (egged on by Stanley Embick, no doubt) and sent me a picture of himself inscribed, "To my dear Grandmother Rosemary." Well, after all, I reasoned, how can he call me "mother" if that's what his father-in-law calls me?

He ultimately found the solution, though: upon my completion of 30 years' service in 1948, he inscribed another picture to me: "Congratulations, Aunt Rosemary," and signed it "A. C. Wedemeyer (nephew)."

In the early forties, with the nation again at war, it quickly became apparent that there were deficiencies in the General Staff organization. We were set up for a peacetime Army, but the tremendous expansion then being planned called for a greatly enlarged staff. For two years, new special staffs, bureaus and boards kept mushrooming up all over the place. My family gradually grew from about 100 to over 2,000 officers.

Quadrennial Prerogative

This year, she'll decide
Who's fit to be tied.

—IVAN J. COLLINS

Although I had a staff of my own by this time, I never took a day off except Christmas and alternate Sundays. Hardly anyone did; every night, the lights burned late all over the Pentagon. My office was the first stop for new officers assigned to the General Staff, and the point of departure for those being reassigned overseas.

After V-J day, just as after the first World War, the Army trimmed down—from some 1,500 generals to 700; hundreds of colonels reverted to their permanent ranks, many reserve officers returned to their civilian pursuits, others of "my boys" were reassigned. My family was getting smaller and smaller. In 1947, I lost many more, when the Army Air Force became the U.S. Air Force, a separate service.

Since Korea, of course, the General Staff has been growing again, but this time I'm letting others have the headaches. Although I like to think I'm still young enough in spirit, I'm getting too old for that sort of thing. These days, I confine my activities pretty much to acting as chairman in the Chief of Staff area for all fund-raising campaigns, community chest, March of Dimes, and all the rest.

Looking back on my career, I honestly think I've had the best job in the world. True, my job has not taken me behind the heavily guarded doors where high-level Army strategy is mapped; I can reveal no secret plans, no off-the-record decisions of earth-shaking significance. But I have known the human side of our great military leaders, I have seen their selflessness, and I am the richer for having known such men.

Today, the General Staff is spearheaded by four of the finest officers in the Army. Besides General Collins, our Chief of Staff, the three top members are General John E. Hull, Vice-Chief of Staff, and our two Deputy Chiefs, Lieutenant General Charles Bolté and Lieutenant General Maxwell D. Taylor. It has been my great privilege to watch all these officers on their way up the Army ladder. I know what wonderful soldiers they are; the country can be proud of them.

My fondest memory of all is the day in 1948 when I completed 30 years of continuous service; my old friend, General George J. Richards, then the Army comptroller, had called me a week earlier and asked me to be in his office at nine o'clock on that day.

In a Roomful of Generals

I arrived a few minutes early, and there, waiting in the reception room, were Generals Bradley, Collins, Wade Haislip, Lewis B. Hershey, Floyd Parks, Miles Reber, Marshall (Pat) Carter, and many more—all of them old-timers, like me, all of them my famous "sons," all of them my good and true friends.

At exactly nine o'clock, General Richards opened the door to his office and asked us to enter. Naturally, I stood aside for General Bradley and General Collins and the rest of the brass to go first.

But Omar Bradley would have none of it. "Rosemary," he said, "this is your party. You lead the way."

That was the proudest moment of my life.

"Okay, boys," I said, "forward march!" And I led the parade of these wonderful gentlemen into the office.

General Richards said some very kind words, which, I confess, I was too excited to hear, as he gave me a scroll. I made a little speech, so they tell me. We all had our pictures taken together. Many of my old friends kissed me. I wonder if they knew how grand I felt?

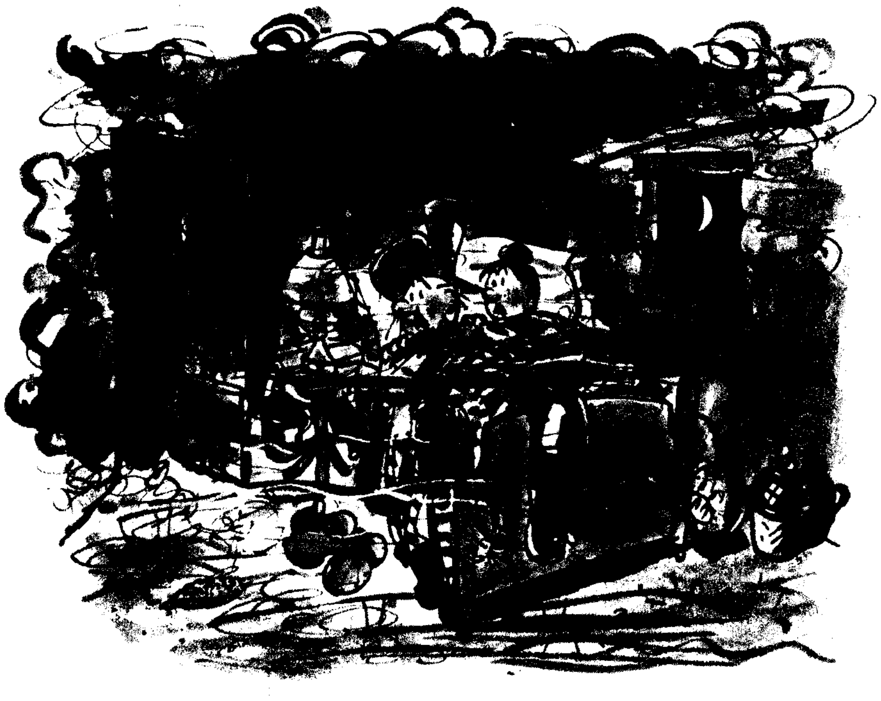
As the party was breaking up, "Pat" Carter, executive officer to one of my former bosses who was then serving as Secretary of State, came up to me, and said, "George Marshall sends you his love, Mother. He asked me to say he'd be here today if he didn't have to report to Walter Reed Hospital for a checkup."

"Don't be funny, Pat," I told him. "George Marshall doesn't know me from a hole in the wall."

"He does, too," Pat answered, with a grin. "We all know you. General Marshall says you're one of his girls, and you just let him know if there's ever anything he can do for you." Then Pat leaned over and kissed me. "And that goes for the rest of us, too, Mom."

THE END

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S

"You ain't scrapin', Bessie,
so it can't be the toast!"

REAMER KELLER

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Anxious to get started, scouts of Troop 207, Indianapolis, wait signal to enter their meeting room in church basement

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Girl Scouts Are GOOD SCOUTS

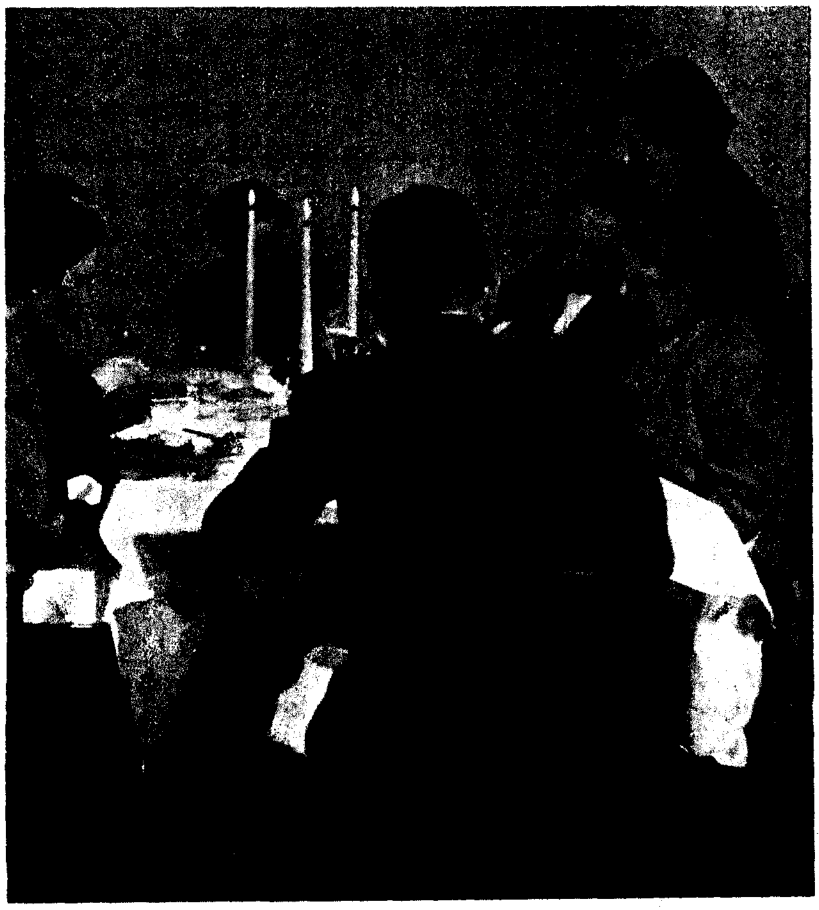
THE women of the United States are among the most vital, interested and responsible in the world today. They are quick to aid the needy, alert to the problems of government and international relationships, and active in their local communities. How they got that way is a reflection of the entire social history of our times. But certainly among the major forces which have moved them to action have been local, state and national clubs, groups and organizations. One of the foremost of such organizations is the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. As the largest girls' service group in the country, the Girl Scouts start with youngsters looking for fun. They graduate teen-agers ready for full and active citizenship.

Founded on March 12, 1912, the Girl Scouts are currently celebrating their 40th anniversary with the biggest membership list in their history—1,360,000 members from seven through seventeen years old.

Typical of the movement in spirit and activity is Troop Number 207 of Indianapolis, Indiana, whose members appear in the pictures on these pages. The 20 scouts of Troop 207 meet in the basement of a Presbyterian church. Together they savor the pleasures of evenings by the fireside, learn to recognize the songs of the thrush and the tree toad, and master the principles of first aid. Into their year-round schedule they cram scores of joyful hours devoted to the 11 basic classifications of scout endeavor—agriculture, arts and crafts, community life, health and safety, homemaking, international friendship, literature and dramatics, music and dancing, nature, out-of-doors, and sports and games.

In addition, 207, like every other troop in the U.S., devotes much of its time to service. In any month, for instance, the girls may be involved in such typical "good deeds" as: making tray favors and scrapbooks for local hospital patients; sitting with children so parents can attend Blood Banks; gathering shoes and galoshes for underprivileged youngsters; supplying magazines, books, records and playing cards to hospitalized servicemen; and sending food, clothing and school supplies to Girl Scout sisters overseas.

Fun and service are the core of the Girl Scout program. But lending these things weight, meaning and importance is a spiritual and ethical code which, based firmly on the golden rule, is making today's helpful, friendly little girls into tomorrow's serious, vital and wholesome women. The Girl Scouts, devoted to God, country and humanity, are learning the facts of life in a democracy. EDMUND BURKE



Homemaking is one of basic lessons in Girl Scouting. Here a scout serves dinner to guests to demonstrate proficiency

Camping out is scouts' greatest pleasure. Charlene Trees, Jeannette Neal and Claire Fossler show how to make biscuits over small fire, using tin cans as makeshift ovens

Before a blazing fire at the Indianapolis Council camp, girls of Troop 207 gather for one of those long, pleasant evenings which symbolize scouting's great good-fellowship

Blending arts and crafts with community service, troop leader Abbe Dudley helps girls make gay tray favors for local hospital patients

Eager to learn, scouts of 207 take lessons in design from associate member Helen Humphrey, who, at 26, has been paralyzed for 10 years

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON

His Face Is His Fortune

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

An enlistment hitch in the U.S. Navy during World War I made him eligible, under a Congressional dispensation to immigrants who served in the armed forces, for American citizenship. Harry was broke and temporarily beached in New York in 1917 when he responded to the famous slogan of "Uncle Sam Needs You!" Uncle Sam wasn't kidding, either—else Harry would never have got past the recruiting officer. He named Brooklyn as his birthplace. "What part of Brooklyn?" the CPO demanded.

"Near Brooklyn Bridge," Harry stammered, that being the only Brooklyn landmark he knew. The CPO was undeceived, but he accepted the answer.

Out of the Navy in 1920, Harry continued to sail under the American merchant flag for four years. Then, the Christmas season of 1924 brought him into port at San Pedro as a quartermaster aboard the SS President Grant—and to Hollywood as the forecastle's muscular, 215-pound, six-foot gift to celluloid villainy.

Harry didn't break into the movies. They reached out and collared him before he knew what they were up to. Going ashore at San Pedro the morning his ship docked, he thought about a friend he'd promised to look up sometime.

"He was an assistant director or something at Paramount," Harry recalls. "I didn't know anything about how the studios worked, or how big they were. I just figured I'd wait around the front door and spot him when he came out for lunch at twelve o'clock."

Hired on Sight as Spearman

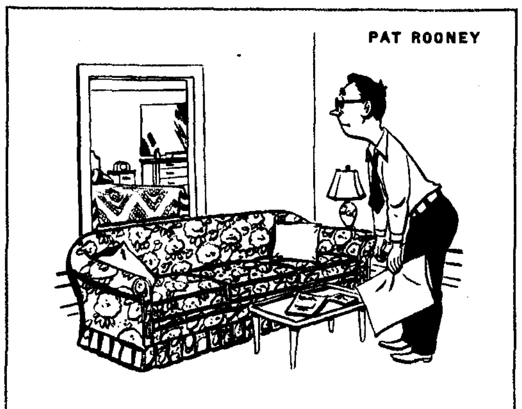
There were a number of people—job-hunting extras, as he later discovered—waiting around Paramount's main gate that morning. A man wearing white linen plus fours and an air of authority stepped out through the guarded portals, surveyed the crowd briefly but critically, then beckoned Harry. "Hey, you! Come inside and get a uniform." Harry let himself be led to an upstairs dressing room, where he was handed a tunic and assorted pieces of armor and told how to put them on. Fifteen minutes later he was facing the cameras menacingly, a spear carrier in the wicked king's bodyguard. He never went back to sea.

The sea had a persistent way of following Harry, however, through his earliest film roles. He fitted so naturally into the part of a tough, mutinous sailor that his screen life became an almost continuous reel of nautical violence. Signed for the crew of Old Ironsides, an all-star Paramount production involving such celebrities as Wallace Beery, Charles Farrell and George Bancroft, he fell asleep on the set one day and awakened to find he had been picked for a movie assignment which lasted more than two decades.

Harry had stretched out to sun himself between takes, on deck of the replica USS Constitution, when he dropped off. The nap was interrupted by a hand shaking his shoulder and a voice ordering, "Come with me." Stumbling to his feet, Harry shortly found himself in the presence of director James Cruze, who looked him over appraisingly and announced, "He'll do." A make-up man whipped out a pair of barber's clippers and set to work on Harry's hair, speedily reducing it to stubble. Not until after he was shorn did Harry find out the reason—he was to be Wally Beery's double for the film's rough stuff.

The star and his stand-in became such good friends that Harry lived in Beery's house for three years, and Beery never used any other double from Old Ironsides until his death in 1949. There was considerably more than a faint facial resemblance between them, especially in profile, and autograph collectors often hounded Harry for Beery's signature. Both men's features showed what a doctor might describe as acromegalic tendencies, referring to a glandular disorder which sometimes causes jaw prominence, thick lips and a mushrooming flatness of nose—or, in less elegant words, a mud-fence degree of homeliness.

PAT ROONEY



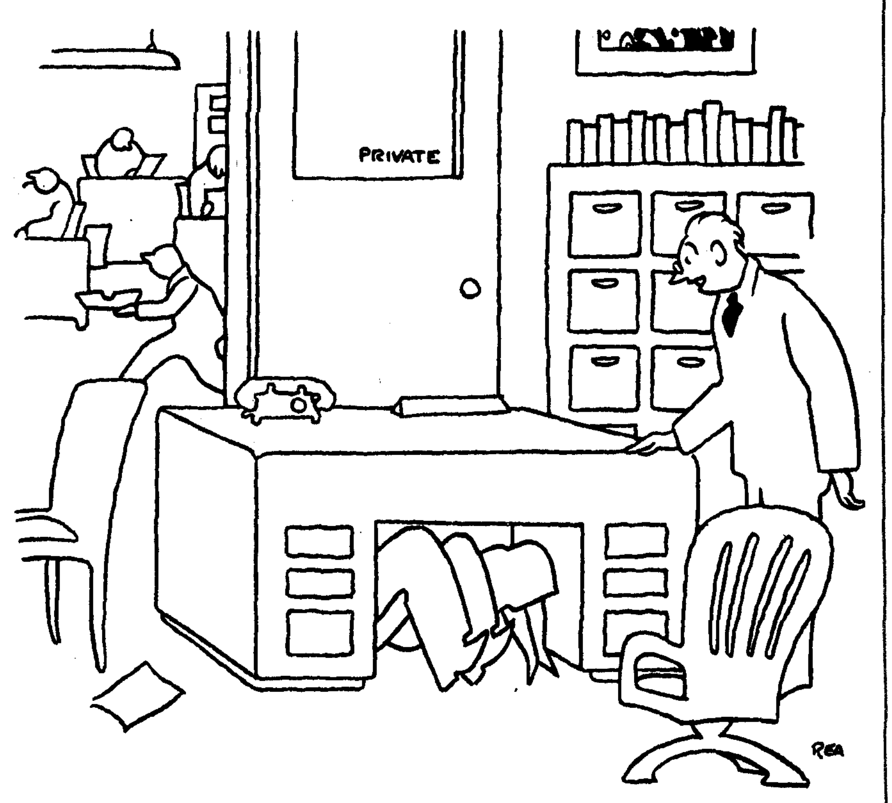
Snooze Item

There's nothing keeps a good man up,
When he wants down instead,
Like new slip covers on the couch
And lace spreads on the bed.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

They didn't get any better-looking with age, either, and Harry's lack of beauty was markedly enhanced by all the left hooks, right-hand haymakers and belaying pins apparently aimed at Beery on the screen—but actually received by his double. Harry had his nose broken twice in the interest of rough-and-tumble realism, first in a water-front dive frequented by "Sal of Singapore" and again in 1937, while doubling for Beery in Bad Man from Brimstone.

Harry did his share of bare-knuckle bruising as a young sailor—"Enough that I didn't need any special coaching for those old barroom fights in pictures," he admits—but in maturity he is a man of friendly will and peaceable nature that belie his looks.



"The alert is over, Miss Dogherty. The alert is over, Mr. Cunningham. The alert . . ."

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Off the screen Harry Wilson is a suburbanite family man. Race horses are his all-consuming hobby—not the pari-mutuel windows, but horses themselves. When they are running at nearby Santa Anita or Hollywood Park, he often gets out of bed before dawn to watch the morning workouts. Through his good friend Johnny Longden, the famous jockey, Harry has made a modest start toward realization of his long-cherished ambition to become a thoroughbred trainer. Between acting assignments in 1950 he served as assistant trainer to Vance Longden, the jockey's son, at the Del Mar, Santa Anita and Sacramento race meetings.

Once a year Harry turns up as a candy butcher around the movie studios. "It's for the campfire girls," he explains to the customers. "I'm just helping out my daughter." Daughter Eileen is eleven years old, and Harry also lends a hand in production of the amateur theatricals which her Ta Wan Ka chapter of campfire girls puts on for the benefit of physically handicapped children. The family lives in a North Hollywood apartment, where most evenings find the roughneck film bogeyman helping Eileen with her arithmetic homework or quietly watching old movies, on television, with his wife.

"Half the time, when we go out somewhere, I feel like a gun moll, the way people stare," Mrs. Wilson confesses, "but it doesn't bother me much any more."

It bothered her more than a little when she and Harry first met. Mrs. Wilson, then Miss June Fingerhutt, was a petite brunette and onetime movie dancer who had deserted Hollywood for Philadelphia and a job as a banker's secretary. In 1939, she returned to the film capital on vacation to visit her sister, then appearing in pictures under the name of Eve Little. Harry drove Eve home one rainy evening from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where both were working, and was invited in to meet the Philadelphia sister.

"I thought he was the homeliest man I ever saw," says Mrs. Wilson today, "and in the beginning I used to be embarrassed when I went out with him. About our third date together, we went to a restaurant for dinner. Walking in, I heard somebody say, 'My gosh! Beauty and the beast!' But then I thought: He's the nicest man I've ever met, and so goodhearted, and I didn't care what anybody else said."

"After all," Harry philosophizes with a crooked grin, "my face has been my fortune. If producers and directors think I look like the perfect criminal type, that's okay with me. I was figuring out the other day, while I was working in My Six Convicts, that it made just about an even hundred prison pictures I must have been in. I've been in Alcatraz, Leavenworth and all the other federal prisons—in pictures—and Sing Sing, San Quentin and most of the state pens, and a lot of foreign jails besides. I've been hanged, electrocuted, shot by firing squads, flogged and forced to walk the plank. Never been executed in the gas chamber, though—I guess that would look a little too humane for me."

A Role Too Tough for a Bear

Once in a great while Harry turns up on the other side of the law, but only in cases where the law itself is portrayed as brutal or miscreant. He has been cast as the ax-wielding executioner in harem melodrama, or the turnkey of a torture chamber, but never as an honorable upholder of law and justice in standard cop-and-robber thrillers. Breaking the monotony in his usual routine of castings as a convict, pirate, gangster or Bowery bum, he was a cave man in One Million B.C. and a bear in The Yearling.

"At first they were planning to use a real bear in that picture," he explains, "but it was supposed to be attacked by a pack of dogs, so the S.P.C.A. stepped in, and I got the part instead."

Although his face is his fortune, Harry is also capable of earning a livelihood with his hands. These enormous extremities, fully the size of matched right- and left-handed catcher's mitts, are reputedly the largest in Hollywood. Like his face, they have trademark value, and Harry commands a fee of $50 per day for their use in movie "inserts."

If the plot of a whodunit calls for a strangler's hands to be thrust through the curtains behind the throat of an unsuspecting victim—and if the implication is plain that the killer will make short work of his dastardly deed and may, in fact, break the fellow's neck while he's about it—Harry Wilson draws the assignment. None but Harry's massive hands would do for Samson and Delilah when the meticulous Cecil B. de Mille needed a giantlike pair (presumably Samson's) to unroll the scroll announcing the picture's opening title, cast and credits.

His most noteworthy bit of "insert" acting was in the jewelry-theft scene of Gone with the Wind. There, a close-up of Harry's hands symbolized, from the Southern point of view, all the barbarous pillage and rapine which accompanied Sherman on his famous march to the sea.

Directors and the casting office have never seen fit to utilize Harry Wilson's ugliness in a lovable lout characterization, à la Wallace Beery.

His long career has been devoid of romance in any form. A stinging slap in the face, delivered by no less a heroine than Joan Crawford in The Bride Wore Red, is the closest he ever came to receiving a screen caress.

"I've never had what you'd call a really sympathetic role," Harry shrugs. "But what's the difference? With me, it's just a job—it's a day's living. I'll leave all that romantic stuff to the pretty boys." THE END

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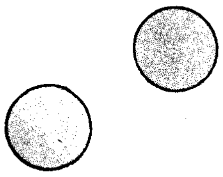

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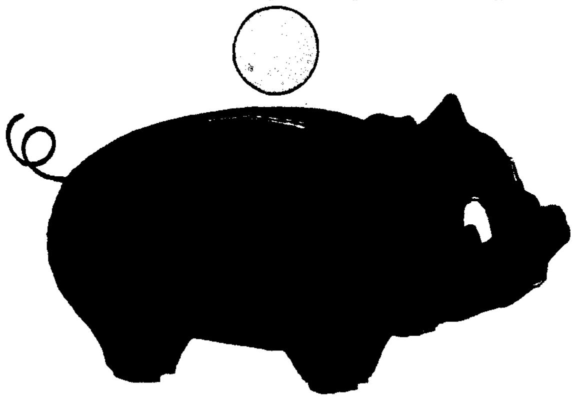

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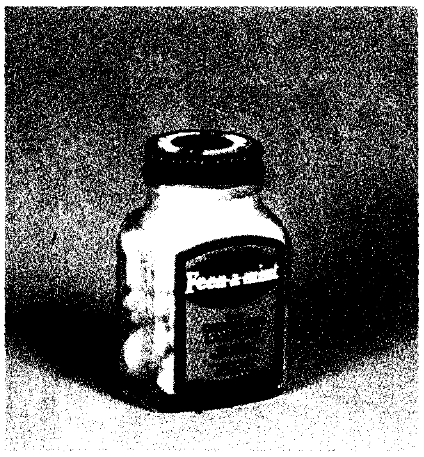

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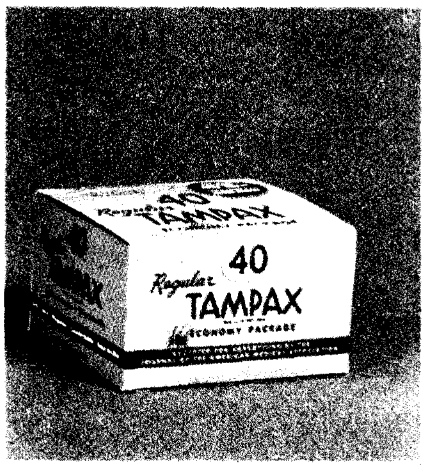
THIS NEW GIANT ECONOMY SIZE SAVES 47¢

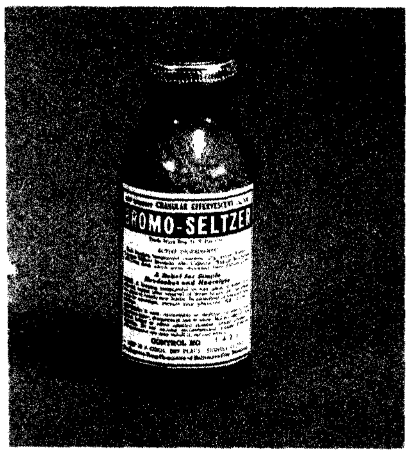
THE ECONOMY TUBE
SAVES YOU 24¢

LAVORIS
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

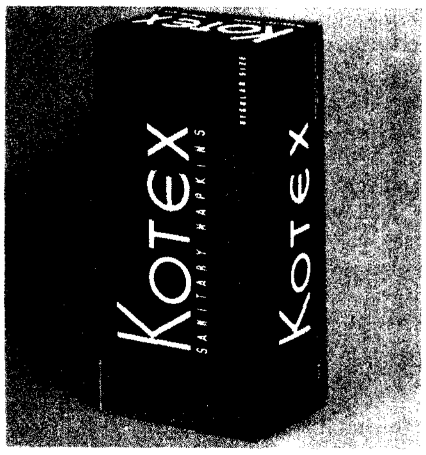
ON THE 20-OUNCE BOTTLE,
YOU SAVE 46¢


40
Regular TAMPAX
ECONOMY PACKAGE

THIS PACKAGE OFFERS A
SAVING OF 23¢


BROMO-SELTZER

THIS FAMILY SIZE PROVIDES
A SAVING OF 45¢


Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex

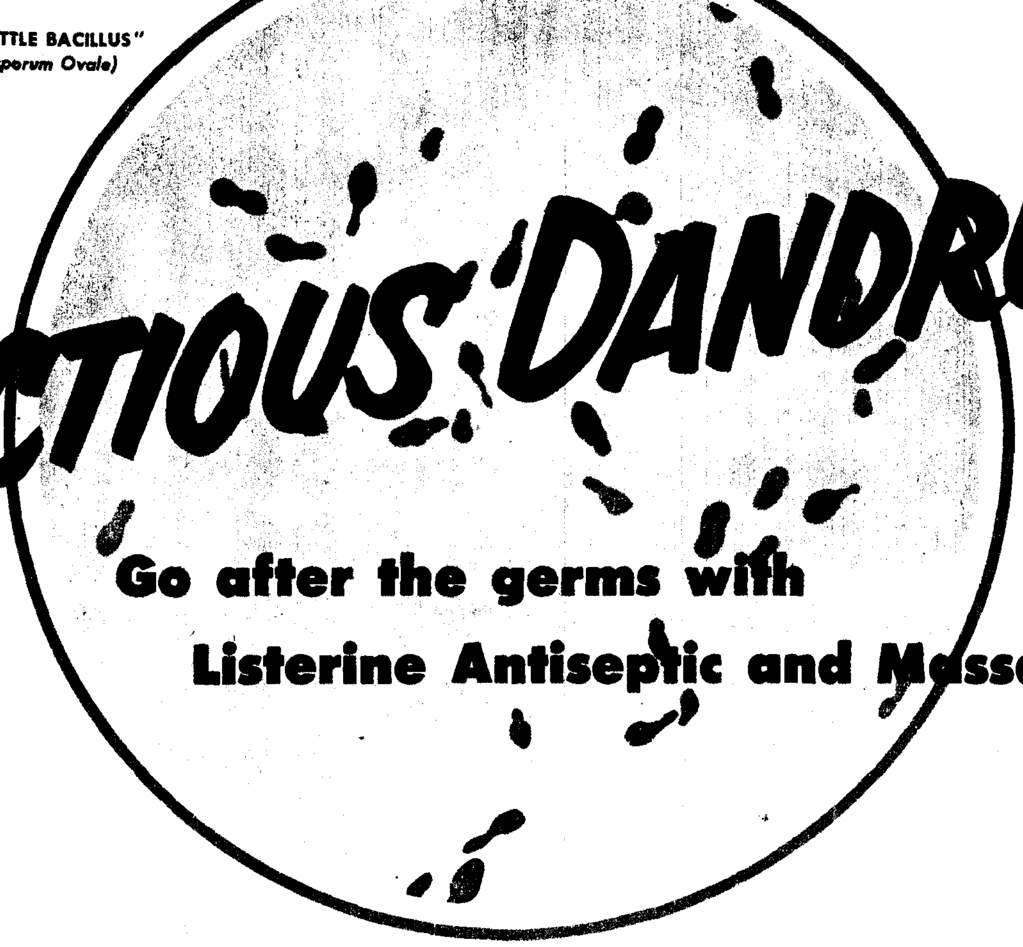
A SAVING OF SHOPPING
TIME AND MONEY

HERE YOUR SAVING IS
BETTER THAN 15%

Ammi-dent
THE AMMONIATED TOOTH PASTE

THERE'S A SAVING OF 25¢
ON THIS TUBE

local drugstores for displays of these 15 products



INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?

Go after the germs with Listerine Antiseptic and Massage . . . Quick!

Those flakes and scales on coat shoulder—especially if they persist—may be symptoms of infectious dandruff and the millions of germs that go with it.

Don't delay or experiment with untested methods. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice-a-day and keep it up. This is the tested way that has helped so many . . . may help you.

Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't expect results overnight. You must be persistent: use the treatment twice a day as long as necessary. You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a wise precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand treatment. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

THE TESTED TREATMENT
FOR
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

When you buy Listerine . . .

BUY THE BIG ECONOMY SIZE . . . SAVE 56¢*

*Saving based on per oz. price of 14-oz. Economy size vs. per oz. price of 3-oz. size.

See and hear The SAMMY KAYE SHOW • *"So you want to lead a Band"* • CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

Now you can use it lavishly...
to keep baby's skin
rose-petal smooth
and flower-fragrant!

Save 47¢ on new Giant Economy Size MENNEN BABY MAGIC

MENNEN
baby magic
MENNEN
baby magic skin care
Checks Diaper Odor and Diaper Rash
USE AFTER EVERY BATH AND DIAPER CHANGE TO HELP KE... ...Y'S SKIN PETAL-SMOOTH.
FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY

a famous skin care that

CHECKS DIAPER ODOR . . . DIAPER RASH

only 98¢

Now, you can afford to use this luxurious lotion lavishly, for now you get so much for so little! Use it after every diaper change, after every bath . . . and between times, too. Contains wonder-working "Purateen".

Doctors recommend it!

1. Actually checks diaper rash; helps prevent it, too.
2. Checks diaper odor, keeps baby sweet-smelling even when baby is "wet".
3. It's a beauty aid; helps protect against chapping, chafing and heat rash, too.

Buy the big economy size at your drug store today.

and . . . Mennen Baby Magic comes in an unbreakable blue, pink or yellow squeeze bottle, too. 4 oz., *49¢*

MENNEN *Baby Specialist since 1880*

Now! Avoid "Tell-Tale Mouth"

(BREATH NOT AS SWEET, TEETH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE)

CHORUS
BE-CAUSE OF YOU there's a song in my heart
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
REPLACE CAP
BRISTOL-MYERS

A Product of Bristol-Myers

SAVE UP TO 24¢!

ECONOMY SIZE

Ipana

BUY THE NEW ECONOMY SIZE 63¢

Ipana keeps your whole mouth cleaner, sweeter, sparkling!

Gets teeth cleaner. Studies by dentists proved it! What's more, for effectively fighting tooth decay, *no* other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has ever been proved better than Ipana.

Sweetens breath instantly! Yes, when you use Ipana, you actually help remove *causes* of embarrassing mouth odor—leave your mouth feeling clean, feeling good—*sparkling* clean and fresh!

And don't forget your gums! Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges lets Ipana's *active* cleansing foam help *remove* irritants that can lead to gum troubles!

Teeth, breath, gums—all three can cause "Tell-Tale Mouth." Avoid it with refreshing, minty Ipana Tooth Paste! See for yourself. Get a tube of Ipana today at any drug counter.

Your own taste warns of "Tell-Tale Mouth"

THAT STALE, FURRY TASTE—OFTEN IT'S A SIGN OF "TELL-TALE MOUTH." (TEETH AND BREATH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE)...

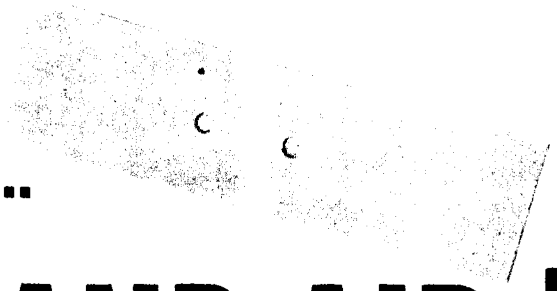
BRUSH TEETH WITH IPANA. NOTE LIVELIER TASTE AND TINGLE AS IPANA'S SPARKLING FOAM REACHES WHERE THE BRISTLES CAN'T...

NOW YOUR OWN TASTE TELLS YOU YOUR WHOLE MOUTH IS CLEANER, SWEETER, SPARKLING. NO "TELL-TALE MOUTH" FOR YOU!

"You can't tell me anything about
BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages.
I've been using them for years."

"But have you heard
about the most wonderful
dressings ever made?
New BAND-AID Plastic Strips!"

HERE
IT
IS...



New BAND-AID Plastic Strips

TRADE-MARK

...the only dressing with all these advantages!

THIN, SMOOTH PLASTIC
So thin and smooth it feels—and looks—like a second skin!

ELASTIC
So flexible you hardly know you have it on. Most comfortable dressing ever.

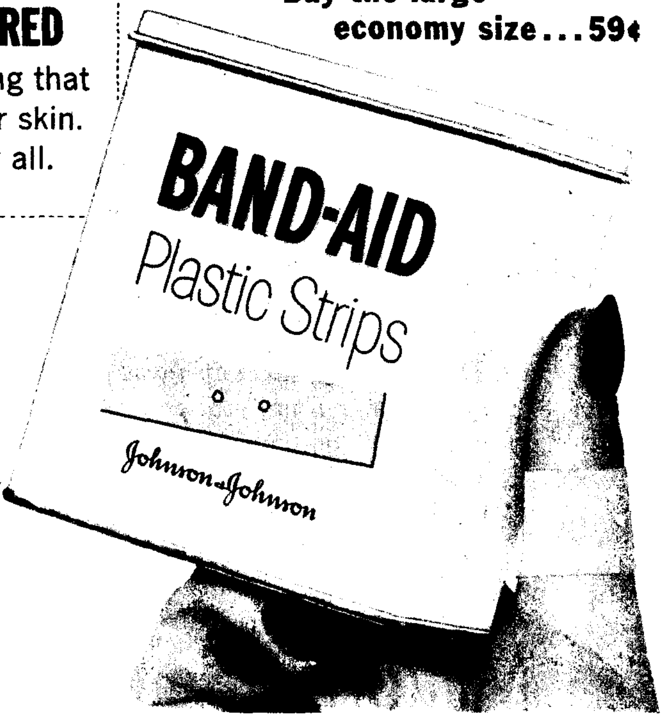
FLESH-COLORED
The only dressing that blends with your skin. Hardly shows at all.

WON'T WASH OFF
Completely waterproof. Doesn't come loose or get soggy. Washes clean, too.

STAYS CLEAN
Plastic surface doesn't pick up dirt. Always looks clean!

100% Sterile

Buy the large
economy size...59¢



Johnson & Johnson

Don't ever let HEADACHE interfere!

BROMO-SELTZER

does more for you—it's faster, too!

COMPARE	BROMO-SELTZER	ANY OTHER HEADACHE PRODUCT
1. RELIEVES HEADACHE PAIN FAST	YES	?
2. SOOTHES YOUR UPSET STOMACH	YES	?
3. CALMS YOUR EDGY NERVES	YES	?

BROMO-SELTZER
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR SIMPLE HEADACHES AND NEURALGIA
EMERSON DRUG CO

SAVE...on the family size

The smart way to keep ahead of a headache is to keep the popular Family Size bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet. You get more than twice as much as in the regular size bottle...at a big saving! For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Get Family Size Bromo-Seltzer today!

Millions believe in BROMO-SELTZER

fuzzy-wuzzy?
be a smoothie!

NEW

Lady Wildroot

CREAM HAIR DRESSING makes your hair behave!

Has your hair lost its sparkle? Is it dry, stiff, and hard to manage? To make it behave, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those fuzzy-wuzzy ends! The results will amaze you!

Is your hair dry, brittle?

Just pat a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temples, on the ends... and then brush for a neat, natural look.

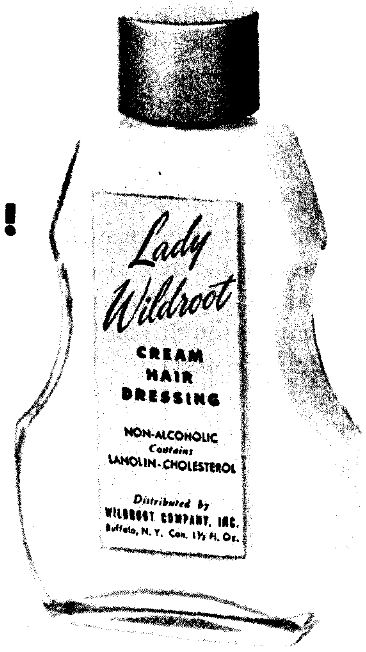
Is your scalp dry, tight?

Relax—your troubles are over... just pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp gently. You'll love the way it makes your scalp relax... feel so good!

Not sticky... not greasy!

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry ends, give hair body, gleam... make it behave. It's delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity. Try it today!

BUY THE LARGE SIZE AND SAVE 33¢

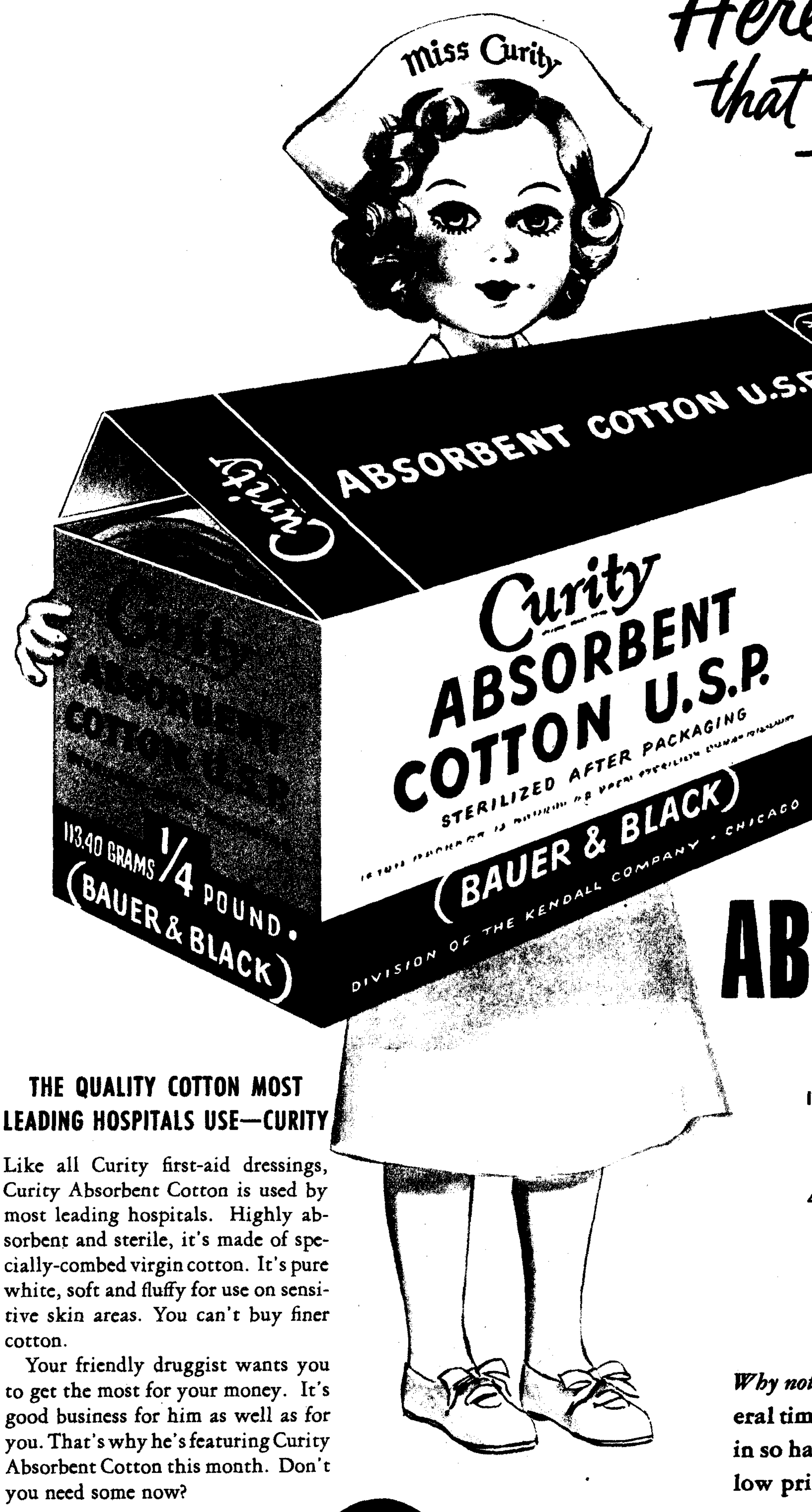

Lady Wildroot
CREAM HAIR DRESSING
NON-ALCOHOLIC
Contains
LANOLIN-CHOLESTEROL
Distributed by
WILDROOT COMPANY, INC.
Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. *For a shampoo that gleams as it cleans, try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.*

Personal Size 50¢
Dressing-Table Size $1.00 (plus tax)

"*Here's a saving that will pay you for buying this magazine*"

—**MISS CURITY®**
the famous nurse doll


Miss Curity
ABSORBENT COTTON U.S.P.
BAUER & BLACK
Curity
Curity
ABSORBENT
COTTON U.S.P.
STERILIZED AFTER PACKAGING
BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY • CHICAGO
1/4 POUND • 113.40 GRAMS
Curity ABSORBENT COTTON U.S.P.
113.40 GRAMS 1/4 POUND.
BAUER & BLACK

CURITY ABSORBENT COTTON

IN THIS HANDY 4 OUNCE SIZE ONLY **59¢**

4 1-OUNCE PACKAGES COST **76¢**

YOU SAVE—17¢

Why not save this money? You buy Curity Absorbent Cotton several times a year, anyhow. Nothing in your medicine chest comes in so handy, so often. So buy the 4-ounce economy size at today's low prices. *And pocket the difference.*

THE QUALITY COTTON MOST LEADING HOSPITALS USE—CURITY

Like all Curity first-aid dressings, Curity Absorbent Cotton is used by most leading hospitals. Highly absorbent and sterile, it's made of specially-combed virgin cotton. It's pure white, soft and fluffy for use on sensitive skin areas. You can't buy finer cotton.

Your friendly druggist wants you to get the most for your money. It's good business for him as well as for you. That's why he's featuring Curity Absorbent Cotton this month. Don't you need some now?

Curity
REG U S PAT OFF
BAUER & BLACK

HOSPITAL DRESSINGS FOR THE HOME

BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company
©1952, The Kendall Company

TAMPAX HAS CERTAINLY HELD THE PRICE LINE

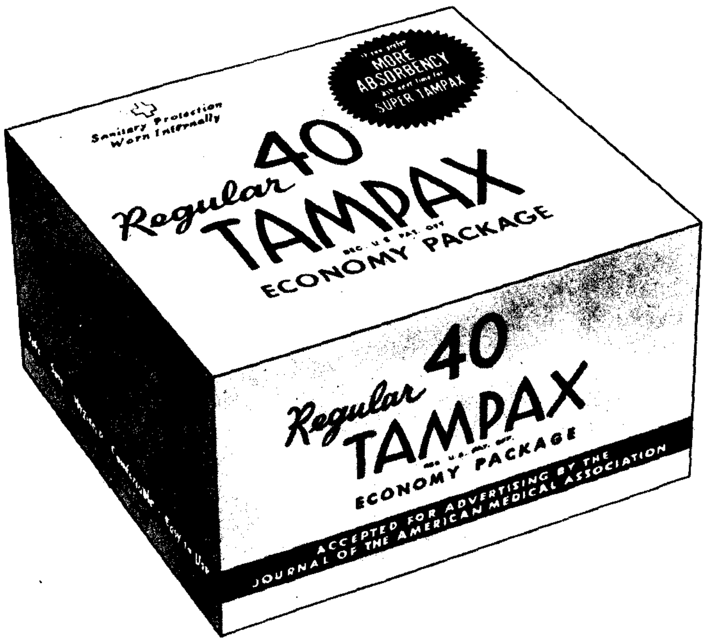
1936: **Women paid 33¢ per month**

TODAY: **Women pay 33¼¢ per month**

By making Tampax available to women in economy-box form, we have been able to keep the price down virtually to the level of the year 1936. That year marked the first national marketing of this modern, internally-used sanitary protection.

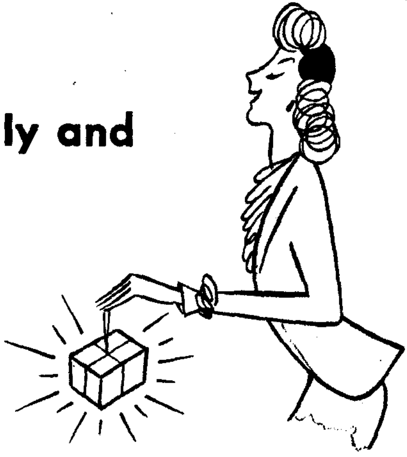
The original price of Tampax was 33 cents for a month's average supply . . . And now, *sixteen years later,* the consumer pays only *one-quarter of a cent more* for the same quantity — by purchasing four months' supply at one time in the Economy Box.

All this in the face of tremendously increased costs of labor and materials during those sixteen years. It shows what can happen when the sales volume of a business enterprise increases by *thousands of per cent.* We are proud of this contribution that Tampax is making to help keep down the high cost of living!


MORE ABSORBENCY
SUPER TAMPAX
Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular 40
TAMPAX
ECONOMY PACKAGE
Regular 40
TAMPAX
ECONOMY PACKAGE
ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING BY THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

THE ECONOMY PACKAGE lasts 4 months (average)

. . . yet it can be carried home easily and inconspicuously!



When you need relief with Speed...

ALKA SELTZER
SPEEDY
ALKA SELTZER

Alka-Seltzer

BRAND Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

is FIRST AID for RELIEF of

ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
COLD DISTRESS
MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS

Millions rely on ALKA-SELTZER for the fast relief they need for these common, annoying ailments. Try it yourself and see how fast, pleasant and effective ALKA-SELTZER can be.

BE WISE...

Economize!

ALWAYS BUY THE LARGE SIZE

It's the wise housewife who cuts corners wherever she can on family expenses. That's why you will find ALKA-SELTZER in the large size package is your best buy. You get more than three times the number of tablets for less than twice the price of the smaller package.

Alka-Seltzer
Be Thrifty
BUY THE LARGE SIZE

More than 3 times the tablets for less than Twice the Price

Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer

Buy Two...An Extra Package on the side Keeps a Family well supplied...

Well Supplied with

Alka-Seltzer

BRAND Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keep ALKA-SELTZER on hand and handy to help bring you the kind of pleasant, fast relief you need. Keep ALKA-SELTZER at home always—and where you work as well.

AT ALL DRUG STORES U. S. AND CANADA

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, INDIANA

Copyright—1952
Miles Laboratories, Inc.

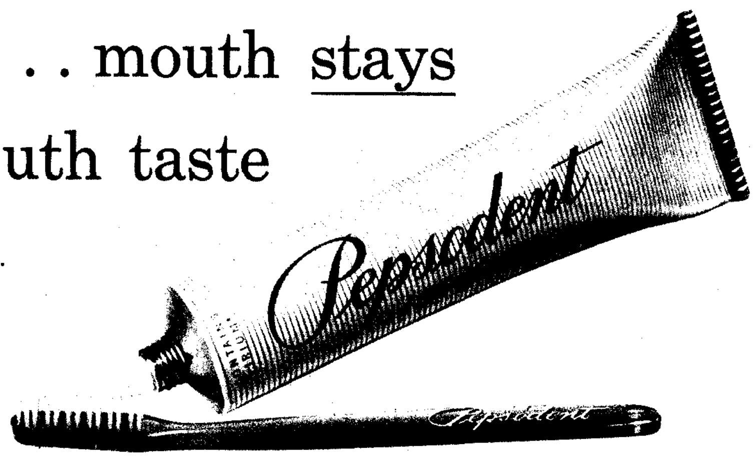
Now Pepsodent with gentle **ORAL DETERGENT** brings

CLEAN MOUTH TASTE for hours!

BUY ECONOMY SIZE
Get
MORE
for your money!

Because gentle ORAL DETERGENT works where brush can't reach

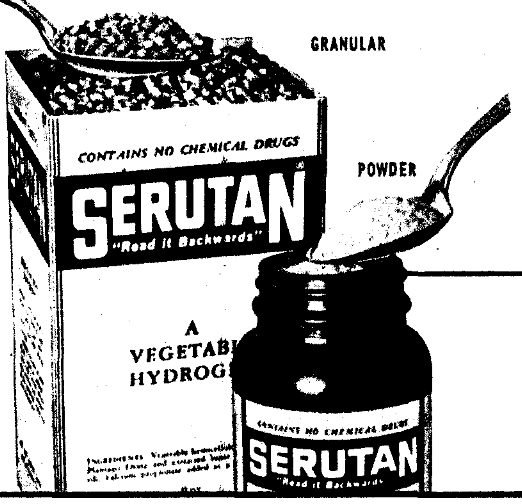
Now Pepsodent cleans so clean . . . mouth stays cool . . . breath fresh . . . clean mouth taste lasts hours. Your proof of how well Oral Detergent works.



If Yo're Over ... Add Vegetable Hydrogel to Your Daily Diet with SERUTAN

BEGIN DAILY REGULARITY IN 3 DAYS – or Double Your Money Back!*

SAVE MONEY! Buy the Larger Size!
If you're in charge of the family budget and want to take advantage of big savings in your daily drug store purchases . . . be sure and buy in large economy size units!
You save over 18% on Serutan in powder form when you buy the large economy size. *You save over 16%* on Serutan in granular form when you buy the large economy size.
Always ask your druggist for large economy size units in whatever you buy!



An Amazing — Yet Simple Principle . . .

As you grow older haven't you noticed — the more pills you take the worse you get? Haven't you suspected there must be something wrong? Decide today to break that vicious habit of dosing yourself with irritating drugs.

Now there is a newer — a safer — a more effective way to daily regularity — one designed especially for people over 35.

It is SERUTAN — based on nature's fresh fruit and vegetable principle — the effective method for constipation that today stands medically approved.

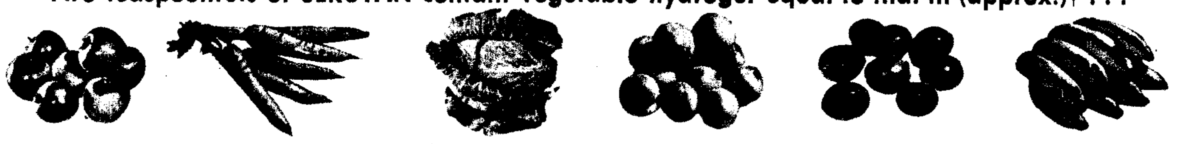
SERUTAN Gives You Exactly The Same Gentle Action Found In Naturally Laxative Fruits And Vegetables. SERUTAN contains no chemical drugs — no salts — no irritating roughage. Its gentle "push" differs completely from violent action methods. Get SERUTAN at your drugstore today.

SERUTAN gets at a basic cause of constipation. You see, as you grow older and your system slows down, it needs more vegetable hydrogel . . . the laxative quality nature puts in fruits and vegetables . . . That's what SERUTAN is, vegetable hydrogel in concentrated form. So, if you're over 35 and bothered by middle-age irregularity, get at a basic cause of your trouble. Add vegetable hydrogel to your daily diet with SERUTAN.

Try SERUTAN Under This No-Risk Guarantee*.

Get a package of SERUTAN, in either the powder or granular form today. Take it daily as directed. If in *just three days,* regularity has not returned, send the empty package back to SERUTAN, Dept. S-23, 290 Jelliff Avenue, Newark 1, N. J. and get double your money back. As far as we know, no other product for irregularity has dared make this unusual offer.

Two teaspoonfuls of SERUTAN contain vegetable hydrogel equal to that in (approx.)† . . .



† The water absorbing portion of the non-digestible carbohydrate residue of fruits and vegetables known technically as hemicellulose.

* *When taken daily as directed.*

AMAZING NEW TONIC FOR FOLKS OVER 35 BEGINS TO STRENGTHEN "TIRED" BLOOD* – in 24 hours!

As you grow older and your color is bad — you may be disturbed by an all-in, washed out feeling . . . *especially in the evening.* But don't say "Guess I'm just getting old," and let it go at that. Many doctors say this tiredness is often caused by pale wornout blood that is iron-starved. So try Geritol, the new scientific way to build red, healthy blood that goes with dynamic energy. Believe it or not, *Geritol-iron begins to appear in the blood stream just one day after you take it!*

Contains 4 Times the Iron in 1 lb. of Calves' Liver
Contains 8 Times the Iron in 1 lb. of Spinach
Contains Vitamin B₁₂ — the New Red Vitamin, too!

Geritol gives you therapeutic amounts of available iron — the kind your blood can use — 10 *times more* than your minimum daily requirement. So if you want to learn to live again, to enjoy the feeling of vitality that starts with new blood of top quality, give yourself the benefits of Geritol. This modern blood tonic also supplies you with therapeutic amounts of thiamin, riboflavin and niacin factors as well as the miraculous new Vitamin B_{12} described in the Reader's Digest.

STRENGTHEN "TIRED" BLOOD AND FEEL STRONGER!

A doctor made hundreds of detailed examinations among his older patients to discover why so many older folks complained of that weak, tired, all-in feeling. He found that the one thing most of them had in common was *poor working blood.* Blood with pale, worn out cells that were under-nourished and *iron-starved.* Yes, "tired" blood can rob you of your natural energy and sap your strength! Don't let it go!

Now there is a new way to fortify tired blood . . . build tired blood . . . strengthen tired blood. It's Geritol, a new medical discovery . . . a modern scientific iron blood tonic designed especially to bring new strength to older folks who feel weak and tired too much of the time. *And Geritol-iron actually appears in the blood stream in 24 hours!*

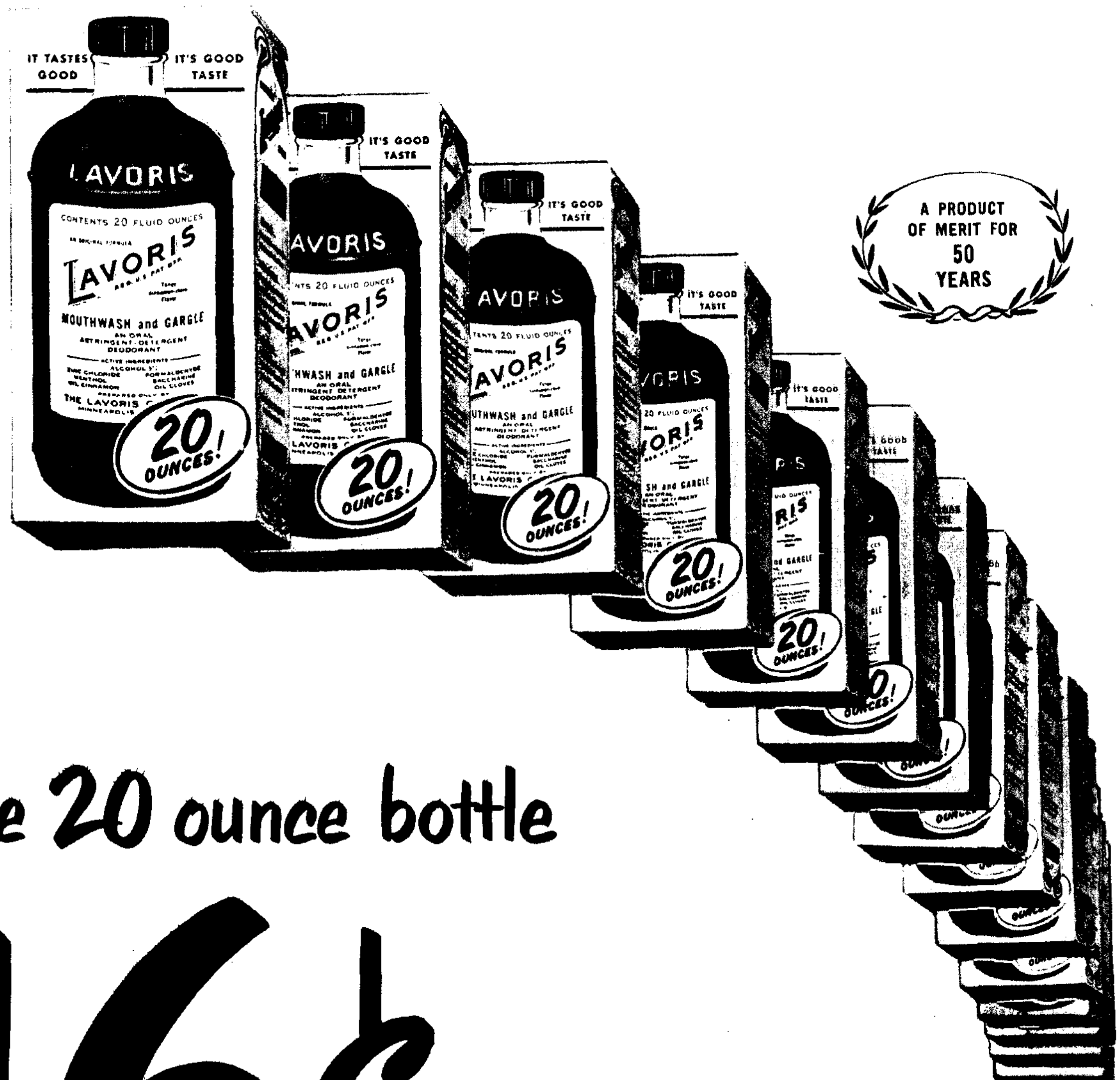
SAVE $1 Buy the Economy Size
LIQUID
GERITOL
TABLETS
GERITOL

Take Geritol Today, Its Iron Appears In Your Blood Tomorrow You Feel Stronger In 7 Days Or Your Money Back!

If you are over 35, take advantage of this unusual offer today! The makers of Geritol say to you that if, after taking Geritol for one week, you are not feeling definitely stronger, definitely better, they will refund your money. They make this unconditional money-back guarantee simply because they know that *Geritol-iron actually appears in your blood within 24 hours.* Yes, if you take Geritol today, it begins to strengthen your blood tomorrow. *You must feel stronger in 7 days or your money back!*

* *Tiredness due to iron deficiency anemia.*

GERITOL AT YOUR DRUGSTORE


IT TASTES GOOD
IT'S GOOD TASTE
LAVORIS
CONTENTS 20 FLUID OUNCES
MOUTHWASH and GARGLE
20 OUNCES!

A PRODUCT
OF MERIT FOR
50
YEARS

"An ounce of prevention," the sages say,
but we like the rest of the verse this way—

A swish of Lavoris
As you start your day
Will rob those germs
Of their place to play!

When you buy the large 20 ounce bottle

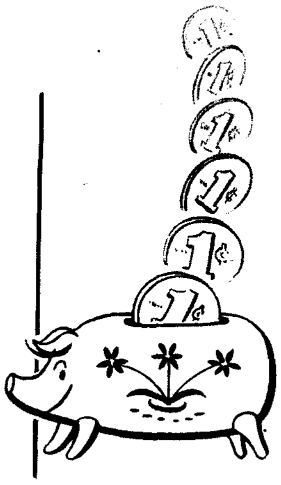
YOU SAVE 46¢

Here's how!

5 small bottles equal
20 ounces and cost **$1.25**

1 large bottle equals
20 ounces and costs .79

YOU SAVE 46¢



PLAY SAFE!

Morning and evening
gargle with Lavoris

because Lavoris safely detaches and removes from the mouth and throat the germ-harboring film — the "bed" in which germs thrive . . .

LAVORIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

Tangy with
Oils of Cinnamon
and Cloves

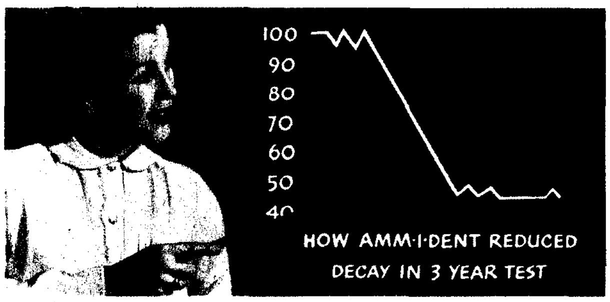
AVAILABLE AT DRUG
COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

3 Sizes
4 ounce
9 ounce
20 ounce

DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY

Healthy Teeth!
Beautiful Teeth!
LEILA HYER
Amm-i-dent
THE AMMONIATED TOOTH PASTE
Amm-i-dent
TOOTH POWDER

She Helps Prevent Cavities with Amazing Amm-i-dent Toothpaste



Amm-i-dent's results have been amazing, with children and adults alike. Test after test has shown tooth decay reduction like the chart above. Only Amm-i-dent's ammoniated formula has produced these results.

More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent Toothpaste and Tooth Powder than any other dentifrice in America. Thousands of wise mothers have bought Amm-i-dent for their children, on the advice of dentists.

MOTHER AND SONS CHANGED TO AMM-I-DENT—HAVE LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Mrs. John P. Cisek, Elmhurst, N. Y., and sons—John and Richard—had even better-than-average results with Amm-i-dent: Mrs. Cisek, before using Amm-i-dent, had five at last dental visit. After changing to Amm-i-dent, only one cavity. John Jr., who usually had three or four cavities, had only one. Richard had no cavities at all. Conservatively estimated, the Cisek family has reduced tooth decay 70% since changing to Amm-i-dent.

Look at *your* toothpaste. Is it ammoniated? If not, ask yourself this question: Did you have any cavities last year? If the answer is "yes", then *change your toothpaste.* Change away from the toothpaste you were using when you got those cavities. Change to an ammoniated toothpaste—Amm-i-dent Toothpaste—for *less tooth decay.*

You'll love the fresh, minty taste. Your mouth will feel cleaner, your breath will be sweeter, than ever before.

Get the economy size tube and save 25¢.

Amm-i-dent Reduces Tooth Decay Because It's Ammoniated!

KOTEX
KOTEX
KOTEX

Not a shadow of a doubt – with Kotex 48's

Not a doubt about meeting emergencies – when you're *prepared* with Kotex in the big, economy-size package! Supplies you with 48 regular Kotex napkins. Saves shopping trips, time, money.

Not a shadow of a revealing outline for Kotex has special, flat pressed ends. And you're confident of extra absorbency – safety. Best of all, you know *this* napkin is made to *stay soft* while wearing – to retain its fit and comfort for hours.

More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins

Ask your druggist for the *large* box

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Chewing-Gum Laxative Acts Chiefly to

REMOVE WASTE–NOT GOOD FOOD!

WONDERFUL FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS instead of harsh medicines. Why place an extra strain on your system by taking a stomach-punishing laxative? Far gentler relief may be had by chewing delicious FEEN-A-MINT because its special medicine doesn't act in the stomach—but chiefly in the lower digestive tract.

DAD FEELS FULL OF LIFE. Feel headachy, sluggish because you need a laxative? Just chew FEEN-A-MINT. Scientists say that CHEWING actually makes FEEN-A-MINT's fine medicine *more effective* – "readies" it so it flows gradually into the system. Its action is dependable—and wonderfully free from discomfort.

CHILDREN LIKE TO TAKE IT. No more need to upset children by giving harsh, ill-tasting medicines. Your child chews good-tasting FEEN-A-MINT, when needed, just like his favorite mint-flavored chewing gum – actually *enjoys* it. And FEEN-A-MINT is notable for its mild, gentle action. *There's no better laxative for children!*

SO WELCOME FOR OLDER FOLKS. When you want to make the most of every ounce of energy your food can give you, you'll be specially thankful for the way FEEN-A-MINT, taken as recommended, avoids stomach upset – the way it removes mostly waste, *not* nourishing food you need for health and energy.

Millions Start the Day Full of "Pep" and Vigor!

Here's the secret millions of folks have discovered about FEEN-A-MINT, the modern chewing-gum laxative. Yes, here is why FEEN-A-MINT's action is so wonderfully different – so well suited to every member of the family.

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CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

You Can't Get Rich off the Indians

Dear editar:

Every once in a while I notice a sad-eyed statement from people in all walks of life about there not bein any more opportunity in America, no more chance for a man to strike out and get ahead financially. People been robbed of their initiative, Socialism is creepin up on us, if you make anything the government gets it all, no incentive for a young man to get ahead, etc.

Now I'll admit things ain't what they used to be, but I can't help noticin young people are still risin to the top, openin up new businesses and buyin out old ones.

Why right here from Circleville I can cite you a whole bunch of examples of the triumph of private initiative in the past few years. People all around me gettin ahead so fast it makes my wife make me uncomfortable.

Down the San Gabriel River only three miles from my Johnson grass farm I know a man who started farmin 14 years ago with two mortgaged mules on a rented farm. Last year he had saved enough money, despite agricultural control programs, red tape, boll weevils, Washington, high taxes and federal paternalism, to pay $15,000 cash for a farm of his own, and every cent of it came off that rented farm. Didn't get it from his wife, didn't inherit it, didn't discover oil. He just got it by plowin and savin.

Worked a little harder than would suit a man of my reflective nature, but he owns his own farm and is as independent as a man can be on this earth. I figure when a man has enough land to feed and clothe himself and his family, educate his children, and get to town in a new automobile, he's got about as much as anybody.

Another young man I know started a weekly newspaper in a nearby town 10 years ago, on account of there was a demand for it. That is, he was demandin it, on account of he thought he could carve out a business for himself. Didn't have enough money to buy a plant, just had enough to pay for printin two issues. So he handed the money over to a printer in a nearby town, cannily started his paper in the middle of the month, made it to the first all right. Collected enough then from his advertisin accounts to make it through the next month, kept goin, puttin in more hours than fair labor standards would allow, and finally got his own plant installed and paid for.

But the best example I know is John Short. John Short worked for the Oat Hill branch of the Kinkaid Lumber Company. Had for 12 years, but he had a family comin on and wanted to get into business for himself, so he resigned his job, took what money he'd saved and opened a competin lumberyard in Oat Hill—if you can call a shirttail full of lumber and a few kegs of nails a lumberyard.

By workin 16 hours a day and sellin hard, he began to make his lumberyard go, and in six months could see daylight.

But the Kinkaid Lumber Company wasn't exactly pleased. Old man Kinkaid himself came over from Castorville, where his main yard was located, and decided to take action. What he did was cut prices down to cost at his Oat Hill yard, then went back to Castorville to see what would happen.

Now it was pretty obvious to anybody that John Short was in trouble. While the Oat Hill branch of the Kinkaid Lumber Company could sell lumber at cost for a considerable length of time while makin the usual profit out of its Castorville yard only 12 miles away, John Short had no such resources. But after sizin up the situation about a week and doin some heavy thinkin, John got in his buggy and drove to Castorville, pulled up in front of the Castorville Daily Press and went in, stayed a while, came out and drove back to Oat Hill.

Next mornin The Press came out with the followin quarter page advertisement:

BUY YOUR LUMBER IN OAT HILL
The following prices are good at all
lumberyards in Oat Hill:

No. 1 shiplap	$25 per M
No. 1 siding	$30 per M
Roughheart fencing	$20 per M
Nails	4¢ per lb.

And there was a lot of other prices, all cut to the bone. Of course that was some years ago and them prices don't apply today.

Well, by ten o'clock in the mornin old man Kinkaid's telephone was ringin off the wall.

"How come you charged me $40 a thousand for shiplap just yesterday and you're sellin the same stuff for $25 over in Oat Hill?" John Burroughs wanted to know. He'd just built three rent houses and was figurin on several more.

"How come lumber is so much cheaper at your yard in Oat Hill?" Pete Cavenaugh demanded.

Well, business started pickin up in the Oat Hill branch of the Kinkaid Lumber Company, but was fallin fast in Castorville.

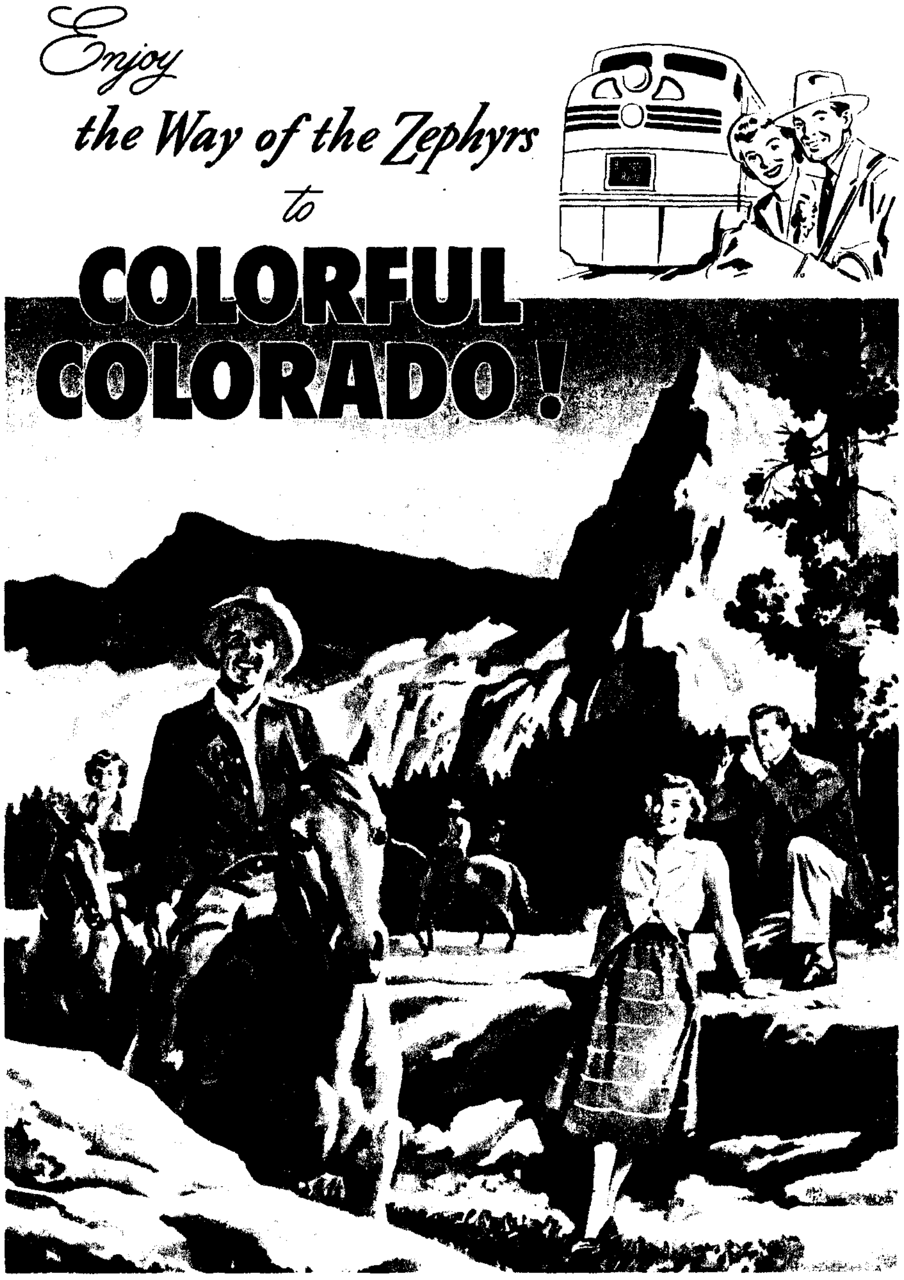
And that wasn't the way old man Kinkaid had planned it at all.

In about a week, he eased over to Oat Hill and got hold of John Short.

"Let's work this thing out," he said. "Maybe there's room for two lumberyards in Oat Hill." John Short said he sure was willin. Next day lumber prices were back up to standard in Oat Hill, and 15 years later both yards were still there, both makin money, and John Short was a director in the bank, owned his own home, and had just bought a 200-acre farm as an investment.

As I say, there ain't much opportunity these days in outsmartin the Indians, fur tradin ain't what it used to be, you can't let your oil wells run wild any more and suck all the oil out from under your neighbors' farms. And it's true it takes a million dollars or so to start a daily newspaper, obviously the number of radio and television stations is limited and the railroad has already reached the West Coast. But anybody who thinks private initiative is about played out in this country is about played out himself.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox



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For Carefree Travel . . . **Go Burlington!**

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- And when you go to Colorado, arrive refreshed and relaxed. Ride one of the Burlington's streamlined, stainless steel trains—the famous DENVER ZEPHYR or the *Vista-Dome* CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR. Whether you travel independently or join an **Escorted Tour**, you'll enjoy every minute of your Colorado vacation. Ask your rail or travel agent about this thrilling vacation adventure. Or, for complete information and free illustrated booklet, mail this coupon—today!

Way of the Zephyrs
Burlington Route

BURLINGTON TRAVEL BUREAU
Dept. 409, 547 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Illinois

I am interested in a vacation in *Colorful Colorado* this summer. Please send me free illustrated booklet and complete information—including list of Dude Ranches.

Print Name________________
Address____________ Phone________
City Zone State

There's no extra fare on *any* Burlington train

Our Teen-Agers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the interesting fact that parents said, "Of course we think we should talk about sex subjects with our children but they wouldn't be interested in what we have to say." The children said, "We think parents should talk with us and give us advice about sex behavior, but they just wouldn't want to do it." So parents and teen-agers don't get together. Each group thinks the other is inhibited, indifferent, or uninformed on the subject.

Today's teen-ager just doesn't believe that ignorance about sex is very good preparation for maturity. Discussions with a great many teen-agers, individually and in groups, have convinced us that most of them have specific ideas about giving their own children a realistic education about sex and reproduction so that their children will understand why morality makes sense. Another graduate of Arsenal Technical High School in Indianapolis summed it up, "To me the knowledge of sex and its place in life is as important as English, math or sciences."

But what of those who are making the headlines with their conspicuous immorality? Sensational immoral behavior, when it occurs among young people, is characteristic of a small minority who are unhappy and maladjusted and are attempting to solve unsolvable problems in their lives by defying the codes of society. There have always been such unfortunate people, old, middle-aged and young, in our society. It is not a new development. And the facts suggest that today there are fewer of these among the young, in proportion to their total numbers, than there are of other age groups in our society. It is not the teen-agers who menace moral standards.

While the headlines have shouted of such things, as promiscuity among the young, there are some groups of trained people working with youth who have made careful studies of the facts. The U.S. Public Health Service, co-operating with the state, county and city health departments in San Francisco, conducted a four-and-one-half-year psychiatric study of some 2,000 sexually promiscuous young people. Their conclusion was that the promiscuous, like alcoholics and drug addicts, are a special group. They aren't typical of teen-agers. They are unhappy, insecure people, often from homes broken by divorce or death.

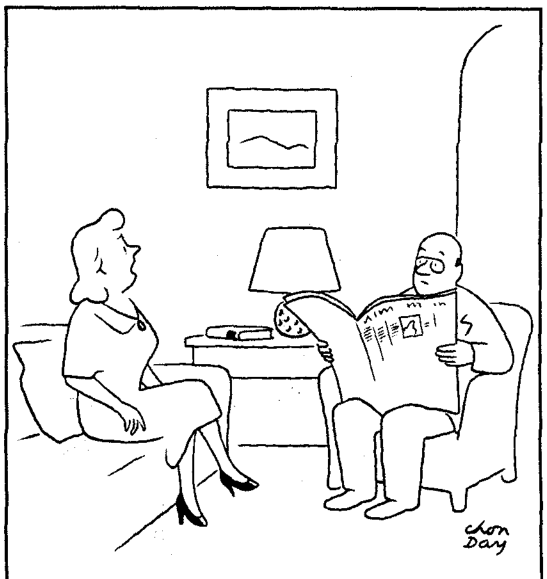
Homes Where Parents Quarrel

Many of them are from homes that, while unbroken, are characterized by intense and prolonged conflict between the parents, so that the youngster has been forced to take sides in the battle, with extreme damage to his personality development. Such children feel that they were never wanted and have never been loved at home. Their excessive sexual activity is an attempt to escape from, or solve, serious problems.

And concerning drug addiction, while all possible measures must be taken to curb the spread of drug addiction among youth, it is again the minority with personality maladjustments and unsolvable conflicts in their lives who are ready victims. Dr. Harris Isbell, head of the research division of the Public Health Service Laboratory at Lexington, Kentucky (a laboratory devoted to study of drug addiction), says, "Emotionally normal individuals practically never become addicted."

Everything possible needs to be done to improve the conditions that produce unstable and easily disorganized personalities, but it is important that we keep a balanced perspective on the mass of teen-agers. An adult activity that would be more useful than deploring and viewing with alarm would be to put some serious effort into understanding what youngsters do think and what they live by, and in helping them to realize that they are not alone in their views. The effect of much of the current publicity about teen-age morals may well cause youngsters to think: "What's the use? Everybody else is doing it. I might as well get into the swing of things." Such publicity creates the problems it publicizes.

A group of teachers and their principal in a large San Francisco high school have been working to close the gap between the standards of conduct that students consider important and what they believe to be generally held standards, or of what they *think* others think and value. Questionnaires were used to get students to express themselves anonymously about their own standards and about the individuals in school whom they most admired and why.



"Whatever happened to the man who swept me off my feet a few short years ago?"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Ralph H. Lehman, principal of San Francisco's Balboa High School, says of the results, "We have found that students agree overwhelmingly in admiring and wanting for friends those who have high moral standards, who are reliable and have respect for themselves and others. And our students found the results of the study extremely reassuring; they were relieved to learn that others agreed with their own standards rather than that they were peculiar or alone."

If we deplore the fact that a dozen boys from a school of several thousand in a Midwestern town had a beer bust and horrified the neighbors on a certain Saturday night, it is fair to notice also that on the same Saturday night several hundred teen-age Bible Club enthusiasts disturbed the town by having a hay ride in wagons drawn by tractors, and singing choruses in a procession through the streets on their way to an open-air religious rally. Some people *prefer to believe that the beer-bust boys are* typical of teen-agers. But many who know and work with youngsters are convinced that kids would far rather be good than bad so long as whatever they are doing has some life and action to it.

No mold can be cast that they will all fit into. But if we look at *all* of them, not just the spectacularly good or the sensationally "bad" ones, we see that as a group they set a standard that the rest of us may profitably try to work our way up to. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

been understandably put out about it. His indignant comments got a mess of publicity. We've been looking into it, too, and were referred by the Pentagon to a certain colonel. The colonel, we were subsequently informed by a pixyish aide, was making a tour of the training camps "taking a gallus poll." (See here, Junior, put down that brick and just pay attention.)

★ ★ ★

Nothing like relaxing of an evening with one's favorite newspaper. There we were, with our faithful hound-dog sleeping at our feet, muzzle-loader all primed in case a deer came into the yard, a jug of pop-skull within easy reach and our copy of the Ocean Beach (South Carolina) News in hand. And what do we see? "Jerry Vereen, trying to shoot an apple off a rock with his bee-bee rifle, missed and the pellet glanced and went into Mitchell Pike's mouth knocking off a chunk of his front teeth which has messed up his whistling and spitting considerably."

★ ★ ★

If it weren't for a lack of ready money, Mr. Noah Scramble, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, would be running for the United States Senate this very minute. But Mr. Scramble finds that campaign expenses run into cash. Figured he'd need about $50,000. But he has an idea, anyway. Wants the government to put up the dough. "There's many a fine statesman like me that ain't in the Senate," says Mr. Scramble, "on account of not having the money to get him there. I am a great waste of good political material, sitting out here minding my own business while I might be in Washington helping the country with my brains."

★ ★ ★

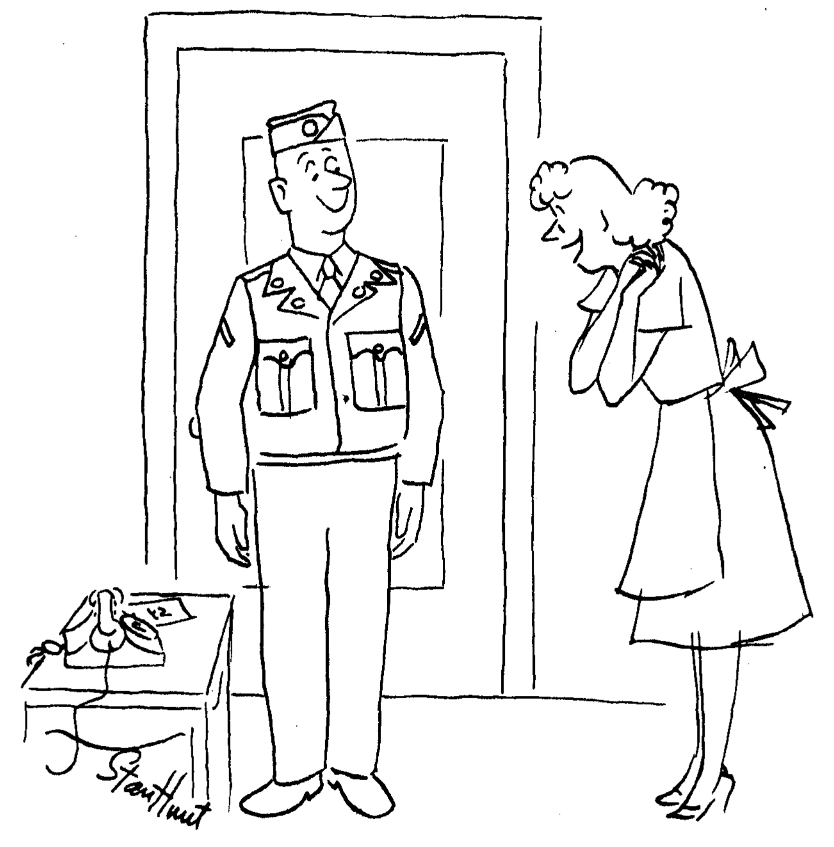
Met Happy Chandler the other day and just to be diplomatic didn't say a word about baseball. (Mr. Chandler used to be baseball commissioner.) Instead, we talked about spring football practice. Happy once coached a Kentucky high-school team. Said he had a terrific left tackle who would have been a good student, too, if he'd had some brains. The school principal was about to bar the lad from the season's big game simply because he'd flunked modern government. But at Happy's request the principal agreed to let the boy play if he could answer one question: "What's the capital of Kentucky?" The boy thought hard for a moment, and then answered: "Lexington." Happy took it from there: "Listen, Doctor," said he, "maybe he should have said Frankfort, but Frankfort is only 25 miles from Lexington, and 25 from 100 leaves 75, and 75's a passing mark. Well—what do you say?" The kid played.

★ ★ ★

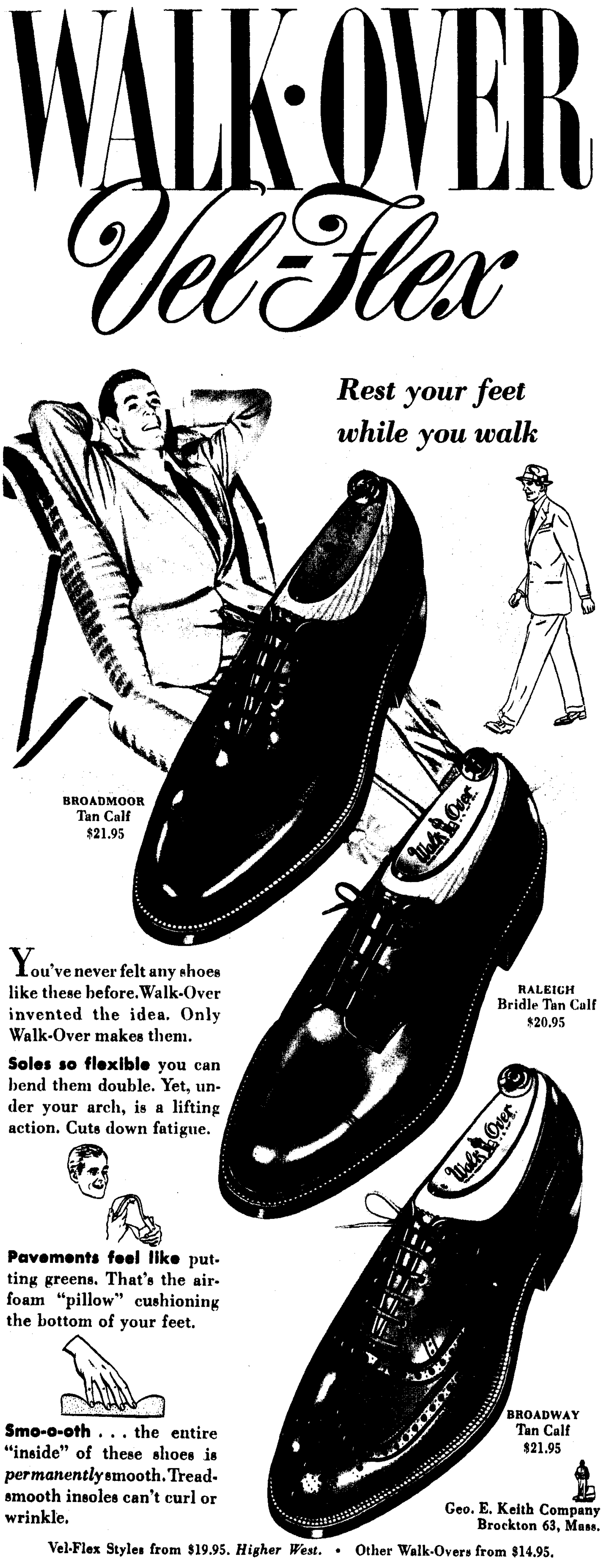
It's getting so, sighs Honest Cal Colimas, of Yreka, California, that a politician can scarcely afford to take up politics for a living. He asks us to consider a couple of new laws in his state which, says Honest Cal, are downright discouraging. One has it that "No member of the governing board of any school district shall be *interested* in any contract made by the board of which he is a member." And the second: "Members of the legislature, state, county, township and city officers shall not be *interested* in any contract made by them in their official capacity, or by any body or board of which they are members." Mr. Colimas says that *"interested"* is the bear-trap word. Fines, jail terms and disbarment from public office are the penalties for violations. "The next thing you know," sighs Honest Cal all over again, "we're going to be governed by nothing but disinterested folks who won't give a darn what happens so long as it doesn't happen to them. And then what will whistleheads like you have to write about every week?"

★ ★ ★

Mr. L. E. Westmoreland has started something in Montross, Virginia. He's founded the Chicken for Breakfast Club, and the idea is spreading. The CFBC's inaugural morning meal was served in Warsaw, Virginia—Southern fried chicken, French fried potatoes, hot biscuits, honey and coffee. And now, while those of us who are ulcer pamperers take a couple of pinches of bicarbonate of soda, we may as well tell you that Mr. Westmoreland is in the poultry business.



COLLIER'S "Darling! You got the raise!" STAN HUNT



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Pavements feel like putting greens. That's the air-foam "pillow" cushioning the bottom of your feet.

Smo-o-oth . . . the entire "inside" of these shoes is *permanently* smooth. Tread-smooth insoles can't curl or wrinkle.

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Brockton 63, Mass.

Vel-Flex Styles from $19.95. *Higher West.* • Other Walk-Overs from $14.95.

Bob and Eileen Harmon haven't many years left, but meanwhile . . .

THEY LIVE TO LAUGH

LIKE radio and television comedians, most magazine cartoonists use the services of gag writers. Bob Harmon is a cartoon gagster high on the list of more than 60 such specialists whose creations appear in Collier's. Some of the drawings by artists for whom he works are reproduced on these two pages.

The most remarkable thing about Bob, however, is that he can be funny although, at thirty-three, he knows he hasn't long to live.

His wife faces the same inescapable prospect.

Bob and Eileen have progressive muscular dystrophy, an incurable disease that wastes the muscles, reduces the victims to wheel chairs and finally, inexorably, brings death—usually in the mid-thirties. At the first annual convention of the Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America, Inc., late last year, a fund-raising goal of $750,000 was set for research into the cause of this malicious malady.

In this case—or rather, these cases—the Harmons are incredibly more philosophic than most people who suffer merely from minor illnesses and the stresses and strains of plain and fancy living.

"I can't get up from a chair without help," Bob says, "but both of us can still walk; and so long as our sense of humor remains strong, I think we'll make out."

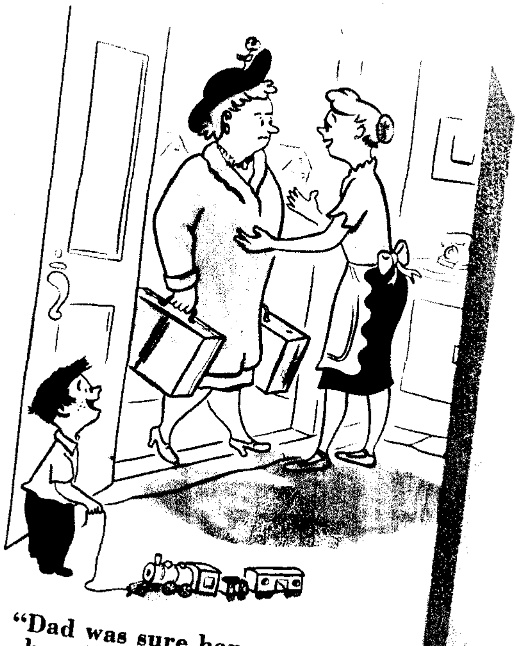
Born in Philadelphia, Bob migrated with his parents to California when he was four. Ironically, as a kid he took tap lessons and later danced in theaters and clubs. Muscular dystrophy struck him in 1936, and he turned to fiction writing.

"I couldn't make enough dough at it," he admits, "so I turned to gag writing. Couldn't make enough dough at this either, at first, but stayed with it because I liked the work. George Hamilton Green made my first major sale—to Collier's—in 1946. I work now mostly for Hank Ketcham, supplying gags for his syndicated feature, Dennis the Menace."

Bob and Eileen met through an organization called the National Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation, run by the Misses Sallie and Nadine Woods in Liberty, Texas. Eileen's picture appeared in one of their brochures. Bob liked her looks and addressed a letter to her in Osage, Iowa. Eileen liked the letter. That was in August, 1950. The upshot of that, and many succeeding letters, was: they married in May, 1951.

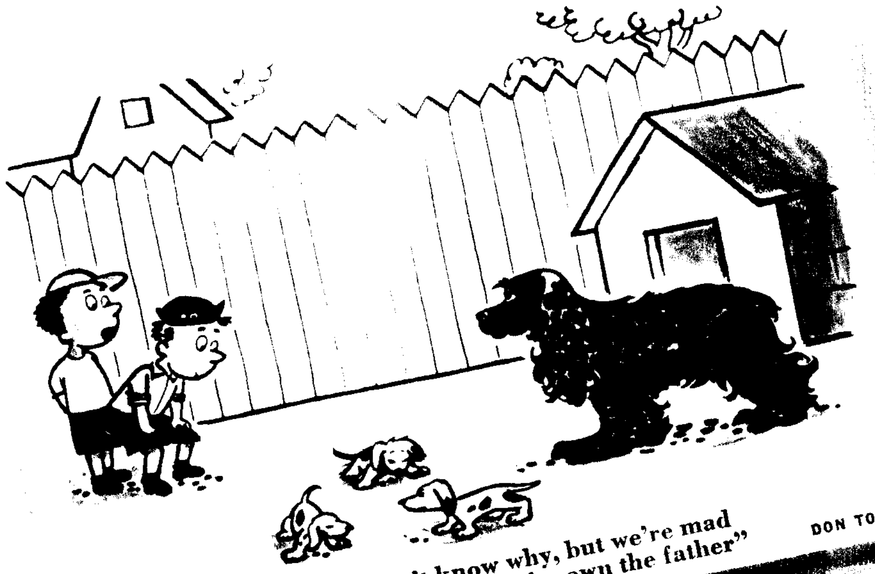
"My bride," Bob says, "is a terrific culinary artist and can cook anything, including my goose, if I get out of line. We have a million laughs together and don't take kindly to people who think we lead a sad life." GURNEY WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY



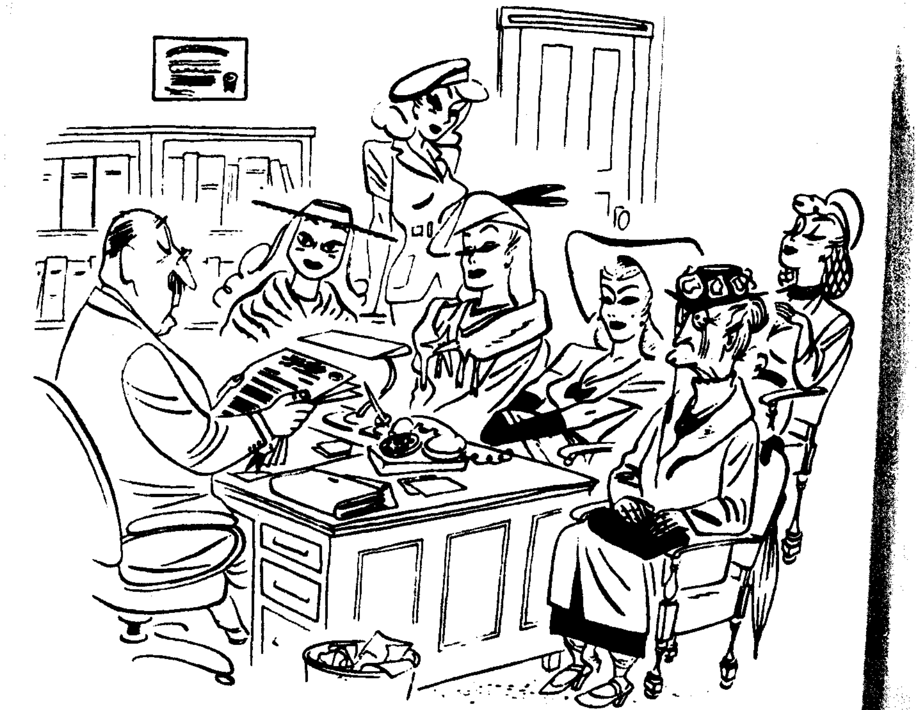
"Dad was sure happy when he heard that you were coming, Grandma. Why, he laughed and joked and he sang songs and played the piano, but this morning he had to stay in bed with an icebag on his head"

COLLIER'S HAROLD CURRIER



"I don't know why, but we're mad at the people who own the father"

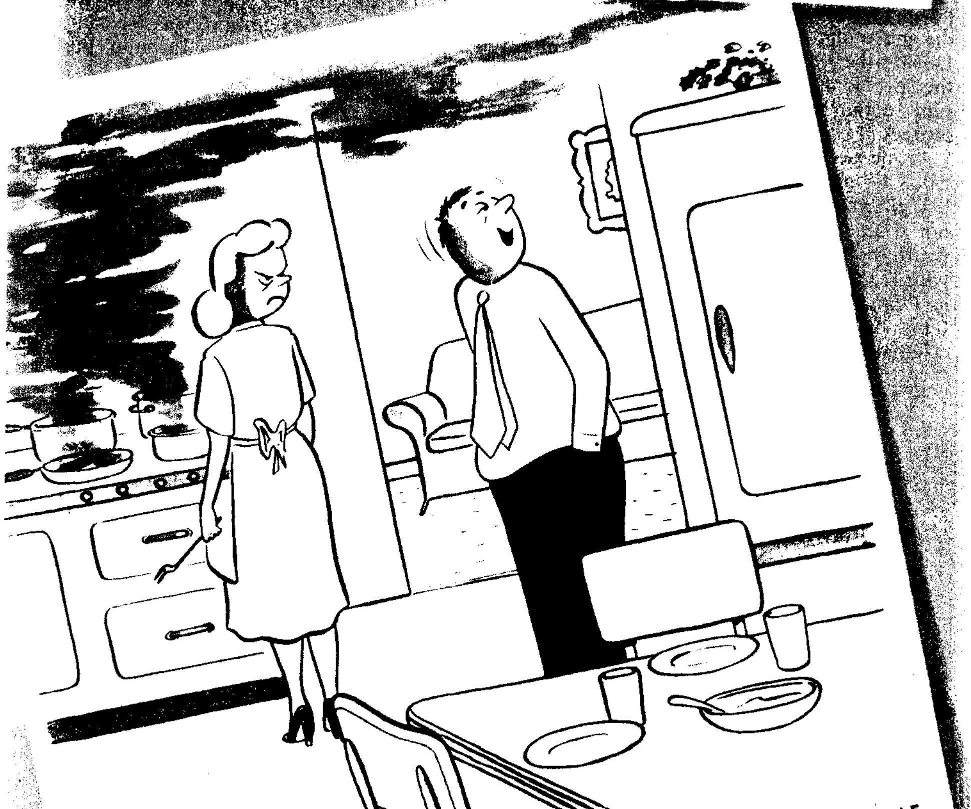
DON TOBIN



". . . and to my sister, Emma Bentley, who often said she would bet a hundred dollars that a bunch of chorus girls would get my money, I leave one hundred dollars"

COLLIER'S

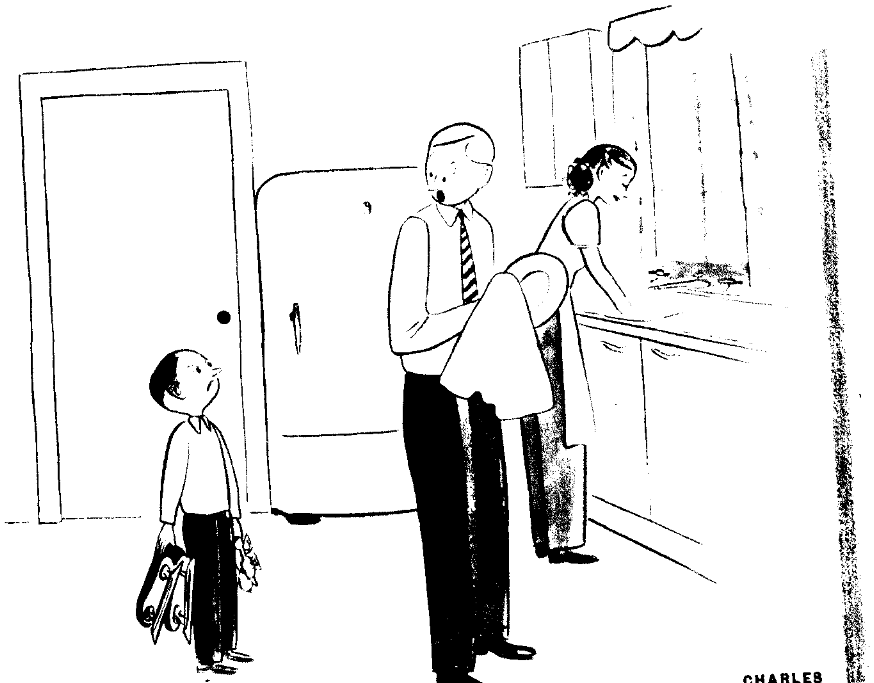
HANK KETCHAM



"Why should I paint the kitchen ceiling? Nobody ever sees it . . ."

RAY HELLE

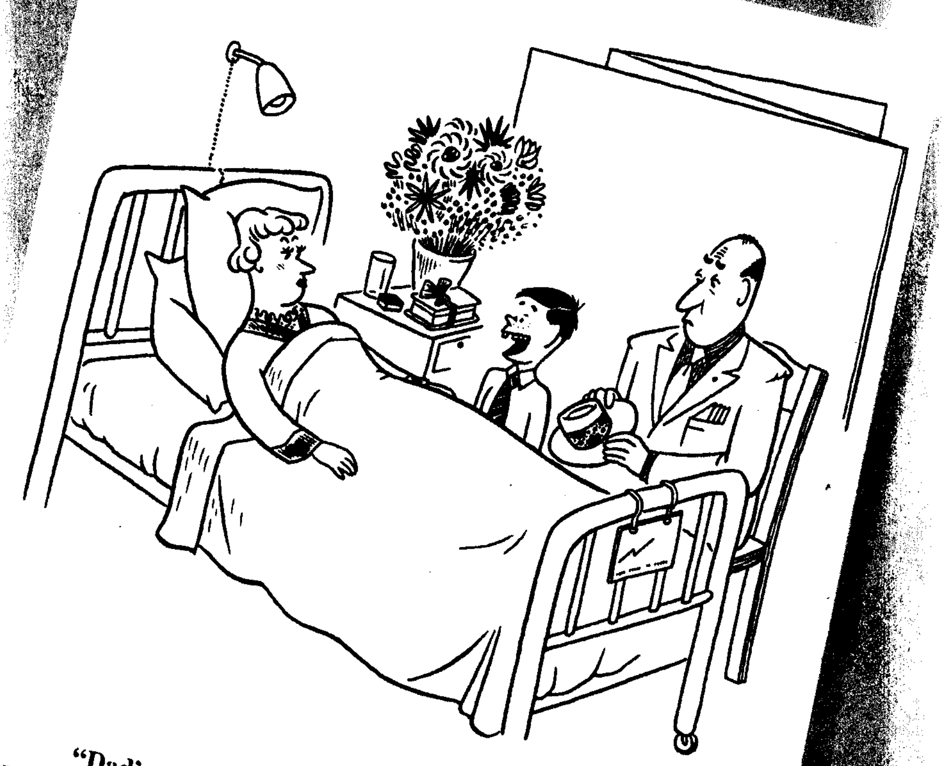
COLLIER'S



COLLIER'S

"Well, if you put it that way, I guess I'm a mouse"

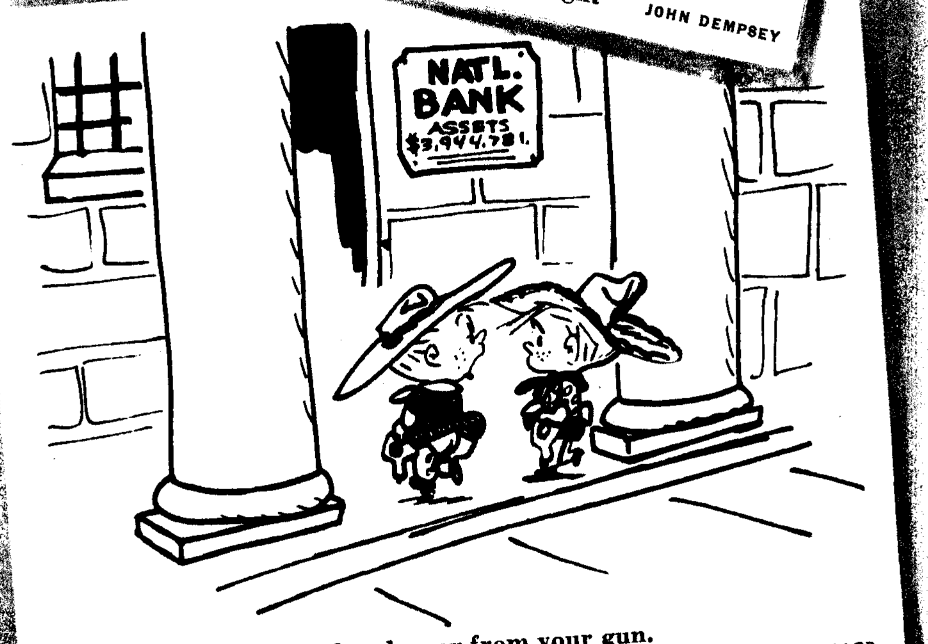
CHARLES PEARSON



COLLIER'S

"Dad's friends have been swell. They come over and play cards with him every night"

JOHN DEMPSEY



"Keep your hand away from your gun. They're trigger happy in this joint"

REAMER KELLER

COLLIER'S

The All-America in College Basketball

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

However, Lovellette was a pretty fair high-school basketball player in Terre Haute, Indiana, even before he learned to crouch. It is reliably reported that 51 other colleges and universities were seeking his basketball services when Allen lured him to Kansas.

"This young man," Allen told reporters at the time, "has the making of another Kurland." That seemed a brash prediction, in a sector where the Oklahoma Aggies' fabulous Bob Kurland was regarded as the unapproachable standard of basketball excellence. But, as things turned out, Allen underestimated Lovellette's scoring potential. Over the last three years, the Steamboat has hipped and hooked enough baskets to eclipse Kurland's record by an average of 9.3 points per game.

Not since Lou Boudreau (current shortstop and manager of the Boston Red Sox) was a standout courtman at Illinois has there been an All-America basketball player with as much major-league baseball promise as Duke's Dick Groat. Last spring, Groat's .386 batting average and sensational fielding earned a shortstop berth on the NCAA's All-America baseball team. That was an eminently satisfactory performance, considering that Dick had just completed a grueling 33-game basketball campaign, during which he tallied 831 points to break the national scoring record of 740 points in one season set by Chet Giermak of William & Mary in 1949. Incidentally, among Groat's 831 points were 261 free throws, another record-breaking accomplishment which shattered the collegiate mark of 215 free tosses in one season previously shared by Tony Lavelli of Yale and Paul Arizin of Villanova.

Branch Rickey, the Pittsburgh Pirates' general manager, has a big-league baseball contract, complete with a substantial bonus, ready for Groat's signature. If the Marine Corps doesn't call Dick immediately following graduation next June, he'll report to the Pirates for a tryout. "It's right on the way home," he says. "I live in Swissvale—a Pittsburgh suburb just a few miles from Forbes Field where the Pirates play ball."

Groat is a sturdy 182-pounder with amazingly quick hands and tremendous leg power. As a sophomore, he specialized in driving under the basket for lay-up shots. During the summer of 1950, he developed the spectacular jump shot which catapulted him to the No.1 spot among the nation's scorers.

"I needed that jump shot," Groat recalls, "to give me a scoring weapon against big guards. I'm only six feet—and that's not what you'd call big in this business. I figure the jump shot puts me on even terms with a six-foot-six guard. I go up as high as I can and flip when I'm at the top of my jump."

Glen Smith of Utah, the Rocky Mountain sector's contribution to the 1952 All-America line-up, possesses one invaluable basketball asset. Glen is completely ambidextrous. He eats and writes left-handed, but bats and throws right-handed in a fast Salt Lake City amateur baseball league. On the basketball court, Glen drops in hook shots with equal accuracy off either wing.

Smith's push shot startled New York City fans when Utah battled St. John's in Madison Square Garden two months ago. From 25 feet, Smith dropped half a dozen right-handers—flat trajectory flips that traveled straight as a string. "There's no arch on the ball at all," one sports writer commented. "You wonder how the ball ever gets into the basket."

Smith accumulated 28 points against St. John's and demonstrated his defensive prowess by guarding high-scoring Bob Zawoluk for two quarters, during which time Bob accounted for only five points.

Smith is twenty-three years old, is married and has a two-year-old son. He's an Air Force cadet in Utah's ROTC program and will become a second lieutenant in June. Coach Vadal Peterson of Utah rates Smith on a par with Arnie Ferrin, whose sharpshooting carried the Utes to the NCAA championship in 1944. Out in the Rockies, there's no higher praise.

Two years ago, University of Iowa basketball fans had no reason to suspect that Chuck Darling would ever achieve All-America rating. Darling was big enough (six feet eight inches and 220 pounds) but Chuck apparently was too nice a guy to succeed in Big Ten battling where hips and elbows are virtually lethal weapons.

"Darling didn't shoot much, as a sophomore," a rival Big Ten coach recalled recently. "I'll never forget the time he accidentally bumped one of my boys in a scramble for a rebound. My boy landed in the fourth row of seats. For a minute I thought Darling was going to take time out to apologize."

Last year, however, Darling began to assert himself around Big Ten backboards. Chuck's scoring average jumped to a thoroughly respectable 16 points per game and he ranked No. 6 nationally in the rugged art of recapturing rebounds. This past season, as Chuck completed his steady climb to All-America recognition, his scoring average hovered consistently around the 25-point-per-game mark.

Darling starred in basketball at South High in Denver, Colorado. He enrolled at Iowa (where his father had taken graduate work) to study geology. So far, he's maintained a 3.4 academic rating—which carries Phi Beta Kappa honors at Iowa.

On the court, Darling's smart play calling is fully as important in Iowa's successes as his educated hips and elbows. Example: two months ago, Iowa led Michigan State, 61 to 58, with nine seconds remaining. A

Collier's All-America basketball team will be televised, coast to coast, for the third successive year. The current edition of Telesports Digest shows all the great stars of the 1952 season in thrilling game-action movies, with commentary by famed sportscaster Harry Wismer. See the pages of your local newspapers to determine time and station in the following localities:

Albuquerque, N.M.
Atlanta, Ga.
Boston, Mass.
Charlotte, N.C.
Detroit, Mich.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Lansing, Mich.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Orleans, La.
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All-America Selection Committee

More than 200 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches took part in the balloting for the 1952 All-America. Voting was supervised by a board of outstanding coaches representing each of the eight National Collegiate Athletic Association districts. The All-America board included the following: Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman; John Bunn, Springfield, District 1 representative; Franklin Cappon, Princeton, District 2; Clifford Wells, Tulane, District 3; Peter Newell, Michigan State, District 4; Henry Iba, Oklahoma A&M, District 5; William Henderson, Baylor, District 6; Hoyt Brawner, Denver, District 7; and Clarence Price, California, District 8

Michigan State guard dribbled straight for Iowa's basket, hoping to score a field goal and—at the same time—draw a foul from Darling.

By scoring the basket and sinking the hoped-for free throw, the Michigan State guard *might* have scored three points to tie the game. But Darling deliberately stepped aside and made no effort to stop the Spartan guard's attempt to score. When the Spartan missed, Darling still made no effort to retrieve the ball. Finally, the unmolested Spartan scored and Iowa led by a scant 61-60 margin. But Darling easily froze the ball for the last four seconds. Commenting on the unorthodox play, Iowa coach Frank O'Connor said: "Chuck was smart enough to realize that the only way Michigan State could tie was a foul, so he ran away from his man—wouldn't risk touching him. . . . His quick thinking saved the game for us."

Cliff Hagan of Kentucky, the fifth member of Collier's 1952 All-America, is a real trouble shooter. Take Cliff's performance in the final round of the NCAA championship tournament at Minneapolis last March, for example. With 10 minutes of the first half gone, Kansas State led Kentucky, 19 to 13, and Lew Hitch, the Kansas State center, was decisively outplaying Bill Spivey, Kentucky's seven-foot pivot performer.

At this critical juncture, coach Adolph Rupp inserted sophomore Hagan into the Kentucky line-up at forward. Hagan, who had been in bed for two days with a high fever, gave Spivey enough rebounding assistance to throttle Hitch. During the remainder of the game, Hagan attempted six field goals—and sank five of them. His 10-point contribution provided Kentucky's eventual victory margin, 68-58.

Last December, when Spivey suffered the knee injury which incapacitated him throughout '52, Rupp moved Hagan to the center post. Hagan met the challenge by averaging 22 points per game in the early-season drive which carried Kentucky to the No. 1 spot in the national team rankings.

"It was downright amazing," Rupp commented, "particularly since we were using Hagan in the pivot on plays designed for a giant like Spivey, who was eight inches taller than Chuck. It had to be that way, because Spivey's last-minute injury didn't give us a chance to tailor our offense to fit Hagan."

Hagan's top '52 performance was a 37-point binge against Mississippi which set off Kentucky's 116-58 triumph—a new Southeastern Conference scoring record. After that barrage, Rupp said: "We've had about 20 All-Americans in the 21 years I've been at Kentucky. I've had so many great players I can't justly say one was better than the other. Leroy Edwards was the greatest sophomore I ever had, Spivey was the greatest junior, and Ralph Groza was the greatest senior. This Hagan, though, may change that around some. He's got a great hook shot."

What Rupp seemed to be hinting was that if Cliff Hagan of Owensboro isn't already the greatest player Kentucky's ever had, he certainly will be by next season.

The second team All-America selected by the coaches' association boasts five big, powerful performers. Midwest coaches claim Rod Fletcher of Illinois has no peer as a rebounder and defensive player. Big Mark Workman of West Virginia demoralized previously undefeated New York University by controlling both boards and shooting sensationally as his Mountaineer teammates routed the Violets, 100 to 75. During the final stages of that contest, NYU (trailing by 25 points!) stalled to keep the ball away from Workman and thus protect its Madison Square Garden scoring record of 103 points for one game.

Larry Hennessey of Villanova and Bob Houbregs of Washington (Seattle)—the junior members of the reserve All-America—appear destined to fight it out with Kentucky's Hagan for top scoring honors next season. Hennessey, whose 703-point debut in '51 made him the highest-scoring sophomore in NCAA annals, is a push-shot artist. The six-foot seven-inch Houbregs has a "soft touch" on rebounds and scores heavily under the hoop.

Eastern coaches rate Bob Zawoluk of St. John's as a great player who has not yet realized his full potentialities. "In another year," says coach Frank McGuire of St. John's, "Bob could be the top player in the pro leagues. He's the best-coördinated big man I've ever seen—reminds me of Ed Macauley who was All-America two years ago at St. Louis. Zawoluk happens to be one of the most graceful ballroom dancers I've ever seen. How many six-foot-seven basketball centers are there graceful enough to win ballroom dancing contests?"

Coach Hobson of Yale, who supervised the All-America balloting while doing double duty as chairman of the Olympic basketball committee, was properly impressed by the 10-man squad picked by the coaches: Lovellette, Groat, Darling, Smith, Hagan, Fletcher, Zawoluk, Hennessey, Houbregs and Workman. "If we could take this outfit to Helsinki," Hobson commented, "I don't think the United States would have to worry about winning the Olympic basketball title."

BILL FAY

"Mr. X" Goes to Moscow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

top-level Policy Planning Staff under General George C. Marshall in 1947, and subsequently in an even higher position as counselor to Secretary of State Dean Acheson, he was one of the principal architects of the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Pact, the present rearmament program, and other historic measures which the United States has taken since the end of World War II to contain Communist expansion.

But Kennan's most important contribution was not to any specific project, but to the underlying philosophy of the whole program. For it was Kennan who first expounded the theories of Soviet conduct which are now almost universally accepted by American policy makers.

His brilliant analysis of Russia's postwar motives and methods was forwarded to Washington in a series of dispatches from the Moscow Embassy at the time of the Iranian crisis in 1946. A year later, Kennan put the same ideas before the public—

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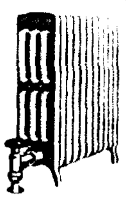

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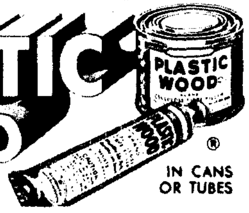

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and acquired his nickname—by writing a much-discussed article on "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," which was published under the anonymous by-line "Mr. X" in the quarterly magazine Foreign Affairs.

In that article, Kennan warned that the Soviet leaders' drive for absolute power—pursued "with a ruthlessness unparalleled (in scope at least) in modern times"—has as its ultimate purpose the overthrow of all non-Communist governments. And he warned the American people against being deceived by apparently friendly actions which he said the Kremlin sometimes takes as "tactical maneuvers." He declared the basic characteristics of Soviet policy will remain the same: "the secretiveness, the lack of frankness, the duplicity, the wary suspiciousness and the basic unfriendliness of purpose."

Retreat Is Kremlin Strategy

But Kennan pointed out that since it is a fundamental tenet of Communism that capitalism "contains the seeds of its own destruction" and must inevitably disappear, the Kremlin is in no hurry to try to deliver the *coup de grâce*. "Like the church," Kennan wrote, "it is dealing in ideological concepts which are of long-term validity, and it can afford to be patient. Thus the Kremlin has no compunction about retreating in the face of superior force. And being under the compulsion of no timetable, it does not get panicky under the necessity for such retreat. Its political action is a fluid stream which moves constantly, wherever it is permitted to move, toward a given goal. Its main concern is to make sure that it has filled every nook and cranny available to it in the basin of world power. But if it finds unassailable barriers in its path, it accepts these philosophically and accommodates itself to them."

Kennan described as an "apocalyptic vision" the Soviets' belief that the West cannot control its economic destiny, while "Russian unity, discipline and patience (will continue) over an infinite period."

The Communist party in Russia, he pointed out, is a small one, and power is held by a tiny group of men who must die before long. What will happen, he asks, when the inevitable transfer of authority comes—authority over a people resentful of the brutalities of the police state? He pointed out that it took Stalin 12 years to consolidate his power.

"Who can say," Kennan asked, that the transfer of authority "can take place smoothly and peacefully, or whether rivals in the quest for higher power will not eventually reach down into . . . politically immature and inexperienced masses in order to find support for their respective claims? If this were ever to happen, strange consequences could flow for the Communist party; for the membership at large has been exercised only in the practices of iron discipline and obedience and not in the arts of compromise and accommodation. If consequently anything were ever to occur to disrupt the unity and efficacy of the party as a political instrument, Soviet Russia might be changed overnight from one of the strongest to one of the weakest and most pitiable of national societies."

Having set forth the premise that the Kremlin will retreat when confronted with force—ideological as well as military—and that its police-state government may collapse when its leaders die, Kennan concluded: "The main element of any U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union must be that of a long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies."

The Communist press has lately been depicting Kennan as a sword-rattling prophet of "inevitable war." The Red propagandists could not be more wrong if they had deliberately set out to say the opposite of the truth—which, Kennan suspects, they often do, out of fear of the truth.

He contended in the "Mr. X" article—and still believes—that war between the United States and Russia would be disastrous to both nations, and that Moscow appreciates this fact as keenly as Washington. But he also predicts that Russia will continue for a long time to make trouble and grab territory wherever the Kremlin thinks it can safely be done through internal subversion or local aggressions. In this situation, he considers it imperative for the United States and other free nations to build up enough defensive military strength to confront Soviet ambitions with "unalterable counterforce" at every point of temptation.

But the Western World does not need to conquer Russia to insure peace, Kennan says—it has only to create a checkmate. The Communist leaders are convinced by their own dogma that the capitalist nations will eventually fall like rotten apples into their basket, and they will never, in Kennan's opinion, try to speed up the processes of Marxist history by such a dangerous method as deliberately instigating all-out war with the United States.

It should be noted that this "Kennan Theory" of the Soviet menace does *not* rule out the danger of war entirely, and World War III could come, Kennan believes, if the Kremlin should ever (1) seriously miscalculate the prospects of U.S. armed resistance to a particular local aggression, or (2) become convinced that the United States is getting ready to attack Russia.

Kennan's biggest job as ambassador to Russia will be to prevent the Kremlin, if possible, from falling into either of those fatal errors. He cannot promise success. But if Kennan cannot do the job, with his intimate knowledge of the Russian mind and language, it is doubtful whether any other ambassador could.

"Mr. X" is the son of three men.

His character is cast in the image of his father, who was one of the nation's first income-tax attorneys. His career bears the imprint of his great-uncle, who preceded him by half a century as one of America's leading experts on Russia. His frustrated ambition to be a writer reflects his admiration of the great Russian short-story writer Anton Chekhov.

Kennan once described his father as "a shy, gentle, admirable man, with a fine mind and a great receptivity for a foreign environment." It did not occur to him that the same description fits him perfectly.

Kennan's father was the product of a pioneer Scotch-Irish family which moved west from New England to settle on a farm near Packwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1851. The great Hungarian patriot, Lajos Kossuth, was touring America at the time of Kennan, Sr.'s birth, which accounts for his improbable name of Kossuth Kent Kennan. For a while, Kossuth Kennan's life followed a normal American pattern: he grew up on the farm, left home to work his way through law school, and got a job in Milwaukee as an attorney for the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

But here fate (as George Kennan sees it) stepped into the story. Instead of remaining in Wisconsin to fight land-title suits, Kossuth Kennan was sent to Europe to recruit promising immigrants to populate the frontier farmlands served by the railroad. For nearly two decades before he settled down to law practice in Milwaukee at the turn of the century, he lived part of each year abroad and learned to speak five languages fluently.

By the time George Kennan was born—in Milwaukee on February 16, 1904—his father's annual trips to Europe were a thing of the past. But his travels had left an aura over the Kennan household, and George grew up with an international outlook and in an atmosphere of Continental culture which was rare, to say the least, in turn-of-the-century Wisconsin.

George's mother died a few weeks after he was born, so that the father's influence was even more keenly felt than it would have been in any event. But Kennan recalls that his father never tried to push him into *anything*; he was content to set a quiet example.

When George was eight years old, Kossuth Kennan made a final trip to Europe. He foresaw that it was just a matter of time before Wisconsin and the federal government would adopt an income tax, and he went abroad to learn firsthand about Germany's experiment with such a levy. George and his three older sisters were taken along and spent a year in a German school at Kassel. A born linguist like his father, young George returned from his first trip abroad with a respectable ability to converse in German. But it was a tender age for absorbing foreign culture. His only vivid recollection of Kassel is that the Kaiser, who had a summer home there, used to drive through the streets in a huge car that had a musical horn.

Kennan was not exposed to a foreign environment again until the summer after his junior year at Princeton, when he made the six-week junket to Europe which was then considered *de rigueur* in the Ivy League. This second taste fully awakened his inherited appetite for travel, and after he graduated in 1925 he went to Washington and enrolled in the State Department's Foreign Service.

At that point in his life, Kennan had no thought of becoming a career diplomat. "I just didn't want to go into business right away and get into a rut. Spending a few years in the Foreign Service seemed like a good way to see the world and give myself time to decide what I wanted to do."

But the Kennan conscience would not long tolerate such a purposeless life. Kennan had hardly settled down as vice-consul in Hamburg, Germany, when he began to feel that he was unprepared for any sort of career. "I realized I was almost illiterate in comparison with the average European scholar. I knew I was not fit for the responsibilities of the diplomatic service. I decided to go home and study some more."

When he returned to Washington to hand in his resignation, destiny was waiting for him on the doorstep of the State Department in the person of William Dawson, who had been his teacher in Foreign Service school, and who was later to become a distinguished career ambassador. "Don't be a damn' fool, George," Dawson told him. "You've got a month's leave coming to you. Take that first, and then resign."

Kept in the Foreign Service

By the time Kennan returned from taking this advice, Dawson and other State Department officials who recognized his talent had baited a trap to keep him in the Foreign Service. He was offered appointment as a language officer—an arrangement under which he would receive three years of government-financed postgraduate study at a foreign university.

Kennan accepted. Then he had to choose one of four languages in which he might specialize: Chinese, Japanese, Arabic or Russian.

It was in making this decision, which governed his entire later life, that Kennan came under the influence of his great-uncle.

Kennan says there is a parallel between his life and that of his great-uncle, "which almost makes me believe in astrology."

The uncle's name also was George Kennan; he had the same birthday, February 16th; and he was for 30 years a leading Russian expert in the United States.

The first George Kennan was trained as a telegrapher. He got involved with Russia when he was sent there, immediately after the Civil War, as a member of a Western Union expedition surveying the possibility of laying a land cable to Europe via Alaska and Siberia. The project fell through, but not until he had spent two or three years of rugged exploration and travel in Siberia—in typical Kennan style, learning the language, customs and people of that vast and mysterious land.

For the rest of his life, George Kennan I alternated mainly between writing and lecturing in America, and traveling in Russia.

One of his books, Siberia and the Exile System, stirred up an international furor, and is largely responsible for the fact that

Siberia's salt mines are known today throughout the world as the ultimate horror in treatment of political prisoners.

The contemporary George Kennan had always been rather proud of his great-uncle, but he had never given a thought to following in his footsteps until the day he was called upon to choose one of four difficult languages to study. With an invisible bow in the direction of his famed ancestor, and another to fate, he chose Russian.

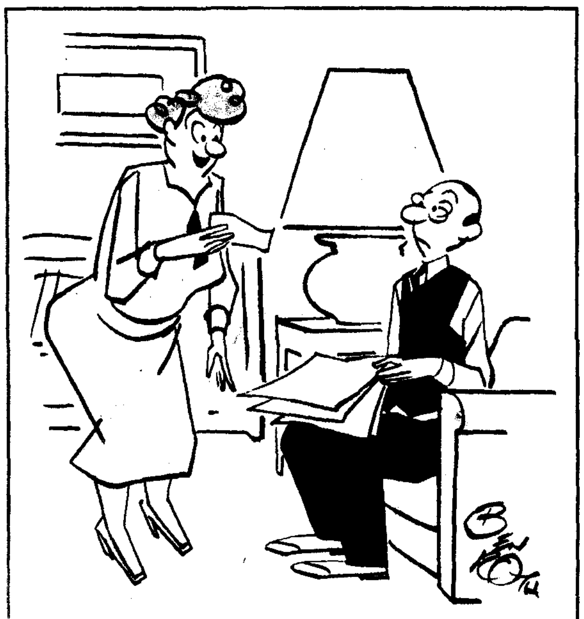
It was the spring of 1928—five years before the United States established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Becoming a Russian expert did not seem, at the time, a particularly promising road to fame in the diplomatic service.

As the Russians Used to Live

Kennan was sent first to the Baltic States, to live among Russian-speaking people. He spent a year in Riga, the capital of Latvia, and Tallin, the capital of Estonia. "In many ways it was a very good preparation for Russia," he says. "I had a chance to see Russian life as it was lived before the Revolution."

After this preliminary orientation course, Kennan returned to Germany and enrolled in the Seminar for Oriental Languages at the University of Berlin. He took the three-year course in the Russian language which was required for German court interpreters. Kennan completed it in one year, and received a diploma which qualifies him, to this day, to earn a living as a professional German-Russian translator.

He stayed on at the University of Berlin for another year, reading the great works of Russian literature in the original tongue, and boning up on Russian history, geography and folkways. He has an amazing ability to absorb complex subjects quickly, and this was the most intensive period of study in his life. "I tried to get the same mental equipment as a Russian university graduate in the days of the czars," he says, and he evidently succeeded.



"Dear, will you change this five for me? A twenty will be all right"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

During his last year as a postgraduate student in Berlin, two people entered Kennan's life to stay. One was Chekhov, whose plays and short stories he came to regard as Russia's and perhaps the world's greatest literature. Kennan thought it was a shame the nineteenth-century author is "almost unknown to the world as a human being," and he embarked on a project which he is still trying to find time to complete—writing a biography of Chekhov.

The thing about Chekhov which most fascinates Kennan is that he was trained as a physician, but abandoned that career to devote his time to writing. "Medicine is my wife," Chekhov once said, "but writing is my mistress."

Kennan feels the same way about diplomacy and writing. But, unlike Chekhov, he is equipped with a Scotch Presbyterian conscience which keeps him faithful to his "wife."

One summer night in 1931, Kennan—who has never been the ascetic type of scholar—took time off from the academic grind to attend a party given by some English friends. He met a lovely, gracious Norwegian girl, Annelise Sorenson, who was visiting cousins in Berlin. Kennan resolved on the spot that he would never let that girl leave Berlin. He sorely neglected his Russian studies for the next few weeks and staged a whirlwind courtship. A few days before Annelise Sorenson was scheduled to leave Berlin, she capitulated and became Mrs. George F. Kennan.

Mrs. Kennan's innate tact and poise have been, and will continue to be, a considerable asset to her husband's diplomatic career. But a great tribute to her is the abundantly evident fact that 20 years of marriage have merely strengthened Kennan's on-the-spot judgment in Berlin that she is the most wonderful woman in the world.

There are two other beautiful women in Kennan's life. His daughter Grace is a nineteen-year-old sophomore at Radcliffe, and will remain there while her parents are in Moscow. Joan, fifteen, will accompany the Kennans to Europe but probably will have to stop at a boarding school in Switzerland because there is no high school she can attend in Moscow. Kennan's only son, Christopher, is two years old and will, of course, go along to Moscow in spite of his father's fear that "the Russian nurses will pamper him to death."

Mrs. Kennan's return to Moscow, as mistress of the great marble embassy residence, Spasso House, will be a far cry from her first visit to the Soviet capital. Kennan was the first American representative sent to Moscow in 1933 when the United States finally recognized the Communist government. His assignment was to prepare the way for Ambassador William C. Bullitt and his staff, by arranging for embassy quarters, office equipment and telephones. His bride accompanied him and for three months they lived in a single room in Moscow's Hotel National, which served simultaneously as their home and as the temporary United States Embassy.

Kennan still breaks into an admiring grin when he calls up the mental picture of Annelise cooking their meals on an empty vodka crate behind a screen in one corner of the room, while he transacted embassy business with important visitors in "the parlor" a few feet away.

But Mrs. Kennan's housekeeping problems were minor compared to the headaches he encountered in his first tangle with Soviet—and American—red tape. Each time he wangled a lease from the Russians, some desk-bound bureaucrat thousands of miles away in Washington would find fault with the wording. "I was caught in the middle of a head-on, grinding clash between two vast bureaucracies," he says. "The State Department finally decided to ship all of our embassy office furniture from America, because that would be simpler than trying to buy it in Moscow. But the only shipment which arrived in time for the embassy opening was a huge case of wall clocks, which for some reason had been given top priority."

Kennan remained in Moscow, except for one brief sojourn in Vienna, for the next four years. He was determined to "get behind the façade" of Soviet officialdom to see for himself what Russian life was like, and within the restrictions imposed by the ever-watchful secret police, he did. He spent his week ends making trips into the country, and most of his evenings attending Moscow's excellent ballets and operas, and its propaganda-burdened theaters. In addition to all these activities, which Kennan regarded as a necessary part of his education about Russia, there was a madcap social whirl in the small colony of Western diplomats and foreign correspondents who lived in enforced isolation in Moscow.

The formal dinners which the Kennans must now give and attend will seem painfully dull after those gay parties. "No one ever planned a party—they just developed," Kennan fondly remembers. "Some people would come with champagne and vodka, others with cold fish and caviar for a midnight buffet. We would dance until dawn, and then be back at work by 9:00 A.M."

He has a lasting memento of his Moscow experiment in burning the candle at both ends—a stomach ulcer which now severely inhibits his love for good food and limits his drinking to a very occasional highball.

Although Kennan is known primarily as a Russian expert, his knowledge of Germany and its language is almost as extensive. When war clouds began to gather over western Europe in 1937, Kennan was called out of the Moscow Embassy and sent first to Czechoslovakia and then to Berlin. He was interned at Bad Nauheim when the U.S. entered the war.

Kennan was repatriated from Germany in the summer of 1942, and subsequently was assigned to the American Legation in Lisbon, a key wartime listening post. While there, he joined General Walter Bedell Smith and two British officials in secretly negotiating the Italian surrender. That cloak-and-dagger mission was Kennan's first meeting with Smith, who later became ambassador to Moscow. This wartime interlude was the only long interruption in Kennan's career as a Russian specialist. By early 1944, he was back in the Moscow Embassy, where he remained until called home to be a State Department policy maker.

The months he spent in a German concentration camp started Kennan brooding about his lack of any place in America to call "home." As soon as he was repatriated, he and his wife began looking for a farm to buy. They found just what they wanted about 80 miles north of Washington, in the red-barn Pennsylvania Dutch country near Hanover.

Like Estate in Chekhov Story

The Kennan farm has 235 acres of good land, rented by a local farmer, and several handsome barns and outbuildings which Kennan has repaired and painted with his own hands. But the most striking feature is the old, 18-room frame farmhouse, to which has been added a rather fantastic portico, supported by two giant pillars. When Mrs. Kennan first saw it, she cried, "Why, this looks just like the old run-down Russian country estate in Chekhov's Cherry Orchard." That was all Kennan needed to clinch the purchase.

It was not until long after he bought the place that Kennan learned why the farmhouse has such an oddly Russian flavor. One of its previous owners—the one who added the portico—was a Russian *émigré* who made a fortune as a junk dealer in nearby York, Pennsylvania. He had tried to turn a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse into a Russian country home and the result—while architecturally rather ghastly—delights Kennan completely.

The farm is Kennan's favorite place. It has no telephone and it lies a long mile over a rough dirt road from the nearest highway, two considerations which give him a lot of privacy for thinking and writing. Most of all, Kennan likes the fact that it is true farming country, unspoiled by the insidious influence of city ways.

"This is a lot like the Wisconsin farm country," he proudly informed a recent vis-

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His drink is made with Carstairs. He's found that it's extra-smooth and extra-mellow—that it gives him premium taste at a budget-balancing price.

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He spoke the last sentence almost wistfully. Few people besides his neighbors and his family take George Kennan as a human being. Even some of his colleagues in the State Department speak of him, in rather awed terms, as a sort of disembodied genius, a cold, distant, unapproachable thinking machine. One of the familiar witticisms around the department is that his middle name—Frost—describes his personality.

This is all a great canard. Kennan doubtless is, as political writer Walter Lippmann has said, "the most learned of our officials, and the most experienced of our scholars." But he is also a genuinely humble man, one who believes with all his heart that "the absence of humility is the worst sin I know." He has a natural tendency toward shyness, and it has been reinforced by the experienced diplomat's cautiousness with strangers. Kennan doesn't look down his nose at anyone; he is simply wary of getting too friendly with people until he is sure they can be trusted.

No one who has seen Kennan in action at the farm will ever think of him as an aloof intellectual. It is hard enough to remember that it is a famous ambassador who is tramping around in torn khaki trousers, plaid cotton shirt, heavy leather boots and a Russian-style fur cap. He does a lot of the upkeep and repair work himself in an effort to hold down expenses and make the farm show a profit, something it has not done so far. Dilettante farming is a luxury Kennan cannot afford. He is not independently wealthy, as some people suppose; his only income is his government salary.

In fact, it was finances, rather than fame, which preoccupied him on the day his appointment as ambassador to Moscow appeared in the headlines of morning newspapers. Well-wishers found him behind a paper-strewn desk in the parlor of the farmhouse, struggling with "the books" and trying to make out his income-tax return.

Even if he retires from the diplomatic service, as he hopes to do when his Moscow assignment is completed, Kennan will not be able to live year-round at his beloved farm. He plans to write for a living, and he will need the libraries and other scholarly facilities of an academic community. With this thought in mind, he recently bought another large, rambling house in Princeton, where the family lived until time to pack for the trip to Moscow.

Another step which Kennan took recently demonstrates, in perhaps a deeper sense, his growing desire to put down roots. He became an enrolled member of the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton. For Kennan, this move represented a full-cycle return to the faith of his fathers.

"I drifted away from the church when I was a young man," he explained. "But I have come back to it. I still see much in formal religion that is imperfect, but I know now that a man with no religion is a very hideous character. I have a great horror of people who have no fear of God." THE END

My Brother's Widow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"Midge sent out a general call and one of the charter boats reported seeing the Vunderbar at anchor up here."

I stared at Midge. "General call?"

She climbed quickly over the rail onto the Vunderbar, ignoring my helping hand. Midge is a tall, thin woman with dusty black hair and a pallor the sun never seems to touch. She always looks a bit incongruous in the casual beach clothes she wears.

"Thanks loads, Jigger," she said. Jigger gave a mock salute, dropped into the seat, and moved away. His boat was planing before it had gone twenty yards. The girl was sitting very close to Jigger. The bow wave sparkled, the hard drone faded out of the morning, and they left a white wake in a long curve around the channel marker.

"What's up, Midge?" I asked.

"Jigger stocks everything but cigarettes."

I gave her a cigarette. "Mad because I ducked the party?"

"I'm getting used to that. You're going through an antisocial phase, Gevan."

"Okay. You've had your moment of mystery. Time's up."

She made a face at me. "There's a man waiting. He wants to see you about something important. A grave, stuffy type. He says his name is Fitch."

"Fitch!" I wondered what on earth Lester was doing in Florida. He belonged to that other world, the world I had given up.

"I guess it has something to do with the telephone call."

"Maybe I ought to know about that, too," I said patiently.

"Oh, that was a long-distance call from Arland yesterday. It came in right after you sneaked off in the boat. The operator switched it to our place when your phone didn't answer. I took it and explained how we couldn't get in touch with you." I was conscious of the watchfulness of Midge's eyes, the speculation. "It was your brother's wife, Gevan."

I tried to be very bland and suddenly knew it wasn't going to work, and so I turned my back. That, of course, told Midge all she wanted to know, confirmed what she already knew about me.

The thought of Niki phoning me was like a knife. Niki phoning, and Lester Fitch coming to see me. I tried to tell myself that this was just another attempt to get me to go back to the plant, go back and try that life that had become impossible four years ago. Just another sales attempt. But it didn't fit well enough. Again I felt that same thin dread I'd felt when I saw Jigger's boat streaking toward me.

Midge was saying, ". . . wouldn't tell me what he wanted. Just that it was important. He didn't think he wanted to ride with Jigger, so I said I'd bring you back. He got in on the plane this morning. Apparently he started right after they weren't able to get you by telephone."

"Take over, Midge, and I'll pull up the anchor."

I went up on the bow, pulled up the wet anchor line, hand over hand, and laid the anchor gingerly in place. I stood there and watched while Midge eased the Vunderbar gently around, then headed toward the channel on the outgoing tide.

With Midge at the wheel, I went below and changed to a shirt and slacks. When I came back up, she was just making the turn into the open Gulf. "Gevan, are they asking you to go back?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

"Maybe you ought to, you know."

"Me? The beachcomber type? Give up the sun and the sand and the tall glasses and pretty ladies and good fishing?"

"Be serious, Gevan. There's something wrong with you. You're going sour. You know that as well as I do. You've tried to get over her, and it didn't work, did it?"

"Once upon a time, Midge, I told you too much. Now you keep trying to paste a happy ending on me, as though I were a true confession or something."

"I'm not going to let you make me angry," she said firmly.

There was no point in restating my position to Midge. Or to myself. After my father died, I had taken over the job of running Dean Products. I had been too young for the job—too young and too inexperienced. But sometimes, when you have to grow fast, you can do it. Two years at

Harvard Business School had given me a good grounding in theory. But practice is another animal. At Harvard they don't teach you how to strike the right relationship with men whom your father, and even your grandfather, had hired.

It had scared me, but I had stayed with it and had come to really enjoy it—walking warily through that jungle of labor-management relations, shaping up a workable profit-sharing scheme, setting up new product lines, co-ordinating the design and engineering with the shop problems, saving expense by trying to thrash out the bugs in advance, tossing ideas back and forth in the conference room. And it was good to show a profit and to know that the profit was in itself a measure of how well you were beginning to fit a pair of shoes that had looked far too big.

AND then Niki came along, fitting into my life in a way that made wonderful sense of the whole situation. Niki, to be my wife and bear our children and live with me in a house that would be warm with friends and warm with love. Girl and Job. Work, in itself, is not the means and the end, both. You have to have emotional, personal goals, a place to which you can bring your personal triumphs, and be rewarded.

But Niki had changed all that. She had been in the arms of my brother when I walked in on that rainy night, twelve hundred nights ago. His hands looked strong against the sheen of her housecoat. She had the flushed, tangled look of a girl who has been soundly kissed. We were to have been married later that same month.

I broke my brother's mouth with my fist, said crazed, wild things to the two of them, and walked out.

And during the next week I found that I could not go on in Arland, could not content myself with Job alone, now that Girl was forever gone. Job was flat, tasteless. Ken had stolen the satisfaction of the job in that moment when he had stolen my rare prize named Niki Webb. So I walked out, and Ken took over the presidency. He wrote many times, asking me to come back. I didn't answer. The beach house at Indian Rocks was a place in which I tried to forget the world of what-might-have-been.

The Vunderbar churned along, paralleling the coast. There was a subtle change in the silver-gray day. Gusts that came out of nowhere riffled the water and faded into stillness. There was a faint, yellowish hue in the west, a threat of storm—that sort of threat that appears long before the storm clouds themselves become visible. In moments, a day can change just enough to give you a warning prickling at the back of the neck, a crawl and pull of flesh.

It is as though a group of friends are sitting on a sunny terrace, and someone says a wrong thing. The atmosphere changes subtly. Everything looks the same, but tension is something you can feel, almost taste.

They just want me to go back, I told myself. The last annual report to the stockholders had mentioned the increasing backlog of defense contracts—plant expansion, added shifts more tool procurement.

But I could not purge my mind of that nagging suspicion that something had gone wrong—terribly, desperately wrong.

"We don't want you to go," Midge said. "George and I."

"Thanks, Midge."

"You say you won't." She laughed flatly. "But I feel lonesome already."

Ahead of the Vunderbar, a school of bonito hit mullet at the surface with impacts that sent up gouts of spray as though bullets were striking the water. Gulls circled and dipped. The Gulf had begun to look oily, sleek.

And I hadn't heard Niki's voice in four years. . . .

Lester Fitch was wearing a neat gray sharkskin suit, a gleaming white shirt, and a narrow, dark, knit tie. In a felt hat, with the sun glinting on the perfect prisms of his glasses, he was completely out of key with the beach and the sun as he walked beside me down the sand road to my house.

I have contempt and pity for Lester. I have watched him with other people, watched the excellence of his imitation of a sincere young lawyer getting ahead. With me he has always been a bit uncertain. I remember him from high-school days. I suspect that Lester wishes no one could remember him from that era. He was one of those huge, blubbering, ungainly boys who seem to exist just to be persecuted. With me, he tries too hard to be the manly lawyer, and his mask is always slipping, exposing the uncertainty underneath.

He had greeted me somberly, and seemed more than usually ill at ease, and suggested that it would be better to talk at my house.

He walked beside me, as out of place in Indian Rocks as one of our tanned beach girls would have been in the raw April of Arland.

I unlocked my place and we went into the small, cypress-paneled living room. I had closed the windows against the chance of rain, and the air was musty. I opened most of the windows. He sat on the couch, with his hat and brief case beside him.

"Niki tried to get in touch with you yesterday, Gevan," he said, as though it explained something.

"So Mrs. Tarleson told me. And when she couldn't get me, you flew down. Why?"

He took off his glasses, and polished the lenses on a startlingly white handkerchief. His naked eyes looked mild and helpless. Usually you can guess which part Lester is playing, which mask he has selected from his assortment. This mask was unfamiliar.

He put the glasses back on, and his smile was a poor effort that faded quickly, as though he had decided that a smile was out of place. The odd and fleeting sensations of trouble that I had experienced gave me a harsh impatience.

"Get to the point, Lester," I said, and he started slightly.

"Gevan—I—Gevan, Ken is dead." He blurted it out, and I knew he had rehearsed a better way to say it.

I WALKED to the window and looked out at the sand road, and at the beach beyond the road. Two husky boys in blue trunks were practicing handstands. They could have been brothers. Pelicans, in single file, flew by, sober and intent. Four years without speaking to him. Not one word. Kid brother, dead at thirty-one. Kid brother of the long-lost golden summers. Brought me home the day the roan threw me and broke my arm. Weeping face in the window when I was old enough to go to school and he wasn't. We lost all privileges for a week at that camp one July when we'd licked all three Cassidy brothers. Would have lost the battle, if Ken hadn't kept whooping at them, disconcerting them.

And Niki would be free, now. I asked a private God to forgive me for that thought. Kendall Dean was dead. Like Dad, Mother, Grandfather. Like Doris, our sister, who had died at seven. Too many deaths. I felt alone. Completely alone in a wide, laughing world, and I hadn't spoken to him or written to him in four years.

I heard the creak of the couch, and Lester's heavy step. I turned. He had his hand out, perhaps to put it on my shoulder. He was biting his lip. He withdrew his hand hastily.

"How did it happen?" I asked. "Automobile?"

"A crazy thing," Lester said. "A pointless thing." There was anger in his voice, and I liked him for that, and liked him for coming down to tell me. "It happened just after midnight, Friday night. God, it seems like weeks ago, now. He and Niki spent a quiet evening. She was in bed, but not asleep yet. Ken was taking a stroll around the grounds. The police think he surprised some prowler. Anyway, he was shot in the back of the head. Killed instantly."

I stared at him. "It doesn't make sense, Lester."

"I guess these things never do. They seem to happen to people you read about in

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the newspapers. Never to anyone you know well. A lot of the company people want to go to the funeral. So they're having it today." He glanced at his watch. "In about three hours. We wanted to get in touch with you in time, but—"

"How is Niki taking it?"

"Terribly, terribly shocked."

I sat down. The news had changed my world. The very room looked different—smaller, more alien. I got up and went out and made a drink. Lester said he would join me in one. I made them stiff. And I had the feeling no drinks were going to be stiff enough. A prowler. A twisted mind, and a finger on a trigger.

Lester set his drink aside and opened his brief case. The zipper made a soft, secretive sound.

"What have you got there?"

He became faintly, disturbingly patronizing. "Hate to bother you with details at a time like this, Gevan. We lawyers always have to get things signed at the wrong moment. I have a plane connection to make. But if you'd rather not—"

"Let's see what you've got."

He passed a paper over. "I need your signature on this for the probate court. Under the terms of your father's will, as Ken died without issue, his share of the trust fund reverts to you. Ken's will, of course, leaves everything to Niki."

LESTER handed me a pen. I scanned the document. It seemed to be in order, so I signed it. If he was handling the personal legal affairs of Ken and Niki, he had managed to acquire a very nice account.

"Now here's a standard proxy form," he said. "That may need some explanation."

It was made out to Niki. Lester certainly knew my stock hadn't been voted in four years. "I should think it might," I said.

He shrugged. "Just a case of finding someone acceptable to you, Gevan. We didn't think you'd care to have me vote it."

I stared at him, and he had the grace to blush. I knew we were both thinking of the same incident, of the day five years ago when Lester had come to me with a tainted little scheme involving a bribed salvage officer and an auction of Army surplus. He had been vague about it, hinting that I could come in with him and make some money very quickly. I had told him exactly what I thought of such a scheme and exactly what I thought of him.

"What's all this 'we' talk, Lester?" I asked him softly. "Maybe that's a good part of the explanation I want."

He gave me a rising-young-executive look. "Through Ken I've been doing some state tax work for the firm, and I've been made a member of the board—pro tem—to be confirmed at the next meeting."

"Niki too?"

"She'll sit in on the emergency meeting a week from tomorrow. A meeting of the board and the shareholders. Notices will go out tomorrow."

"Why the proxy, Lester? You haven't told me."

"You've been—shall we say?—adamant about not coming back, Gevan. It was talked over, and we decided that you'd probably rather sign a proxy than come up to attend the meeting."

"I don't mean to be dull, Lester. But why the proxy? You still haven't told me."

He waved a big white hand. "Just one of those usual rows. Minority group trying to clobber management. We need a show of strength."

"What minority group?"

He gave a big sigh. Teacher about to explain to backward Johnny. "You've been out of touch, Gevan. I'll have to give you quite a bit of background. You saw how much government work we have, as stated in the last annual report. We've just been given twenty-five million more. With over forty million in the shop, a Colonel Dolson has been stationed there with his inspection staff. For some time, Colonel Dolson has felt that Ken, quite frankly, wasn't big enough to handle the new picture. In fact, he told me quite confidentially, he had spoken to Ken about stepping down in favor of Stanley Mottling some time ago, and Ken had seemed co-operative."

"And just who in hell is Stanley Mottling?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Don't you know about him? Ken brought him in as executive vice-president. Amazing man. Enormously capable. World of experience. The sort of man to put Dean Products on its feet. Ken had turned almost everything over to him. Now, with Ken gone, Niki and I—and the colonel, of course—feel that Mottling is the man to take over. In fact, we're grateful that he's available and willing. But Mr. Karch, from the bank, the chairman of the board, has been organizing the other shareholders, including your Uncle Alfred, and putting them squarely behind old Walter Granby to take over."

"Walter is a shrewd and able man."

Lester shook his head. "He's failed in the last four years, Gevan. You remember how shrewd he *was*, I'm afraid. And even when he was at his best, he wouldn't have measured up to Mottling. So we need your vote to confirm Ken's wishes, and keep ill-advised people from upsetting the applecart. They won't go to the extent of a mismanagement suit, I'm certain. Wouldn't stand

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a chance, not with Mottling's past record and present accomplishment."

I looked hard at Lester. In spite of the assurance in his voice, he looked just a shade too anxious to have me go along with him.

"Why is this all happening so fast, Lester? I don't get it. Ken died on Friday. This is Sunday."

"It's hard to explain the change in tempo to anyone who has been out of it for four years, Gevan." He included six Southern states in an expansive gesture. "This is a leisurely way of life. I envy you. Things are moving fast in Arland. Too fast, perhaps. Dolson insists that we confirm Mottling as soon as possible. Dean Products has been entrusted with the production of some highly critical items."

HE WAS just sensitive enough to hear, now and again, a patronizing ring in his tone, and he would immediately look apologetic. I sensed an urgency behind his words, an anxiety that he had not explained. But I could not help thinking of Ken, and I couldn't concentrate completely on the problem at hand.

"Perhaps I don't want anyone voting my holdings, Lester. Niki or you or anyone."

"I'd hate to think you would apply emotional reasoning to this, Gevan." It came out just a shade too pat, as though on the plane down he had thought up the phrase, determined to use it if the opportunity presented itself.

"Just what do you mean?"

He coughed, and rustled his legal papers. "If you weren't being emotional about it, you'd have no objection to Niki. Isn't that obvious?"

"I don't think it's that obvious. If it needs to be voted, maybe I ought to vote it."

With an uncertain smile that was obviously meant to be confident, Lester said, "Of course, that would give you an excuse to—to try to pick up where you left off. With her."

I reached him and caught the front of his coat; I saw the big mouth go slack, saw behind his frightened eyes an ungainly boy yowling and bleating his way across the school grounds with the pack in full cry. I turned away from him. It wasn't worth it. At best, he had tried to use a rather crude weapon. And the very crudeness of it was almost an index of his anxiety.

"Gevan, I don't think—"

"Go away, Lester. Just go catch your plane."

"What are you going to do?"

I didn't answer him. I stood at the window. A girl in a yellow swim suit had joined the two boys in blue trunks. I could see the laughing look of her face in profile as the husky boys tumbled on the sand. The world spun on, and Ken's death was a small thing. Soon I heard the zipper rasp again, and heard the door shut quietly as Lester let himself out. He marched down the road, his pale felt hat at the proper legal angle. Young man going places. But he turned and glanced back at the window, and his face was too white for this land of beaches, and the sun reflected from his glasses so I couldn't see his eyes at all.

I stretched out on the couch. I went back through all the years before Niki, the good years and the bad years. The world had been a safe place for us. A childhood full of sailboats and ponies and summer camps. And then the depression, putting an end to the safe years, and the extra things. Other firms folded, yet Dad held Dean Products together with guts and bare hands. Those tough years didn't end until, in 1939, Dad landed a British Purchasing Commission contract for Bren machine-gun mounts. Ken and I got all heated up over the war. We were going. But when I was fifteen I had had to spend a year in Arizona, and the lung scars showed up too impressively on the X-ray plates. And they checked Ken for sugar and found some, and he went on a diabetic's diet. Healthy kids.

So it was college then, and the feeling of being left out. Then the Business School for me. I went right into the firm after that, and got in over a full year of shop experience before Dad's stroke, coma and death. I took over then. Scared witless, concealing it behind what was supposed to be a confident smile and manner. I found out I could handle the job, handle it well. And then I found Niki in Ken's arms and—

The telephone rang once and I picked it up. "Mr. Gevan Dean? Just a moment, sir. Arland is calling you."

Niki's voice cut through my faraway feeling, cut through the mists of reminiscence. "Gev?"

"Niki. Lester told me, just a little while ago."

There was a break in her voice. "Gev, it's so—so unfair."

"I know. I can't seem to fit my mind around it."

"I'm lost, Gev. Just terribly lost. I want to crawl away somewhere and hide. But I have to do all these business things that I don't understand. Lester phoned me a few minutes ago. He said you were upset."

"About Ken, mostly. But I don't get on with Lester too well."

"Maybe he shouldn't have gone down there. When we couldn't get in touch with you yesterday, he thought it would be all right."

"He told you I didn't sign that proxy, I suppose."

"I don't know. I hardly listened to him. Oh, Gev, it's raining like it would never, never end. Fat, gray rain. What do they say?—a good day for a funeral."

I sensed how close she was to hysteria. "Easy, Niki," I said.

"Maybe you should come up here, Gev. Maybe I—need you, a little."

I thought of how she would look. Four years older now. Sitting with her fingers white on the telephone, a strand of that black hair swinging forward, to be thrown back with an impatient gesture. In the right light, her burnished black hair would glint violet and oiled blue. Her eyes were of a strange blue, seeming darker when she was troubled or aroused. Now she would be staring into an empty distance, her white teeth set into the roundness of her lip.

I fought against the pull of her, the pull that could moisten my palms, shorten my breathing, even when she was fifteen hundred miles away. I remembered my finger tips on the silk of her cheek.

"I haven't decided whether to come up or not," I said, my voice too harsh.

"I'm sorry I said what I did. I haven't any right to ask you for anything, Gev."

"Niki, I want to do anything I can for you. You must know that. As Ken's wife, if for no other reason."

Her voice became fainter, and there were noises on the line. I had to strain to hear her. ". . . all this company business. I don't know. Gev, I have to go now. Good-by."

"Good-by, Niki." I hung up. No point in going up there. Nothing I could do. Just as there was nothing that could be done for Ken. No adolescent urge for vengeance would hasten the inevitable capture of that prowler by the police. Better to stay here, to keep the routines of four years.

But at ten on Tuesday morning, after too many restless, aimless hours, George Tarleson was driving me across Courtney Campbell Causeway to catch a flight from Tampa International that would, with one change, get me to Arland Airport at quarter of eight that same Tuesday evening. And George seemed to be driving too slowly.

THE city of Arland, population four hundred thousand, is constricted by two conical hills into a crude figure eight. In the waist of the eight is the downtown section, three bridges across the river, a convergence of railroad lines and national highways. The north half of the eight is industrial—slum land, saloon land, ptomaine diners along the highways. The southern half is old residential, and the newer subdivisions clamber up the southern slopes of the two hills and spread farther south into the flatlands.

I fastened my seat belt on order and, as we turned for the landing pattern, I looked down, trying to spot the twenty-acre enclosure of Dean Products, Incorporated. The night lights were confusing, mazed by the shower that whipped tiny bullets against the wings and fuselage. Down there somewhere was the original plant building, sitting in sedate dignity, overshadowed by the sawtooth roofs of World War I construction, the pastel oblongs of World War II expansion. Modern offices had been built in '42, fronting on Shambeau Street, and the offices in the tiny wing of the original plant had been given over to the representatives of the procurement branches of the armed services.

During any period of armament, the government fundamentally wants a contractor who can cut heavy metal to close tolerances. That means having the precision machine tools and the men to run them and the men to set them up and the engineering staff to handle new problems and take them in stride. Military production is full of bastard threads and tolerances to a ten thousandth and stress tests that give ulcers to engineering staffs.

In both wars, Dean Products acquired the reputation of being able to machine anything, from aluminum optical fittings so light they had to be hand-shimmed in place with tin foil, to traverse rings for medium tanks, to bases for coastal-defense rifles. We made few complete assemblies. But we were prime subcontractors for Rock Island Arsenal and Springfield, and for boys like G.E., and the Chrysler Tank Arsenal and Lima Locomotive.

SOME of the totalitarian nations during the last war operated on the basis of establishing design and then not making any changes during the production cycle. Not so with our people. A tank manufacturer might get as many as fifty changes a day, all mandatory changes, all complete with prints and specifications. It was up to the manufacturer to lick the bugs in each change and put it into the works starting with a specific serial number of tank, and, whenever possible, also to make up kits so changes could be made in the field to those tanks already shipped.

To understand the problem, just think of a minor change. Say they change the gas-tank top on a tank from a zinc die casting to stamped plastic. Add forty or so similar changes coming in on the same day, and you get a better picture of the confusion constantly attendant on all military production in this country.

I could not orient myself sufficiently to pick out the lights of Dean Products. The ground tilted and slanted up at us. We bounced once and taxied to the terminal apron. The rain was coming down. Women trotted for the terminal with newspapers over their heads. The unaccustomed collar rasped my throat. The feeling of excitement had not died. It had become more intense. But thoughts of my brother Kendall kept slipping into my mind through unguarded doorways. It gave me that same feeling you have when you have forgotten something and can't remember quite what it is.

I wanted to see Kendall striding toward me out of the rain, an inch shorter than I, a few inches broader. A mild, husky guy with nice eyes. Always a bit shy. He had always followed my lead. It still seemed incredible that he had taken Niki away from me.

I claimed my single suitcase and shared a cab to the Gardland Hotel. The streets were wet tunnels, lined with neon. There was an air about Arland, a hopped-up air, a bustling Saturday-night air. Industrial cities get that way when plants start working overtime, start putting on a couple of shifts. Then, as in the forties, you start to get the girls in slacks, carrying their lunch pails. You get the three-deep bars, and the juke jangle, blue spots on the girl who does the trick with the parrots, green floodlights on the tank for the underwater strip. Prostitutes converge on the town, high-priced ones with toy dogs and hatboxes, too-young ones with hard mouths and tight skirts. The

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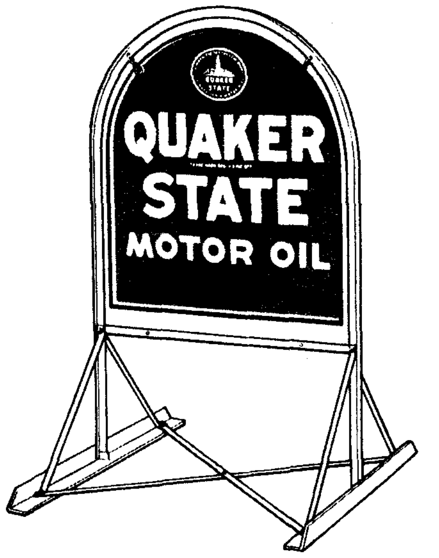

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town jumps, and big cars get sold on time, and you can almost hear, in the night, the *bingle-bang* of ten thousand cash registers.

I had seen Arland when the streets were drear, full of broken shoes, hacking coughs and panhandlers. I had seen the bewildered window-eyes of empty houses. I had seen the cold winter wind blowing the drifters by the closed joints. Any heavy-metal town is feast or famine.

Now it was feast, and in the rain-bright night, the town was licking its chops, clapping grease-bitten hands and saying, "Let's have us a time!"

AT THE hotel, a bleak desk clerk passed me along to a dreary assistant manager who reluctantly took me to Joe Gardland's office. Joe provided three dirty jokes, two fat Scotch highballs, and a corner suite on the eighth floor. The treatment brought salaams from the desk clerk as we picked up the key.

I said to Joe, "I'm not advertising the fact I'm back in town."

"I get it, Gevvy. Hell of a thing about Kenny. Sorry as hell. Glad they nailed the guy who did it."

"What?"

"Hell, you wouldn't know. They grabbed him around noon in a rooming house in the north end. Came over the radio. Record as long as your arm. All sewed up."

"I'm glad they got him."

Joe gave me a funny look. "You know, for a while there I— Oh, the hell with it!"

"What are you trying to say, Joe?"

We were by the elevators. He said, "I'll be up in a couple minutes. The guy is dead, and I shouldn't talk, I guess."

I left the door of the sitting room ajar. I was just finishing unpacking when Joe came in and said, "Anybody home?"

"Out in a minute," I said. I heard him calling room service.

He sat on the couch, a small, plump man with quick, wise eyes. He acted embarrassed. "Hell, Gevvy, a man sees a lot of things in this business. If my old daddy had known what a shock it was going to be to his sensitive son, he'd never have built this place and left it to me."

"What about my brother, Joe?"

He dropped his innkeeper mannerisms. "Gev, I always talk too much. I shouldn't have opened my mouth. But I did, so I owe the rest of it to you. It surprised me when the police found the fellow who did it. I didn't figure it that way. I had a hunch it could have been suicide. For the insurance angle or something, with Kenny working it out in some tricky way. Now, don't look so sore. Okay, you didn't tape him as a suicide type. I wouldn't have either, until this past year."

"What happened during this past year, Joe?"

"Every day he'd come in. Four thirty or so. Get himself loaded. Sit around with ghosts in his eyes. Very sedate, very proper, but full of stingers. Up to here. And I heard rumors about how he was on the way out, out at the plant. Believe me, Gev, he was coming apart at the seams."

"It doesn't sound like him."

"You don't have to take my word for it. Come down to the Copper Lounge tonight. About eleven. I'll be there and I'll introduce you to a cutie who's been singing for me for quite a while. Hildy Devereaux."

"Was Ken playing around?"

Joe shifted uneasily. "That word doesn't fit too good. It means too much. They were friendly." He stood up. For a moment, he looked older. Much older. "Hell of a world, Gevvy. It's the people who mess it up. I'll miss Ken. He was a nice guy." . . .

It was nearly eleven when I went into the Copper Lounge. Business was very good. Low lights gleamed on the bar, on the bare arms of women, on the forward-leaning, soft-talking, intense faces of their men. A girl in silver lamé sat at a little pastel piano in the light of a subdued spot, doodling old tunes, chatting and smiling up at a heavy man who leaned on the piano, a drink in his hand.

I found a stool at the bar and ordered a brandy. The bits and pieces of conversation gave the flavor of boom town: "So we finally got it in carload lots out of Gulfport after Texas City turned us down . . .", ". . . told them if they wanted to hit their delivery dates on the nose, they could put on an extra shift like we had to . . .", ". . . and it was such a foul-up they promoted the jerk to brigadier general and made him a Pentagon office boy . . .", ". . . how do I know what she's doing, with me on the road three weeks every month . . .", ". . . George can bring the plane to Cleveland and that'll give us an extra day in Chicago . . .", ". . . that outfit lays on the hotel suites and leggy women, then gets in a flap when you won't put their delivery date ahead of . . ."

I had the funny feeling that this was where I'd come in. Years ago. I looked around at the male faces at the bar. Tension in the mouths, eyes darting, pencils whipped out to sketch on the back of the bar tab. ". . . like this; then you can use extruded plastic for the sleeve, see? And you won't worry about the delivery on the metal stampings." Operators. Angle boys. Many of them were chasing the fast buck, the special privilege. Others were in the game for the love of it, nourishing themselves on tension and tight delivery schedules.

The girl at the piano bowed her way off into the gloom, to a polite spattering of applause. A sallow man took her place at the piano, and the spot swiveled away from him and moved twenty feet to focus on a small girl who stood at a microphone. She had long brown hair and gold tones in her skin and big, nervous-looking brown eyes. She bit her lip and smiled in a nicely frightened way. But she stood there until slowly the conversations quieted down. She nodded in the direction of the piano, took a short, unobtrusive introduction, and then sang.

A ballad, about loneliness and longing. The lyrics were as tired and flat as most song lyrics, but she gave them a special and personal quality, her voice low and tender. While I was adding my share to the loud applause, Joe Gardland edged in beside me and said, "Like our Hildy?"

"Very special, Joe."

"Take that double over by the wall there. I'll send her over when she's finished her turn."

A FEW minutes after her songs were over, I saw her coming through the tables toward me. I stood up, and a waiter held her chair for her.

At close range, her features had that flavor of boldness which seems to be typical of entertainers. "I'll have to call you Gev," she said. "Ken talked about you quite a bit."

"It's nice of you to come over, Hildy."

She stared down at the little cardboard tent which pleaded with us to try a Gardland Sour. "I sing other people's words, Gev. It doesn't leave me any of my own to tell you how sorry I am."

"Thank you, Hildy. You sing other people's words very nicely indeed."

She looked up sharply, half smiling. "You're a lot like him, aren't you? Now you're feeling sort of stuffy about me, aren't you? The other woman in his life."

"Not stuffy. Just wondering what to say."

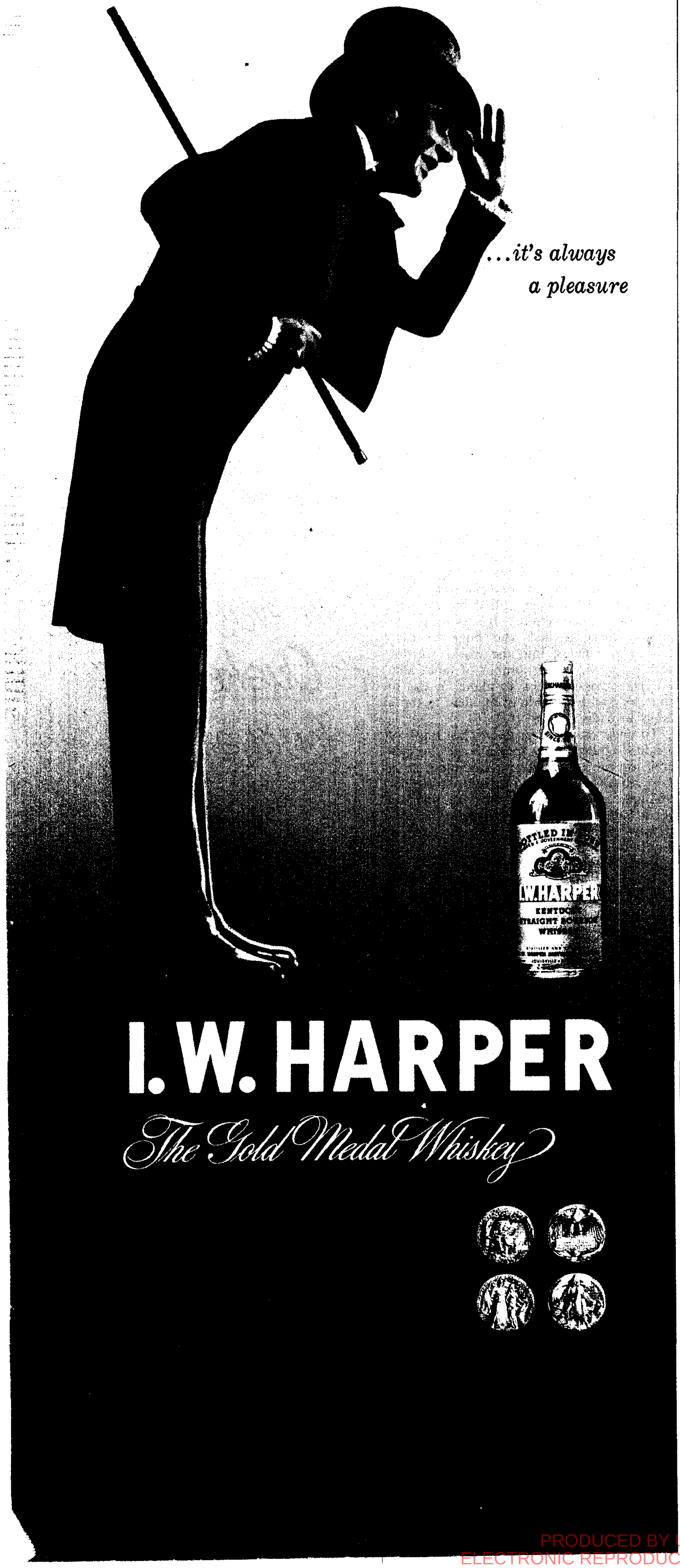
"It wasn't what you might think. Feel better? Just friends. He didn't put any stars in my eyes. I just liked the guy, and he liked to be with me. He needed somebody around . . . who wasn't making any demands."

"That's what I don't understand, Hildy. Ken was never a moody guy."

She had a nice trick of raising one eyebrow. "Something was chewing on him, Gev. I tried, with all my shemale wiles, to get him to talk it out. He talked, but not enough."

"Did you ever get any clue to what was bothering him?"

"He always handled his drinks pretty good, even though there were too many of them. One night he went over the edge a little. He told me dead men don't have any troubles. And he told me that he could tell



the doctors what it felt like to be torn in half. We got him a cab and sent him home. The next night he was worried about what he might have said to me. He was relieved when I told him he hadn't said anything I could understand."

"Torn in half. That's a funny expression. As though he were being pulled two ways at once. Some decision he couldn't make."

She drew on the cloth with her thumbnail. "I read about a lab where they had rats. They put them in a maze where there wasn't any way out. Those rats would finally lie down and chew on their own feet."

"That was what you thought about Ken?"

"A guy with no way out of his special personal little maze. Sure. I wanted him to talk it out. But he seemed to feel better just being with me, and he wanted me to be a dumb little singer. I've got my share of chameleon blood, so that's what I was, because it seemed to help."

Instinctively, I reached across the narrow table and put my hand over hers. "Hildy, I'm glad you were around."

She pulled her hand away and said softly, "Please don't. You'll make me cry, and I don't want to. Let's get back to cases. Was it wife trouble, Gev? I know he had a lot of trouble at the plant, but that wasn't the sort of trouble to make him . . . so odd."

"You know about the trouble at the plant, then?"

She gave me a sidelong glance. "A little of it."

I thought of Niki leaving me for Ken, and perhaps leaving Ken for someone else. And then I remembered her voice on the telephone. "I don't think it was wife trouble, Hildy."

"Sometimes you can go dead inside."

"That I know."

She studied me for a few moments. "Is your whole family messed up?"

I saw what Ken had seen and understood: that capacity for warmth and understanding that can come only from a special kind of heartbreak. She tilted her head a bit to one side. "I thought you were a lot like him, but you aren't really, Gev. You're a stronger person, aren't you? So strong that he missed having you around."

"I should have been around, I guess. I think of not seeing him or speaking to him for four years. We were close when we were kids."

"He understood, Gev. He told me so. He didn't resent it."

"Don't kid me, Hildy."

"He told me he wanted me to meet you someday. Does that sound as though he resented your attitude?"

I wanted to believe her. I needed to, badly. "Thank you again, Hildy."

She looked at her tiny, jeweled watch. "Time to go to work, Gev."

"Will you come back?"

She stood up, and I stood too. She was a very small girl. She looked up at me, biting her lip for a moment. "Put it the other way, Gev. You come back when you've—straightened yourself out."

"You see too much, Hildy."

"I see too much, and I've heard too much, and somehow this thing has made me feel older than the hills. Old enough and tired enough so that I haven't room for any more trouble. Come back when we can have laughs, Gev. You look like you could be fun."

I watched her walk between the tables, her small back very straight, her brown hair bobbing against her shoulders with the cadence of her walk. I left while she was singing about a love that would not die, and the spot made her eyes glisten.

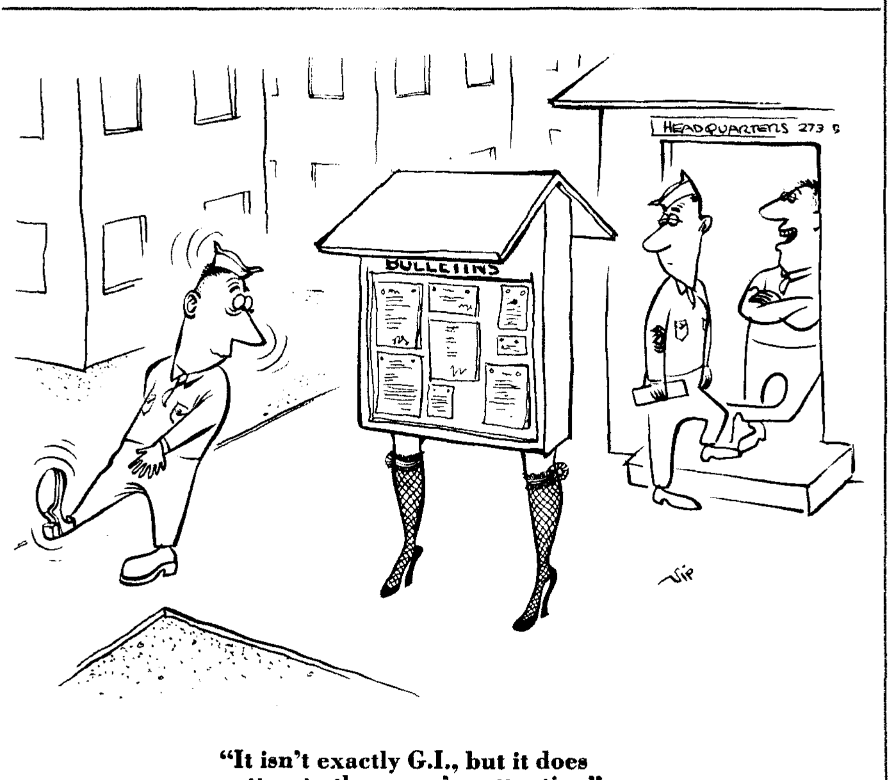
Dreams kept waking me up that night, and fading before I could grasp them. I sensed that Niki was in them. Each time I woke up, echoes of her voice seemed to cling to the high corners of the room, but the words she said were gone.

THE nine-o'clock telephone call interrupted my shower. Lester Fitch greeted me in a mellow, oiled voice and informed me that he would be pleased to have breakfast with me. I told him to wait in the lobby. I hung up and cursed him and the hotel and Joe Gardland. I hadn't wanted Fitch to find out so soon. It was Wednesday morning and I had started with just one problem—to find out whether I should back Mottling or Granby at the Monday meeting. Now there were two problems. I wanted to find out what had torn my brother in half. If Fitch knew I was in town, then Niki would know, and probably Colonel Dolson and Stanley Mottling and Uncle Alfred, and they'd all start a little game of tug of war, using me as the rope.

I got dressed. The day looked good. The rain had washed the air, and the sun made everything sparkle. I had the boy take me down into the basement. I went out through the grill and up the steps onto Pernie Street. I had a drugstore breakfast and walked eight blocks through the women shoppers to Police Headquarters.

I told the desk sergeant that my name

VIP'S WAR



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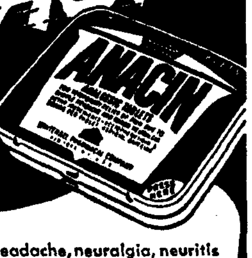

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was Gevan Dean and I wanted to talk to whoever was in charge of the investigation of the murder of my brother. He turned me over to a uniformed patrolman, who took me down a hall, across an open court, and into another wing of the building. There was a big room at the head of a flight of stairs, and I followed him down the narrow aisle between desks to a desk that looked like any of the others. The small wooden sign on the desk said *Det. Sgt. K. V. Portugal.*

The patrolman murmured to him and Portugal flapped a white hand at me to take the empty chair against the side of his desk. The patrolman went away and Portugal ignored me in order to scribble initials on the papers on his desk, reading them quickly before dropping them in his "out" basket. I guessed his age at about forty. He was a pallid, heavy man and he didn't look very well. His hair was a scurfy brown, and the flesh of his face hung loose on his cheekbones and the bridge of his nose, and sagged in folds against his collar. He breathed heavily through his mouth, and his fingers were darkly stained with nicotine.

He sighed and leaned back. His chair creaked. He relighted his cigar and said, "You're the brother, eh? A sorry thing, Mr. Dean. A mess. Glad we could wrap it up for you so fast. What can I do for you?"

"I flew in last night. I thought you'd be in the best position to tell me about it."

"We got a phone tip. If it wasn't for tips and pigeons, this game would be a lot rougher, believe me. Sent a squad car over to the north side and picked up this fella named Shennary. Got two reliable witnesses Shennary left his room around ten Friday night and didn't come back until nearly two. Had the gun with him. Thirty-eight automatic. Hadn't been cleaned since it was fired."

PORTUGAL opened the bottom drawer of his desk, took out a Manila folder, grunting as he straightened up. He opened it, and took out a glossy print and placed it in front of me. He used his pencil as a pointer.

"This is a microphotograph from ballistics. This is the test slug and this is the slug from your brother's body. Perfect match. This Shennary is a punk. Ducked two raps for armed robbery, served time for a third. He was hot already for violation of parole. Here's his pretty face."

I picked up the double photograph. Full-face and profile, with a reproduction of fingerprints underneath and of a typed slip giving vital statistics and criminal history. He was a man of about twenty-five, with dark eyes, deeply set, a lantern jaw, over-long dark hair, and black brows that met above the bridge of his nose. He looked weak, shifty, sullen, and unremarkable. Somehow, to look at his face made Ken seem more dead, more completely gone.

"He was paroled, you said?"

Portugal leaned back, and the chair creaked under his weight. "I'm a cop, not a sociologist, Mr. Dean. Some people think all the punks ought to serve full time. I wouldn't blame you if you think so, seeing as how this boy killed your brother. A lot of people get paroled and straighten out. But it's the exceptions like this Shennary that spoil it for the others. Now, this Shennary must have convinced the board he was going to be okay, or he wouldn't be out, because he hasn't got the contacts or the influence to pressure his way out. But he turned out to be a little man with a big gun and bad nerves, and that's too bad."

"Could I get a look at him?"

Portugal shrugged. "If you want to."

"I don't want to bother you."

He sighed. "No trouble. Come on."

We crossed the court to another wing and took an elevator to the top floor. On the way up, he said, "One of the assistant D.A.s was over this morning and approved the file. So we're closing him out and he'll get his trial in the fall sometime."

At the top floor, the elevator had to be opened from the outside. A man at a green steel desk said, "Old back-to-back."

Portugal grinned at him. "Ralphie, I told you I had aces wired and you thought I was lying. And you with two lovely kings! We're calling on my old pal Shennary."

The guard unlocked the cell-block door. "Whistle when you want tea served."

Shennary was in the end cell on the left. The plaster walls were painted pale blue. The window was covered with heavy wire mesh. They had put Shennary in an outfit that looked like a suit of pajamas in gray twill.

"How are you on this lovely morning, Wally?" Portugal asked, with heavy irony.

Shennary let his eyes drift across me. I meant nothing to him. He grasped the bars, his knuckles white. "How many times I got to tell you it wasn't me?" he asked. His voice was thin and trembling.

"Look how they come apart when they get caught," Portugal said to me.

"You got to get that lawyer to come back. You got to. Look," Shennary said breathlessly, "it's a frame."

"This is the brother of the man you killed, Wally."

He stared at me. "Mister, don't let them give you that. Honest, it's too easy for them. I'm a loser, and these guys, they need a good record. I never saw the gun until that blond copper took it out from under my shirts. That place hasn't got decent locks. Anybody could put it there. Even that copper." Tears squeezed out of the dark eyes. "Look, mister, if I shoot your brother, I get rid of the gun, don't I? Fast. And I leave town. Did I?"

"You were too tight to know what you were doing," Portugal said.

"A guy can drink, can't he? There's no law."

"For a parole boy there's a law. And you don't have a job, and where did that couple of hundred bucks come from?"

"I told you! I told you! I knocked off that supermarket a couple of weeks ago. Send me up for that. But not a murder rap. You got to listen! Lita can tell you where I was. Why don't you listen to her?"

Portugal asked me if I'd seen enough. I nodded. Shennary's voice followed us down the cell block, shrill and frightened: "Mister, they aren't working on this. They're pinning it on me because it's easy!"

Back out in the courtyard, Portugal said, "We figure he was casing those plush Lime Ridge houses and your brother surprised him. Wally was liquored up and jumpy and he fired. They all act like they were being persecuted. He'll crack before the trial and give us a statement. I'm sure of it. Quite an act, isn't it?"

"Who is that Lita he mentioned?"

"A little Eye-talian babe he runs around with. Lita Genelli."

"Where could I find her?"

He stared at me soberly. "Look. Don't fall for Shennary's act. I've seen a thousand of them. You've only seen one."

I convinced him that I was just curious, and he reluctantly told me she was a car hop at The Pig And It out on the South Valley Road.

I DECIDED to drop the problem of Kendall for a time and see what had been happening at the firm since I had left. I knew of two good sources of information. The first was Tom Garroway, a smart young production engineer. I had promoted him twice before leaving four years ago.

I called Dean Products from a drugstore booth. I asked the main switchboard for the engineering offices, and asked the girl there if I could speak to Garroway.

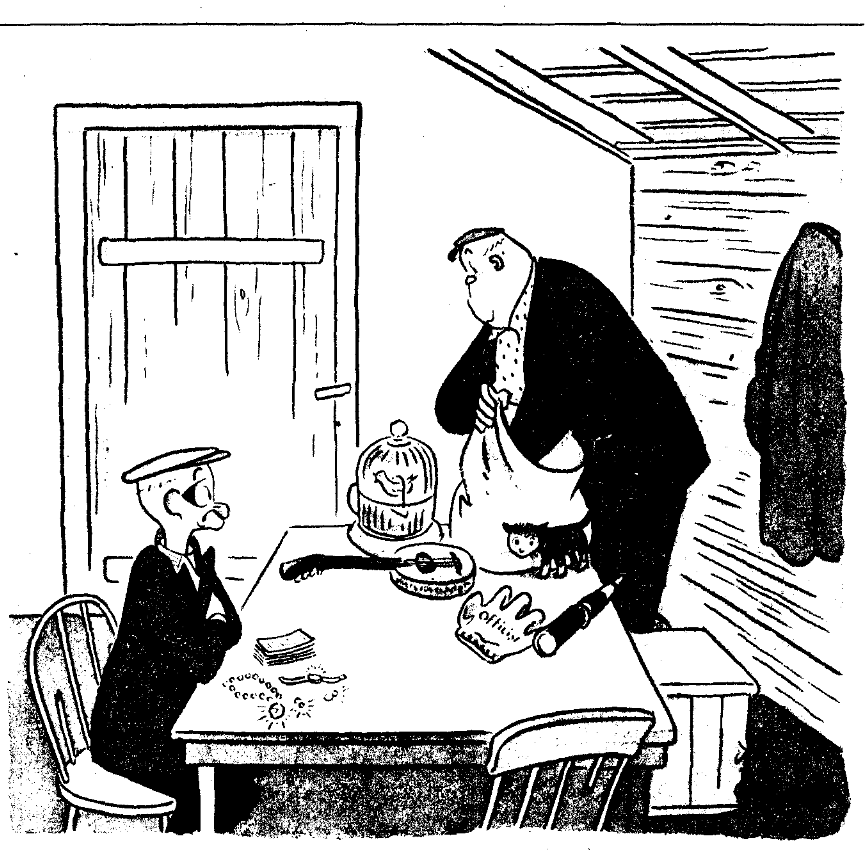
She said, "Mr. Garroway left the firm some time ago, sir. Can I connect you with anyone else?" I told her it was a personal matter and I'd appreciate information:

"Please hold the line a moment." She came back after a couple of minutes and said, "He's now with the Stringboldt Corporation in Syracuse, New York, sir. He resigned nearly five months ago."

I thanked her and walked slowly back to the hotel. It bothered me. Tom was smart enough to know that he had a good future with Dean Products, and he was the sort of man the company had to attract. One of those intuitive engineers, the sort that have some extra sense that enables them to get right to the heart of a problem without too much fruitless experimentation. And he had a nice leadership talent.

The desk clerk handed me a note in a sealed envelope. It was in Niki's bold scrawl: *Gev, Lester told me you're in town. I'm so glad you decided to come. Most anxious to see you. Come out for a drink at four thirty.—Niki.*

BUTCH



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I crumpled the note in my hand. It had contained no uncertainty, merely a bland self-assurance that I could and would do exactly as directed. The implication was that, in four years, I had outgrown my anger.

I remembered the first time I had seen her. A December afternoon, one of those rainy days when dusk comes at three. I came out of the offices, heading for my car, and the girl came up to me, tall and dark, with the raincoat belted around her, rain beads caught in her hair.

"If your name is Dean, I have a question." She looked angry.

"Come in out of the rain and ask your question. I'm Gevan Dean."

"Thanks, I like the rain. And I don't like a brush-off, and I'd like to know what you have to do to make an appointment with your Personnel Manager. If he says no, all right. But I don't take my answers from any little sheep-eyed receptionist."

She stood in the rain, her blue eyes looking like gas flame. It had all started right there. All of it. We talked it over at a little rainy-afternoon bar, and I ignored my usual scruples and saw that she got the job she wanted. She turned out to be crisp, efficient and well trained. Even in the black and navy suits with white collars that were her working clothes, she had hit the office males like a pickax dropped from a roof. Orphaned at fifteen, she had lived with second cousins in Cleveland until she could make her own way. And she had resigned her job in Cleveland to come to Arland because of a married employer who was making a damn' fool of himself, for which he could probably not be blamed too much.

I saw her now and then, and tried without success to make myself see less of her, but found that I was spending too many hours a day thinking of her. I ditched my scruples about girls in the office, and somehow, while I was very definitely on the make, and with complete lack of success, I found that marriage to Niki was what I wanted, more than anything else in the world. After she agreed, I walked eight inches off the floor, and spent working hours thinking about her and planning our perfect life, only to find her in Ken's arms and find that it was the end of everything for me.

I wanted to see her. I told myself that I would not go to her house, to that house where she had lived with my brother. But I knew I was going to go.

AT a few minutes before noon, I placed a call to Syracuse. It took them fifteen minutes to locate Tom Garroway. He was out in the shop.

He came on the line. "Gev! Lord, it's good to hear your voice! I read about Ken in the papers. I was going to write you. A damned shame. Is there anything I can do?"

"Can you talk, or do you want to call me back?"

"Shoot."

"Why did you leave, Tom? I thought you were sitting pretty here."

"I was. After you left, I didn't have anybody to yammer at, Gev, but I got along. Until Mottling came into the picture. You know how I don't like people leaning over my shoulder."

"I remember. Used to annoy the hell out of you."

"Mottling wanted me to run and ask permission to spit. I could feel an ulcer starting. So I got out. Don't do it this way. Do it that way, or the other way. Any way but my way."

"You're as bullheaded as ever, aren't you?"

"Time isn't mellowing me worth a damn. I've got a good deal here, Gev. This is a good outfit. But I miss yelling at you. Toss out that Mottling and I'll come arunning. Two bits says Poulson and Fitz will come back too."

"Are *they* gone?"

"Man, yes. Where have you been? That Mottling came in and took over. He pushed your brother around too. I don't know what gave him the right to order Ken around, but he did. He and that Dolson are as thick as thieves. They'll have Granby out of there too, one of these days; then all the old guard will be gone. Maybe I'm being sentimental, but I still think a Dean ought to run Dean Products. Why don't you take over again?"

"It's a little late for that."

"I don't know, Gev. I'll come back and break you in. You can be a trainee."

"I've turned into a beachcomber, Tom," I told him.

"Listen, Gev. All kidding aside. I almost wrote you a few times. I don't like the smell of that place. Something is sour. Maybe I should have stayed and fought. But it looked easier to land another job. Give it a lot of thought, Gev. For me, those years were the good old days. I'd like to have it be the way it used to be."

I THANKED him, hung up, then ordered a sandwich sent up. While it was on the way, I thought of what he'd said. I couldn't deny that, when I'd left the firm, I'd felt as if I'd cut off my hands. I had tried to deny the emotional pull of the work. I'd told myself it was just another industrial plant, a corporate entity that would keep right on going whether I stayed around or not. But I missed it—missed the stink of coolant and hot oil, the rumble, chatter and screech of the production areas, where metal peels slickly back from high-speed cutting edges, and the turret lathes and automatic screw machines take on their odd robot personalities. And I had always taken a pleasant pride in going into the shipping department and looking at the big wooden cases with *Dean Products* stenciled on the raw yellow wood.

I had liked to watch the materials coming in, the sheets and the bar stock, the castings and forgings. Raw and semifabricated materials would come in, and when they left in the form of beautifully machined items, there was a good satisfaction in it. You had directed the skilled operations which resulted in things that could be touched, hefted, used. After a new item had been designed and the first production model inspected and approved, I had seen my father take the component parts and handle them as tenderly as a mother handles her first baby.

After I finished the sandwich and coffee, I remembered my second source of information. I called the plant again and asked for Miss Joan Perrit. She had been my secretary for the last year before I left. When ancient Miss Brownell, who had been my father's secretary too, had retired, I had asked Hilderman to recommend somebody from the stenographic pool. When Joan Perrit reported to me, I wondered if Hilderman had holes in his head. She was eighteen, and gawky, and she lunged around in a way that made me wonder when she was going to fracture herself on the furniture. But she could make a typewriter sound like a small boy running as hard as he could and holding a stick against a picket fence. She could transcribe every syllable of a ten-man conference where everybody kept interrupting everybody else.

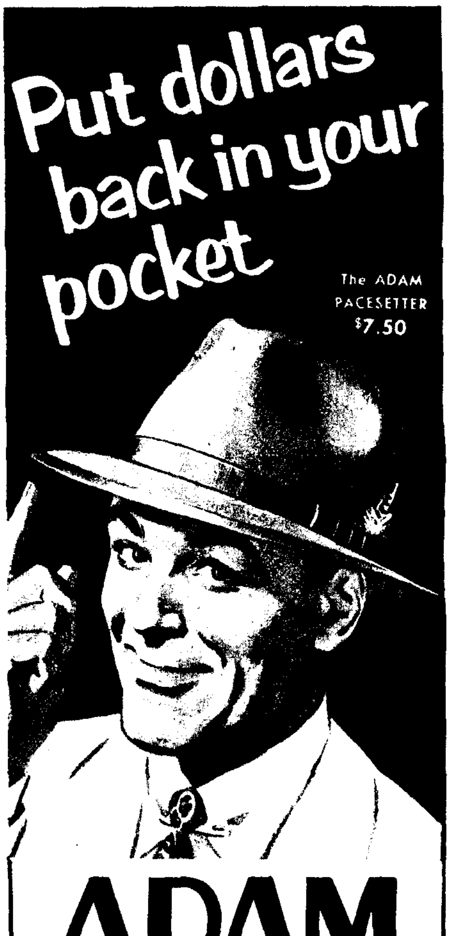
However, I expected more than mechanical dexterity, and Joan had it. Inside of a month, she learned how I was likely to say things so well that I couldn't tell which letters I had let her handle and which ones I had dictated. And she was so loyal that it embarrassed me at times. She was a sweet kid, with dark red hair and a look of virginal freshness. She had to leave the office in the middle of my letter of resignation. She came back in ten minutes, and her eyes were red and swollen, but her voice was level and calm.

Her voice was the same now. "I heard you were in town, Mr. Dean."

I wondered how much four years had changed her. "I'd like to talk to you this evening, Miss Perrit. About nine?"

After a very short pause, she said, "The corner of Martin and Lamont, then? In front of the leather shop." I agreed. I knew that she had understood at once that I wanted information.

(To be continued next week)



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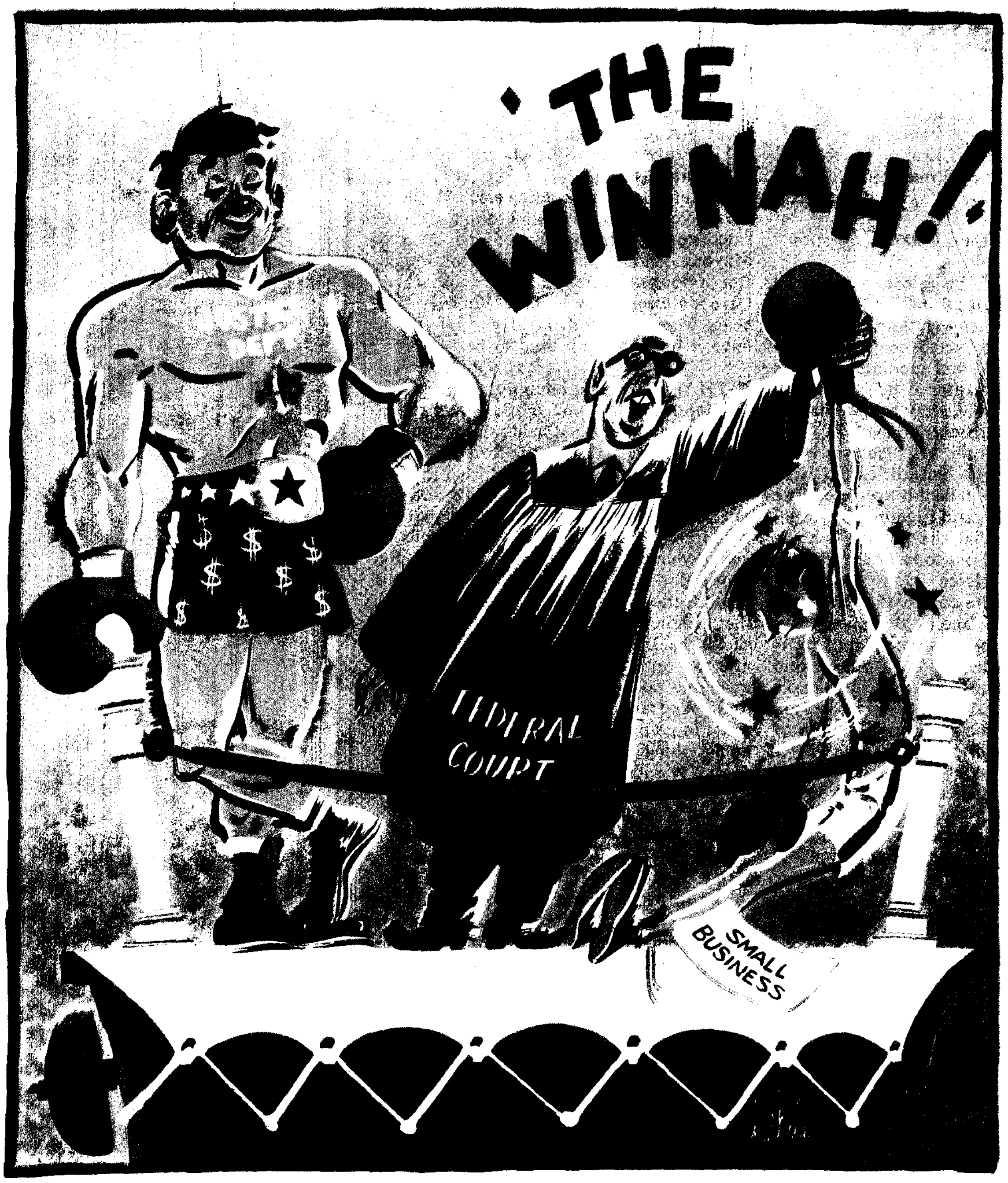


JOHN FISCHETTI

The High Price of Innocence

THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION, as its members and supporters frequently remind us, is ever solicitous of the small businessman and his welfare. But we sometimes find it hard to reconcile the administration's public expression of this tender sentiment with some of its actions.

Take, for example, the suit which the government brought in 1948 against nine paint manufacturers. They were charged with conspiring to fix the prices of their products in violation of the Sherman antitrust laws. One defendant was the large corporation, E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company. The other eight were smaller businesses. Their "smallness" was relative, since the list of defendants ranged from such well-known and sizable companies as Sherwin-Williams and Glidden to really obscure firms. But all were small in comparison to Du Pont, their alleged partner in crime. And they were all small enough to share a serious problem arising from the government's suit.

They were convinced of their innocence. But they also knew what an expensive business it would be to prove their innocence. The government ought to count pennies, theoretically, but it doesn't always do so. It can wear an opponent down by appeals. It can litigate him into bankruptcy. To many businesses the cost of fighting a government lawsuit is out of the question. Their only course is to take the less expensive "out" of entering a plea of *nolo contendere* (no defense) and paying a fine.

Nolo contendere is not a plea of guilty. But it makes a defendant liable to the same penalties that a plea of guilty would. It also carries the suggestion that anyone who doesn't choose to defend himself might be presumed guilty as charged. Nevertheless, all but two companies pleaded *nolo contendere* and paid fines of $5,000 apiece. (Seven officers of these smaller companies who were also named in the action did likewise. Their fines ranged from $1,000 to $3,500.) Only the Glidden Company joined with Du Pont to fight the case. And they finally won it when, a few weeks ago, a federal jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The Glidden president, Dwight P. Joyce, said the case cost his firm more than $100,000 in fees and other expenses. We may assume that the bill presented to Du Pont (which is building the government's great H-bomb plant in South Carolina for a fee of $1) was no less. Mr. Joyce said, "It was well worth the $95,000 difference (between Glidden's costs and the other defendants' fines) to take the stigma off the company's name." Yet it seems a pity that there is such a high price attached to the disproving of what, according to a Pittsburgh jury, were unfounded charges. It also seems a pity that seven companies had to risk the stigma of inferred guilt simply because they couldn't afford to pick up the tab.

We should think, although we don't know the legal technicalities involved, that the government might do things a little differently, out of plain, ordinary fairness. We can't see why the Justice Department couldn't have started out by trying the two defendants who chose to contest the charge, or why, when those two were found not guilty, it couldn't have moved to dismiss the indictments against the others. Instead, the department accepted the *nolo contendere* pleas.

As things stand now, the seven companies and seven individuals may safely be considered "innocent by association." But they paid their money because they couldn't afford the time and perhaps ruinous expense of proving that innocence. Their money is still in the government's pocket. We've heard nothing about any government move to refund the penalties.

Most of us are familiar, by hearsay if not by experience, with an ancient institution known as the shakedown. It isn't the exclusive property of gangsters and racketeers. A certain type of traffic cop tears up a summons for speeding in return for the price of several tickets to the annual Policeman's Ball. A certain type of fireman demands and gets a bribe before he will give the owner of a dwelling or other building an official approval for lighting and heating installations. Those are shakedowns. And if they are exposed, they customarily result in changes and dismissals in a city's government.

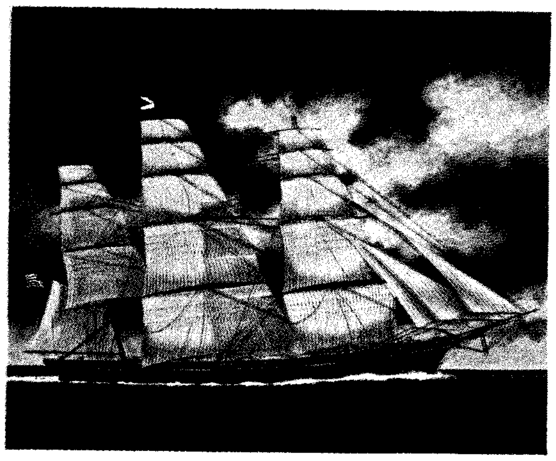
We can't think of any politer term than shakedown to describe the federal government's actions in the case of the paint companies and in similar instances. And when a blameless commercial enterprise has to lay it on the line to escape the harassment of flimsy charges, it should have some direct recourse when the charges are judged to be groundless. But as of now it hasn't. It can't do anything but pay up and hope for a day when there will be a more responsible interpretation of the antitrust laws.

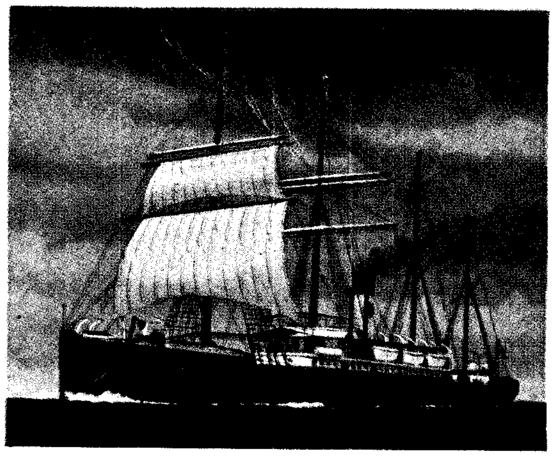
Quiet, Please

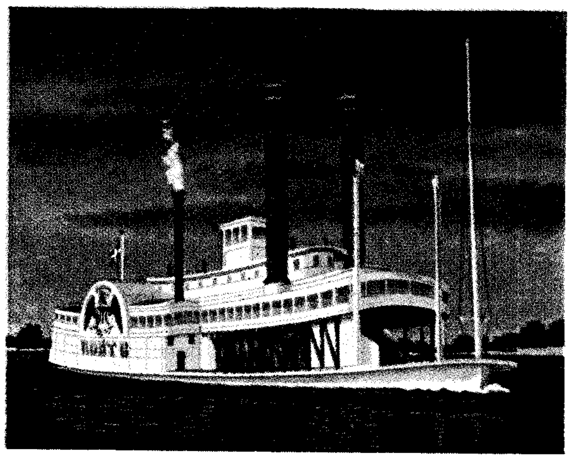
INDIA, THOUGH A YOUNGSTER in the family of independent nations, is old in wisdom. Therefore it is just possible that it may have a lesson or two to teach the long-established democracies. Such as the case of Prabhu Dutt Brahmachari.

Mr. Brahmachari ran against Prime Minister Nehru for a seat in Parliament from the city of Allahabad in the recent Indian elections. He didn't win, but he established what may be a valuable precedent. For Mr. Brahmachari is a Hindu holy man who took a vow, as a means of self-purification, never to speak. And he conducted his entire campaign without uttering a word.

We predict that many American voters, before November 4th rolls around, will wish that a lot of our candidates had followed Mr. Brahmachari's example.







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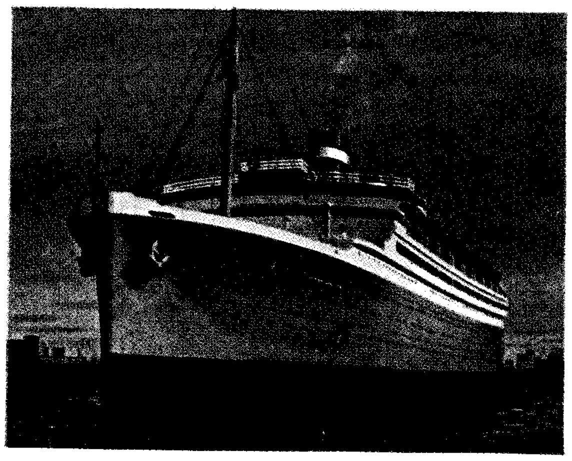

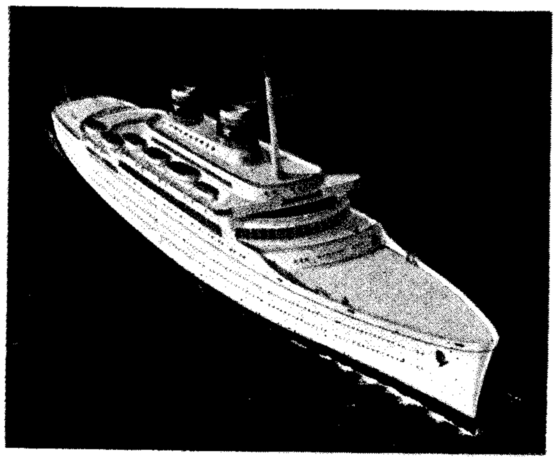

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